


# THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine  
for HOME READING



This number contains two charming complete stories:—INDELIBLE INK and LITTLE DAVY; SANDWICH AND ITS STORY, by W. J. Gordon; HOLLAND IN ESSEX; a description of Western Australia; THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE; Myles B. Foster on BALLADS, OLD AND NEW; A CITY CLERK IN CANADA; THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH; two Serial Stories; and FIFTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HERBERT RAILTON 1904.

SEPTEMBER 1904

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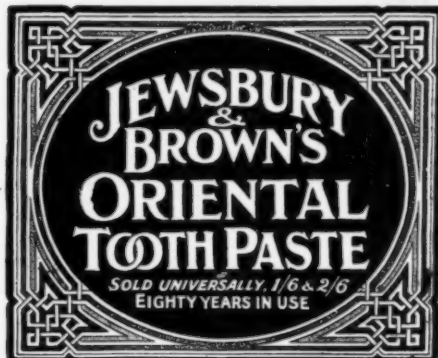
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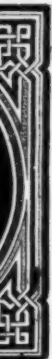
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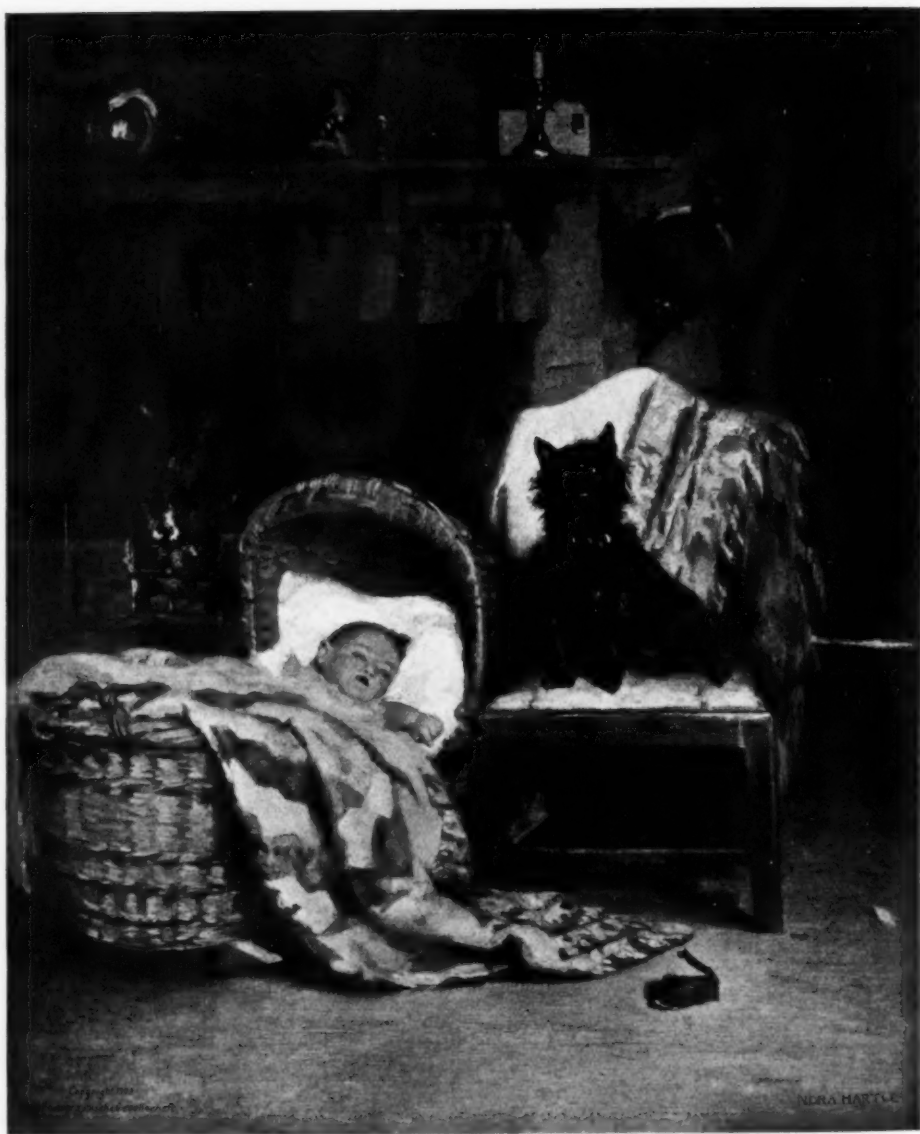
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# IN LOCO PARENTIS

# His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

While Menloe (as James) is waiting at table at breakfast, Persephone sees in the local paper the account of Menloe's death. Menloe sees it too, and attributes it to James. That night Menloe, hearing a sound near his window, goes out and finds James digging a grave for an apparent corpse which hangs on a tree. Menloe, with a blow of his fist, sends James into the grave. But James turns up next morning, only with a black eye. During that day, Menloe overhears a conversation between James and another man which confirms a suspicion he already had that James was an escaped convict, O'Gorman.

### CHAPTER XVI.—“HOT WATER, JAMES”



MENLOE stalked into the house, pondering many things. The mystery of James was deepening; who or what could he be?—that ragged waif in trousers that set one remembering; with the gentle subservient manner, who had compelled a whole neighbourhood into maintaining him; who had slipped into the duties of confidential servant as into an easy glove; who had sloughed that covering, and emerged Fifth Baron Menloe, with a cultivated genius for romancing, and a malignant view of the Fourth Baron, superseded; whose eyes induced upon minor poets sensations as of vampires and Wandering Jews.

Well, measures towards solution might be adopted; to-morrow evening the visitors' week would be up, and then at latest Menloe would take order for the sifting of James.

On reaching the house, Menloe sat down in the hall; he did not take kindly to the kitchen and Thady's questioning looks, and the living-rooms were clearly no place for a servant's lounge.

Hitherto James had rung the bell for any

little thing that was wanted. That night, however, he went on his own errands. Several times, as it happened, some little thing *was* wanted—soda-water, a book, an ash-tray. The ladies and James were sitting in the small drawing-room, and each journey undertaken involved a double passage across the hall. Three times did James encounter Menloe—each time with a more malignant gaze.

On the last occasion, having stared at him in silence, and having seen that he did not recede before him, James advanced slowly, with that forward chin that a few minutes ago had marked the pose of the Ghostly Sweeper. Raising his fist, he shook it almost in Menloe's face, saying, in the voice of soliloquy or of somnambulism, "You ought not to be there; you ought not to be there."

The action was so instinctive—so irresistibly compelled—that it roused no anger in Menloe.

He looked into the opalescent eyes that burned like lamps close to his face, and wondered why they did not consume the man. Then he spoke, and his own words surprised him. "Come," he said, "I'm doing no harm here; I can't sit in the kitchen."

His answer had been made to the obvious

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sense of the words, and yet he was perfectly aware that that was not their meaning.

Yet the answer seemed to satisfy James. "As you like," he said: "I have been worried; I am not quite myself."

With those words, he nodded almost pleasantly, but as he turned, there came into his face an expression new to Menloe—a crafty, gloating, secret look.

That look touched in Menloe the spring of an intolerable fear. It was not the romantic thrill with which we all dally; nor the spiritual fear that deeper natures prove; nor the physical fear that stronger natures subdue or hold in check; it was a fear that belonged neither to flesh nor spirit—repulsive, horrible.

"Thank God," said Menloe, "it will be all up to-morrow."

That night Menloe looked under the bed—the little, innocently naked bed—and searched the two pegs where his coat and his dressing-gown hung; and tried to turn the key in the lock. That being, however, against the habit and conscience of the key, Menloe barricaded his door. He set against it a chain of chairs, washing-stand, and table, wedging the interstices with rolled waistcoats, pants, and socks.

Hardly, however, was the fortification made, when Menloe remembered his revolver; he demolished his laborious building and went down into the study. There, in one of the drawers of his writing-table, he had reason to believe that he kept his pistol.

But there it was not, nor, as far as his search could prove, in any likely place. Feeling exceedingly defenceless, Menloe crept upstairs, and having re-instituted his barricade, sat down upon his bed. Then he bethought himself of the poker—there is much good knocking in a sound poker. But the fender yielded nothing—absolutely nothing. The choice of weapons lay between hair-brushes and razors, and he chose hair-brushes. They, if they will not cut the throats of assailants, do not slice off fingers of one's own. Still, a hair-brush is cold comfort in a grapple of life and death. Menloe was very unhappy.

Fortunately he had much tobacco. He could smoke away the dark hours . . . the moon would set at two, and daylight would follow soon. So he lay on his back and smoked and tried to lapse into pleasant thoughts . . . restful thoughts, not too interesting—say, Persephone. At last

Persephone came only into his thoughts, and was quite nice. How would she like the book? what would she say to the dedication? Persephone filled three pipes . . . then . . . Menloe was falling down queer places, and was pulling himself up with straps like a stumbling horse . . . then . . .

Then a man was emptying coals into the study, which was also a box-room, and the boxes had to be shoved away with great noise and tearing, and Menloe kept telling him not to take the revolver, for somehow or other he wanted to carry it away with every sack.

And all the time Mrs. Tite was saying "The razors are better locked up." Then Menloe knew that his life depended on his finding a rhyme for "carpenter," and "sharp enter" was not allowed, and James leant over, and his breath was hot, and his eyes burned hotter. Then . . .

Menloe was awake; James *was* leaning over him; his breath *was* hot, and his eyes verily seemed to burn, and in his hand was a razor. Menloe was lying on his back, with his hands by his sides. James's eyes were looking right into his own, as a boxer's eyes encounter his antagonist's. One of his hands was almost open, ready at the least warning of Menloe's eyes that he was about to move, to thrust him back into his place. The other held the razor within six inches of Menloe's throat. Menloe was perfectly calm, and his resolution came instantly, yet as the last link in an argumentative chain.

"James is mad," was Menloe's first decision—and as it came he wondered why it had come so late. "I can't move," was the next decision; "before a muscle can stir the razor will drive across my throat." "I must humour him," was the conclusion of the matter.

The eyes of the two men clung together, a shining ladder between them. The silence was long before Menloe put forth his first soft word.

"James," he said.

"James is no more."

"When did he die?"

"He did not die; he never really existed; he was only an appearance."

"Indeed—but I might have known that . . . in reality he was William, Fifth Baron Menloe."

"Yes; but William, Fifth Baron Menloe, is the Wandering Jew, and that keeps him

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back. He is shut out; he is more like a wind than a man, and then he has to sweep. Leaves or no, he has to sweep. And that is not the worst of it; there's the other one."

"Ah, who is the other one?"

"You; you are the other one. It is you who keep the door locked."

"Well, I will try to open it."

"You cannot do that till you know that you are dead. William, Fifth Baron, cannot enter in till Lucius, Fourth Baron, goes out."

"He shall go to-morrow."

"I cannot trust you. Why did you not go when you were buried? I gave you six feet, and yet you kept above ground."

"Yes, but that was only my effigy; you must make allowance for that."

"That is it . . . that is it . . . Melting you and driving a pin through your heart does no good. I tried that . . . long ago. I don't know how long ago . . . when I was shut up; when they tried to make me mad; it is that appearance that seems to lie on the bed . . . that thing that some would take for a real body—that must be put away. Then I can come in, and all will be well."

"Never mind this appearance; you know that it is nothing in reality. If you lay down and went to sleep it might be gone in the morning."

"I will not trust it any more; there is something strange about it; I don't like its eyes. I think it will not keep below unless its throat is cut."

"That, I think, is quite a mistake; but if you would give me the razor I would try, and then we would think of some other plan."

"No; I will trust nobody but myself; I am going to try . . . now."

In spite of Menloe's eyes, which strove to hold him in his place, James made a downward movement with his hand—the hand that held the razor. Closer and closer it came; at length, whether it really touched or not, Menloe felt the cold of it; knew the edge of it.

At that instant there came to him a strange inspiration.

"James," he said calmly; "you can set the razor on my table; no; here on the bed, and bring me hot water, boiling . . . do you hear? boiling."

The gaze of James wavered, and there he stood with loose mouth and a weak hand, in which the razor shook to and fro.

Menloe saw that for the moment old habit had conquered hallucination. It might be only for the moment; that instant of salvation must not slip.

"Must I tell you again?" he said sharply.

"Set down the razor."

Slowly, doubtfully, James set it down.

"Good! Now water; hot water, boiling water—this moment; go."

"Certainly, my Lord," said James, and with an obsequious bow he left the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

### CHAPTER XVII.—"THEY GAVE ME THAT"

IN a little while Menloe heard James come back: he brought no boiling water, and, hardly pausing at Menloe's door, went back to his own room. Menloe listened for a little, and heard no sound. James, he fancied, had got into bed. There was, however, no clear evidence of that; besides, if he were in bed, he might get out of it. Menloe did not care to traverse a dark passage whence at any moment a madman with a revolver might emerge. But he wanted to assure himself that Persephone's door was locked, and of course Mrs. Tite's door. It was the same door, but it was not quite the same thing. Menloe determined to stand and wait for daylight, with an ear cocked towards James's room. Already the room was almost full of light; in a little while the corridor would hold no hiding-place of shadow.

In a few minutes a sound came to Menloe's ear—a sound of snoring. Knowing that Mrs. Tite denied that she snored, Menloe attributed the music to her; but it came from a nearer spot—yes, it came from James's room. Menloe slipped into the passage and listened; never, seemingly, was any sleeper sounder. Very quietly Menloe opened the door, and, reversing the key, locked James in.

Then Menloe crept down into the study. He could not sleep again. A great idea was in his mind; he wanted to develop it. For a long time the subject of insanity had held him in fascination. Madness, as far as literature was concerned, he fancied was almost unexplored country. It now seemed to Menloe that James had come his way, blown by a wind of kindest destiny. He embodied for Menloe his great literary chance. Like others, Menloe had been entertaining an angel unawares.

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He had not discovered the bright wings till they were poised for flight.

But why should James fly just yet? If he were carefully watched, and if all the doors were locked at night—Menloe would put a lock on his own—he could not do any harm. Perhaps Menloe might just hint the truth to Mrs. Tite—in a pleasant, reassuring way. No, Menloe thought he would not do that; the way of pleasant assurance might conduct in the other direction—to unreasonable fears and foolish flight.

Mrs. Tite would not see the extreme importance of getting inside James—to get James on the outside would seem to her the better thing. Menloe was much afraid that he must keep James to himself.

He was so completely absorbed in his delightful thoughts that he heard nothing till the gong went for breakfast. He came out of the indefinite—time, nine and a half—and went down-stairs.

"James," said James, with his watch in his hand, and an orderly precision all about him, "you're late."

How had he got out? Slid down the spout perhaps.

James drew in his lips and shook his head.

"Bring me that bottle," he said.

Lord Menloe answered him by a sharp look and a sharp word of command—

"James," he said, "hot water."

"Certainly, my Lord," James answered, and he retired towards the kitchen.

The moment, however, that Menloe's eye was off him he stood still. Then he waited for a few seconds; then, cautiously, like a dog making for an inhibited cushion, he moved into the dining-room. Persephone and Mrs. Tite were already there. The party sat down to breakfast.

"James," said Persephone, as Menloe was clearing away, "do you know where I was yesterday?"

"You went out in your motor, did you not?"

"Yes, I went to Limerick."

"A very interesting city. Did you see the remains of the walls and the Treaty Stone?"

"Yes, but the Treaty Stone is only a copy. They have the real thing at Chicago."

Menloe looked at her in wonder.

"You don't believe that?" he said.

"I believe whatever I am told," said

Persephone, "because I am among friends. A man told me that."

"He was joking, of course."

"I don't know anything about that. If he makes jokes he should give 'em out, like the hymns in church. There's a good deal of confusion when folks get joking without letting on."

"But have you no sense of humour? Most women, of course, have none, but you, Persephone . . ."

"Come now, *do* the footmen call the young ladies by their Christian names? I find on looking back"—Persephone moistened her fingers, and sent the leaves of her book rolling—"yes, I find an entry to that effect crossed out, and this written instead: 'Butlers try to be funny and can't.'"

"Good," said Menloe, growing a little red; "excellent."

"But they *don't*," persisted Persephone.

"Don't what?"

"Call the young ladies by their Christian names, the butlers don't?"

"Well," said Menloe, "no."

"But *you* do. *Why* do you?"

"Oh, I think"—Menloe positively began to stammer—"in fact, I am almost . . ."

"So am I," said Persephone. "Say," she inquired, going off at a sharp angle, "you really *have* kept it? Because, if not, you might give me another autograph."

"Oh, I have kept it," Menloe said, fidgety as a boy, nervous, pricked with strange irritations.

"Well, anyway give us another autograph."

Persephone tore a leaf from her book, and handed it to Menloe.

"You will now, won't you, when Miss Persephone says 'please' write 'Jeames of Buckley Square.'"

'A tighter lad, it is confest,  
Ne'er valked with powder in his 'air,  
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,  
That 'andsome Jeames of Buckley Square.'"

"No," he said, "not for twenty pleases."

"Write something, anyhow."

He turned again, and scribbled a line or two—

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci  
Hath me in thrall."

"Beautiful," she said. "Latin, ain't it? Only 'beldam' isn't a pretty name if it's meant for Miss Persephone. Say, your

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writing does remind me of your boss's, the good Lord Menloe who bit a piece out of Byron."

"So you have discovered," Menloe said, "that he went a bit wrong in his dates."

"I haven't discovered nothing," Persephone said; but surely, surely there was a twinkle in her eye, and a wicked dimple had superseded the little simple one. "Nothing that matters," she added in modification. "Nothing except this."

Persephone held up something.

"What is that?" Menloe asked, with eyes screwed up in their effort to discern, and extended in their effort to understand. "Give it to me, Persephone."

"Now, you ain't clear-minded, James; you make a regular mess of a person's note-book, trying to keep up with you. Is it Miss, or is it plain Persephone?"

"Not 'plain Persephone,'" said Menloe, recovering himself a little. "'Pretty Persephone'—charming Persephone"—'distracting Persephone.'"

Persephone shook her head.

"You should say things like that to mamma, James; they ain't in my line. Did you ever see a photograph of the Treaty Stone, James—of the certified copy, you know?"

"I don't know," he answered, thinking about most things except the Treaty Stone.

"Ah, you ought to see it," said Persephone. "Look at it, do, your own beautiful imitation of the historic stone at Chicago."

Menloe took the card up as she handed it to him.

"Why, it's a portrait," he said. "Good gracious, what's this? It is *my* portrait."

"Exactly," said Persephone. "I asked for Lord Menloe, and they gave me *that*."

Menloe batted his eyes, and smiled rather feebly. He felt that, somehow or other, the girl with a "momma" had been too much for him.

"Well," he said, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry that the game was over, "you have found it out."

"Found it out?" Persephone repeated. "Why, I twigged it the moment I set eyes on the two of you."

Gracious goodness! how the horrors of her unearthly lingo were thickening upon her!

"No, no," expostulated Menloe, "you did not discover it so soon as that; for a long time I feel . . ." and then he stopped,

seeing possible room for a mistake. "What did you twig?" he asked.

"The likeness between you and his Lordship. Of course, James, you haven't the ease and charm of Lord Menloe—that sort of thing don't grow in servants' halls, I guess: but in a distant, humbler, respectful way you take after him amazing."

Persephone nodded with quiet assurance, and turned away, leaving Menloe to stare as a cow through a fog.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—JAMES GOES A-WOOLING

SITTING down on the nearest chair Menloe tried to think. Thought, however, was out of the question; it was beyond him, for, though he lit his pipe again and again, nothing ensued except rather a nasty smell. At length he became aware that his pipe was empty, and that his trousers were burning. Having got the fire under, Menloe put on his hat and wandered out.

He was worried as in all his life he had never been worried before, and his being worried worried him. Goodness gracious, was a man of thirty-seven—a hermit, a poet, a philosopher, a psychic researcher, an outside Omar Khayyamist, a borderlander, even a Treader of the Way—to be upset by a girl?

It was impossible, only the thing had happened before. Saint Anthony (whose temptations Menloe had regarded contemptuously hitherto) had been a good deal bothered in that way. In the irritated tension of his nerves Menloe forgot himself, and thought ungratefully of the editor of the journal, the originator of Tite.

Well, it would soon be over; the ill-omened birds were on the wing. Thank heaven, to-morrow would know them not.

What was this? "Thank heaven," like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in Menloe's throat.

"Ass!" he said, showing no more respect to himself than to the said editor, "wild ass, ass of the prairies!" But he felt no better.

It was not till he had wandered many aimless miles, and had smoked—with tobacco now—several pipes, that calmness stole back to the soul of Menloe.

After all, he was able at length to say, that week had not been wasted. James—James—had proved admirable material;

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THEN JAMES SAID REASSURINGLY, "ONLY A RABBIT"

and even Persephone, like adversity, had had sweet uses.

The truth was that in literature, if you wanted to make savoury meat, a woman must go into the pot. Hitherto Menloe had omitted that seasoning, or if anything feminine had entered his recipe-book, it had been the ideal feminine. There was no taste in shadowy ladies; one must have women of flesh and blood—real, inconsequent, unsettling women, as Providence has permitted them.

Yes, on the whole, that week had paid its expenses. It was a little trip abroad; it was gravy-meat; it was experience; it was copy.

Menloe almost had finished his third pipe—or was it his fourth?—and was breathing philosophic breath. He looked round him, drawing into his soul the river, the gorse, the greystone-wall, and the foxgloves.

It was not much of a world perhaps, but it had its points; one could make it do.

Hulloa! what was that, bluish against the greystone-wall?

A woman . . . Persephone.

And the grey against the grey?

A man . . . James.

Yes, Persephone was standing against the wall; and now her two hands were in James's, and now he was jumping her—absolutely jumping her.

Ugh! had he but now been worrying over *that*—a thing that liked to be jumped?

It hurt Menloe to answer that question with a Yes; but he had been worrying—and he was worrying now.

Till that moment Menloe had observed no dalliance between James and Persephone. His behaviour to the girl, to do him justice, had been entirely correct—pleasant, hospitable, courteous; never amorous.

But now? Well, Menloe was conscious of his ignorance, but he suspected that jumping. To begin with, it was entirely unnecessary. Persephone could get over that wall better than James could get over it; the girl, again to do her justice, was able-bodied enough. Moreover, in the jumping there had been something lingering; and—now he remembered—courting couples did it. Yes, they always chose a way of walls and stiles—and jumped.

Jump on the word, Menloe began to stalk James and Persephone. He neither smiled nor frowned at himself; he never investigated his motives at all, but, like a

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jealous Tom or Dick, he followed the gleam—the gleam of Persephone's frock.

Suddenly Menloe drew back; Persephone had turned her head. Good—she had not seen him.

With something of the furtiveness of the Indian scout, Menloe entered the wood—the great western wood, that stretched for nearly two miles, and to which he could not lay an axe—making for a point where it would nearly touch the path which those two had chosen.

Just on the fringe of the wood there was a rustic seat, inviting to people who jumped.

Menloe was not long in getting to his mark, but already James and Persephone had got to theirs. As the wood began to thin their voices came to him from that beguiling seat—loudly enough, but not distinctly.

Menloe crept on, but not without noise. A stick snapped under his feet, and rabbits scuttled away before him. He threw himself upon his face, and only just in time; for even as he disappeared, he saw Persephone turn again. "Hush," he heard her say, for he was now well within range of their voices. Then James said reassuringly, "Only a rabbit." It was abominable that such a tone should come into James's voice. If all was as it should be, what need of reassurance? Young women do not need to be fortified in harmlessly sitting down. Able-bodied young women are not embarrassed by little sounds unless . . .

At all risks Menloe was determined to see. On the whole, perhaps, he made as much noise as formerly, but Persephone's head turned no more.

Yes, yes; he saw now: that "Unless" was a prophetic word. James's arm was round Persephone's waist.

Menloe stood there with a pain in his heart sharper than ever he had known. It was idle to disguise or to pretend; he was in love with Persephone—keenly, savagely, in love. No longer could he dally with philosophical experiments; there was only one thing that mattered—Persephone, Persephone—with James's arm round her waist.

On the ground beside him were two or three round stones. Menloe picked up the largest. Taking careful aim he shied it at James's head. It came, with a hard pelt, just under his bowler hat.

James leaped into the air, then lifted both his arms and stood perfectly still.

Menloe plunged into a thicket, and ran home without stopping.

### CHAPTER XIX.—A DEBT TO SOCIETY

IT was half-past eight in the evening. Menloe was stepping out with all the length of his long legs for Dr. Mullins. He was about to have James shut up as a dangerous lunatic. Almost as soon as he had realised what James's arm was doing, Menloe had felt that his incarceration was a debt to society. Dr. Mullins was the nearest medical man, and to his house it was seven long Irish miles.

Exactly what had to be done in disposing of a lunatic, Menloe was not informed. Medical certificates, he fancied, were in the first case the only requirement—but Mullins would be familiar with the procedure.

Through the village Menloe passed, giving a pleasant good-night to Jim Cavanagh's jennet, and giving a poke with his stick to the blind man, Raftery, whom he took to be an inanimate obstruction.

He walked with such unwonted steadfastness of purpose that people came to their doors, and stood looking after him.

"Begob," said Jim Cavanagh, "you'd nearly think his poor Lordship had a notion where he was going."

Menloe must have covered half the distance to Mulcair when he became conscious that a vehicle was coming towards him. It was, he soon made out, a covered car—one of those gloomy, bumpy, top-heavy conveyances estimated to hold four passengers and any number of infectious complaints.

What could the thing be doing there? As a rule they confined themselves to wet nights and funerals.

It soon came up, pulled jerkily by a horse whose hind and front legs seemed to be at variance, and to object to any co-operative movement.

Gazing at it with unimportant wonder, Menloe would have passed it by. But before that could be done, the low door fell back in a dislocated way—Menloe heard the sound and interpreted it, though he could not see the movement—and a man got out.

He was a sturdy fellow, and he wore a cap with a peak, like a railway porter's. So

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much Menloe had made out in the half-light, and he was beginning to put other things together, when the man spoke.

"Are you Lord Menloe?" he asked, touching his cap, and at the same time looking at him rather closely.

"I am," said Menloe: "do you want anything with me?"

"I do, my Lord," the man answered. "It would be the greatest kindness at all if your Lordship would come and see a poor fella that's dying."

"Who is he? Why does he want to see me?"

"Deed, then, I disremember the name of him, but he is a low-sized, sandy little fella; and the cough's at him mortal bad, and the doctor have him given up *al-together*."

"It is very awkward: I am going to Mulcair on urgent business. Where do you say he is?" Menloe looked again at the man's dress: it was a uniform. "At the workhouse?"

"He is, my Lord," the man answered rather eagerly; "he's at the workhouse, and he's not willing to die. I wouldn't rightly undershtand, but I—I think 'tis something on the poor man's conscience. Was your Lordship ever suspicious, or the like of that, of any servant you had?"

"Oh," said Menloe, with a deprecatory smile, "little things went now and then: once, when I had bullocks, I couldn't account for seven or eight: and money, of course—I suppose everybody misses money and watches."

"That's it," the man answered: "I doubt he has your Lordship robbed. I know in my heart 'tis out of all reason troubling your Lordship this-a-way; but 'twas the wan word out of him—the wan word and no other—I can't die till I see him: I can't die till I see him."

"I'll go." With rather sad decision. Menloe buttoned up his coat, and set his pince-nez firmly on his nose.

With a bow and a wave of the hand, the man fell back. Menloe, having hit his head against the top of the door, fell into a seat, and the whole conveyance tipped up. All this was strictly regular.

The man jumped up beside Menloe, and shut the dislocated door with somewhat remarkable speed. Also, at the sound of the slamming door the driver turned with great promptitude. You can't get a covered car turned quite as easily as you

would turn a man-of-war, but, considering the difficulty of the evolution, it was smartly done.

In the covered car it was nearly midnight, though only twilight outside. Menloe could hardly distinguish the figure of the man opposite to him, but his knees pressed against Menloe's and there was the glimmer of a face, to which a question could be addressed.

"How long will it take us?" Menloe asked.

"Under an hour. Ah, you wouldn't notice the passing of the time."

"Faith, you would not."

At the sound of those words Menloe leaped up, for they came from some third person in the car. His head struck against the ceiling, and he fell back into the seat, as was orderly and right in a covered car. But in the instant of his leaping, two several pairs of hands had grasped him—grasped him with almost painful solicitude.

"I'm all right," he said, rather petulantly: "why didn't you tell me there was another man inside?"

"Ah," said the man whom Menloe had seen, "'tis just a poor fella that I gave a cast to; he won't anny your Lordship."

"I will not," the man put in; "we was always very great, me and his Lordship."

"What do you mean?" said Menloe. "I can't see your face, and maybe I wouldn't remember it if I did, but I have a good memory for voices. I don't think I ever came across you before."

The man laughed: not pleasantly, Menloe thought.

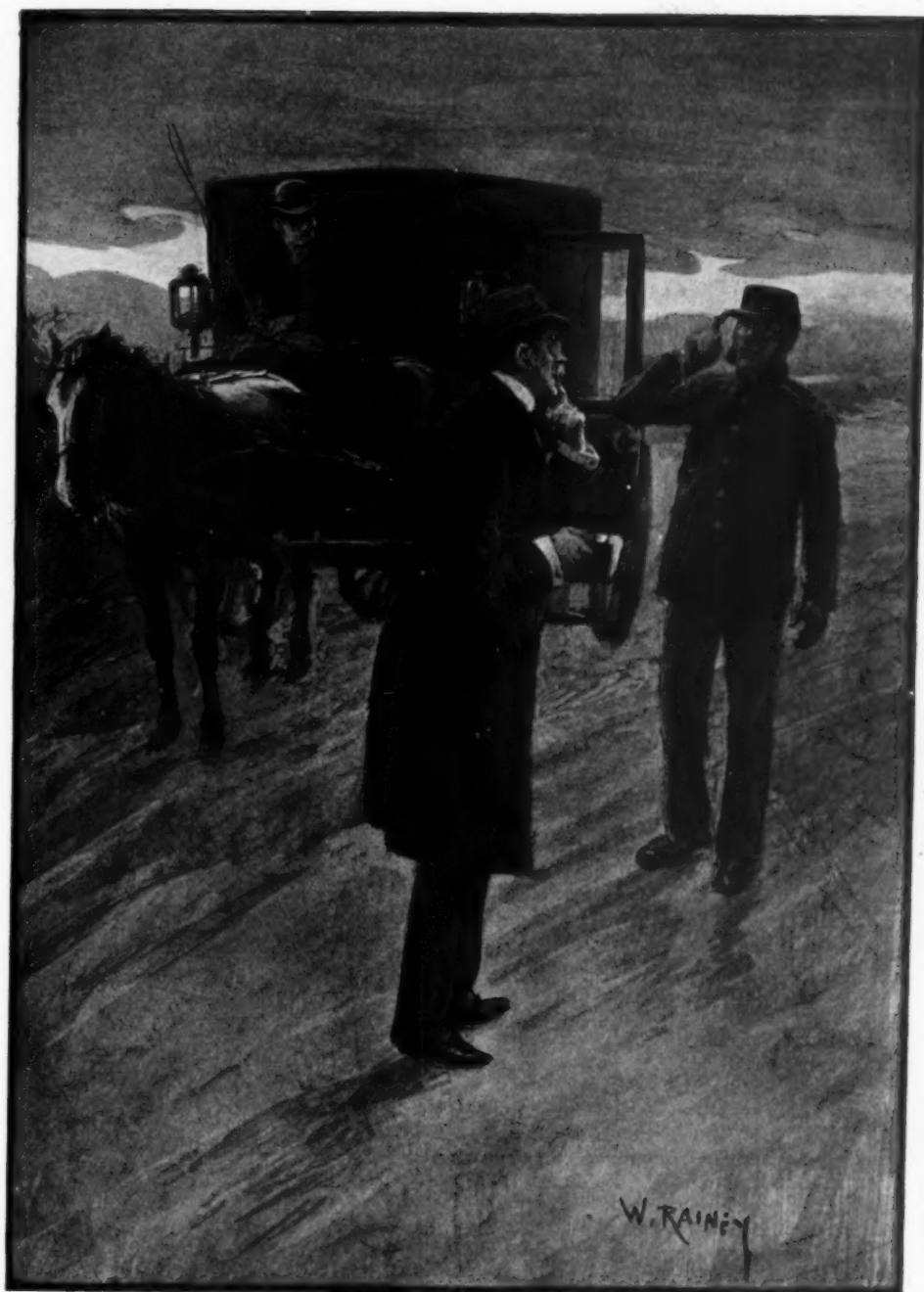
"Begob," he said, "you'll remember me by and by."

There was a movement among the mingled legs in the straw; Menloe fancied that a kick had passed among them.

"Don't mind him, my Lord," said Menloe's man. "Ah, you wouldn't notice the time getting there."

There was silence, save for the bumping and lurching of the car. Menloe could just make out the two glimmers that stood for faces. Gradually the silence became freighted with something sinister; a lurking watchfulness grew out of the two glimmering faces; a sense of closeness, of obstruction, gathered and pressed.

Once Menloe had dreamed that he was dead, and confined, and buried in the great family vault. Dead though he was, the



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restriction, the imprisonment, had been a trouble to the dull flesh, a disquiet to the dull brain.

Almost he thought for a time—for the indefinite space that such impressions cover—that that dream had come again.

At length lights sprang up—suffused and general at first, then sharp and particular. An open car clinked by, with three drunken militia-men roaring "God save Ireland."

At the first contact with life, Menloe's oppression passed away. He was angry that it ever had been there. Really, he must be severe with himself; he was growing nervous—ridiculously nervous.

Though he did not come into the city very often, Menloe knew pretty well its general outline—simple as that of an American town. When the covered car had traversed the main crossing to the great High Street, with its electric lights, its perambulating soldiers, its night-kindled air of gay lounging, it turned into sudden obscurity. In a minute or so, Menloe looked out through the door of the car. Below, on either side, he expected to see the wide river lying dark and waste, and to the left, rising above the huddled orange lights of the old town, the dim, gaunt shape of the cathedral.

He found instead that they were traversing a dark, long street in which he could recognise no landmark. He had the sense, however, of everything being reversed. Almost he fancied that they must have turned the wrong way. But the man on the box had not hesitated, and it must be indeed an ill-informed driver who did not know the way to the workhouse.

Menloe was confused, and again a little unquiet. He looked out to right and left, searching the dim face of things. At length an old house throwing out a small railed green before it, stood like a delta, parting the ways. Surely, dim as was his view of it, he knew that silent, lurking old house—and it lay out of their course, in the opposite direction. He was on the point of telling the man that they had taken the wrong turn, but a singular reluctance kept him silent. Somehow or other, he knew that, whatever their course might be, it had been taken with purpose.

Again Menloe scanned the night with anxious eyes. What was that dead wall but the Ordnance barracks? Now tall buildings began to loom before him, mute and dumb. Yes, *that* was the great bacon factory; and that sinister round of brick

behind the high railing could be nothing but the gaol.

For a moment there came into Menloe's mind an absurd apprehension. These two men in uniform—he knew by this time that his second companion wore uniform too—had arrested him; he was being taken to prison. Then, as the car passed the dismal gate, he felt the imbecility of that thought. He was not living in the Russia of English novelists. Besides, what had he done, worse than the owing of a little money? Menloe threw himself back, angry with the futility of his fancy. He folded his arms, and crossed his legs, and shut his eyes. In half-a-minute the car turned slightly to the left; there were formidable railings before him; a gate was opening; they were moving over pebbles up to the centre of a hexagonal façade, crowned by a square tower. Now, somewhere in the tower there was a clock . . . now the gate was being shut clangingly . . . now the car was coming to a stand.

After all, Menloe's memories of the town were a little vague; and night distorts the face of things. By some most unexpected turn they must have reached the workhouse in the end: for now Menloe was alighting on the broad steps; and now a clean-capped, matronly woman, a ward-nurse, no doubt, was meeting him and the two men, who fell respectfully behind.

"There is a man wanting to see me, I understand," said Menloe, on the top step; "I am Lord Menloe."

The woman's face had seemed a little puzzled; at the mention of his name it brightened: she smiled in a knowing way.

"Come in, my Lord," she said.

He stepped into the hall: the two men stepped close behind him: the door was shut.

And then, standing in a long narrow corridor, the floor covered with oilcloth, the walls decorated with stencil-work, Menloe became aware of a strange, penetrating smell. There were memories in that smell, if he could find them.

"This way, my Lord," said Menloe's man.

Down a long corridor to an intersecting corridor—how the smell came now, and oh! what was its association?—through a door unlocked and carefully locked again: down another corridor; into a great room; a great vista of a room, full of faces.

But what faces! They seemed like a bad dream; weary faces, sullen faces, grinning faces, but all wanting something.

There was about every one the sense of a light blown out. Heaven! could pauperdom expunge, degrade, dehumanise like this?

Suddenly there was a cry: "I lost my soul; did anybody see my soul? a nice little white soul with a couple of black spots."

At the same instant an old man, who had been looking at Menloe intently, flung his heels into the air, and began walking upon his hands.

And then there came up to Menloe a man whose mouth seemed to wander about his face, for he smiled always, and the smile kept changing its outline as he spoke.

"Welcome home, my Lord," he said, "though I doubt you'll find sad changes. There is a new doctor, and he is mad; and the warders are all mad; and the chaplain is imbecile; and some of the inmates are very queer. I'd get no sleep at all, trying what way I'd manage things for the best, and I'll be right glad of a rational coadjuter."

Lord Menloe had grown very pale. He let the man take his hand in a hand that felt like a fish; but, while it shook up and down, he turned to the uniformed pair behind him.

"So I'm in the asylum?" he said.

"Deed, then, you are," the two men answered together.

### CHAPTER XX.—"A LITTLE M——"

**W**HEN he knew that he was actually detained in an asylum, the blood went out of Menloe's cheeks. He was one of those to whom the bare thought of confinement was almost intolerable. Once when he had locked himself into his room, and for half-an-hour had been unable to turn the key, he had scarcely restrained himself from jumping through the window. At all times that cry of the starling—the one immortal starling—"I can't get out," filled him with a blind terror of sympathy. Just to be shut up—anywhere: in a room, a house, a city—was to him the strait agony of the coffin-lid.

Then, again, appalling just in proportion to its fascination was the repulsion of insanity. Possibly at the root of both these feelings was coiled a chill fear. Did Menloe turn to madness, as Hamlet turned, through some alarmed confessing

kinship in the blood? Was he questioning wild shores whereon his boat might ground? At any rate, the thought of being shut up with the mad held for Menloe all the fulness of fear.

And now that which had befallen him as a fantastic imagining of the day, in a weird obsession of the night, had come to pass—was true and real as any comfortable daily thing.

It only demonstrates—that which needs no demonstration—the strangely complex emotion of the imaginative man, that Menloe booked that horror that came upon him as valuable material, and smacked his lips over it as wine of noble vintage.

"Come," he said to himself, "that's the way to take it; it is an experience—an interesting little experience." And, as he formed that thought, he knew that he was trying to keep calm for fear of going mad.

Menloe looked at the two warders. They had a strangely suppressing aspect—that of a stolid, unsurprisable patience—up to a certain point, when it would become peremptory and severe. Looking round upon the world as it was there, Menloe felt how improbable sanity appeared. It was with effort that he spoke.

"Perhaps it isn't of any consequence," he said, "but there is no harm in mentioning that I'm the wrong man."

He said this very quietly, with his hands in his pockets, as he sat upon the edge of a table, and turned upon the first man his patient, reasonable eyes.

The warder looked at him with something like the first dawning of a doubt.

"At any other time," Menloe went on, "I should have been delighted to accept your hospitality. There is nothing that I should fancy more than a month in a madhouse—not a bad title, by the bye; however, it happens that I have urgent business at home, so that I will trouble you to apologise and to let me out."

"Whist, now," said the other man, "that sort of chat wouldn't help you at all. Be aisy, and if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can. That's my advice to you, William."

"Sure, man," added the first warder, "if you hadn't broke out like a fool, you'd be dismissed long ago. What got you at all to be running away when the doctor had you noticed that next board-day he'd report you 'cured'?"

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"Do I look sane now?" said Menloe.

"Faith, sane enough," the second man answered.

"There is nothing excited in my speech, is there?"

"There is not, then."

"Nor wild about my eyes—no strange brightness, no fear of meeting your eyes? I look you in the face, don't I?"

The two men simultaneously gazed at him. Either they had learned a look of singular mastery—the look of the tamer—or else a sudden sense of his position—an imaginative realisation of what the warders expected from him—fell upon Menloe. His eyes were hard to manage; for a second they stared in a defiant fixity, then they shifted, ducked, slipped—would not come up to the scratch.

Menloe was miserably disconcerted.

"I cannot tell what has come to me," he said. "It is rather upsetting, perhaps, one's first introduction to this company."

"Deed, William, I'd nearly think you'd be at home by this. Why, man, we had you on and off five years."

"The man for whom you take me," Menloe answered, "is now at my house. He is like me, but not astonishingly alike, when you see us together. He offered himself to me as butler, and I gave him a chance."

The two men exchanged a glance—a glance of resigned disappointment. Menloe interpreted it with certainty. "He's after having a relapse," it said.

Menloe kept his heart as firm as he could among the slipping terrors that caught at him, the black wings that shook above him, the eyes that broke in crimson flashes and streamed down the wind. A horror of madness—a fierce desire to be mad—clutched him, and made him shiver. He said to himself, "This is the merest joke; sane people are not detained in madhouses now. I shall be out in a few minutes, and I'll chaff the doctor as long as we live."

"Look here," he said shortly, "I want to see the doctor."

"I have him informed," said the first warder. "He have company at dinner."

Almost at that moment the door was opened, and the doctor came. Menloe had met him once two or three years ago, when he had visited a poor fellow at the asylum. He was a very gentle man, dreamy and suave, with a passionate love

of flowers and a cultivated palate. His little dinners were famous.

"Doctor," said Menloe, as the man came beamingly through the ward, "I think you will remember me."

The doctor looked at him with half-shut eyes of kindly humorousness.

"Deed, I think I will," he said.

"I am Lord Menloe." A look circulated among the warders and the doctor, and again Menloe gathered all its meaning. "I am at something of a disadvantage," Menloe went on, "because the man for whom I have been mistaken—my butler—bears a considerable general resemblance to me. I thought, however, your practised eye might note dissimilarities as readily as similarities. I am taller than William by an inch and a half, and altogether am a heavier man. Then I stoop more, and have a more abstracted look. My sight is shorter—you will notice that, I am sure, when I remove my glasses (William, by the way, wore his less persistently than I wear mine). I think I may say that I have more the manner of a gentleman."

"You have more the manner of a gentleman," the doctor repeated, with a movement of the head.

Much encouraged Menloe continued:

"I hope there will be no need of the identifying strawberry mark," he said, smiling. "If, however, we had to resort to such things, my handkerchief—and all my linen—is marked with M and a coronet."

The doctor doubled up, and the warders fell back in three several but simultaneous peals of laughter.

"Faith, William," the doctor said, "I saw you sitting by the hour marking it. Your night-shirt had the grandest coronet of all."

Menloe smiled again, not quite comfortably.

"My able predecessor," he said, "seems to have anticipated me in many ways. However, he scarcely can have plagiarised my weight and measurements."

At that word there came another roar of laughter, the laughter which greets the expected, delaying joke.

"What is there funny in that?" Menloe inquired.

"Exactly: what is there funny in that?"

The doctor repeated the inquiry with seeming conviction, but his voice shook a little.

"Did William," Menloe asked, with



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a sense of netting another mesh of entanglement in everything he said; "did William go on about weights and measurements?"

"Yes, William," said the doctor, "William did."

He passed on. Menloe made a step towards him, but the two warders held him back.

#### CHAPTER XXL.—STRAITLY SHUT UP

**H**OW can one tell the horrors of the night—in the long dormitory—the coughing, the praying, the crying, the dim inhuman shapes, the fitful incoherent tragedy, the ghastly comedy, the squalor, the pity, and the shame?

There were times when, starting from sleep into which he had fallen with a dislocating shock, Menloe half believed that he had died, and had awaked in the lowest

and meanest of the hells. All the night, even in his splintered sleep, there was a fear upon him, above all the physical and all the imaginative fears, and a conscious effort to control it—the fear of going mad. And all the night there was a conscious effort to feel and to remember the phantasmagoria of sights and of sounds; to pluck the flowers and the berries of every deadly tree in that garden of despair. There was an eye that watched his own mind, and that registered the fear and the fear of the fear, and there was an instinct that welcomed all.

The warder on duty was the second man, Mr. Lonergan, or familiarly Bob. He seemed to be a good fellow, if anything a shade too kind. But twice or thrice when some untimely creature was obstinately bent on dancing, or on praying aloud, or on dressing for a ball, even he had to be a little rough.

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Before he was permitted to turn in, Menloe had had to give up his knife, a little pair of scissors that he happened to have in his pocket, even a pencil-point protector, the edge of which was sharp at the slit. Also his money—one-and-nine—was put away. However, he was allowed to keep his tobacco, and in the night—by sufferance or by oversight—he smoked a couple of pipes. Also he was allowed to keep a little memorandum-book and his unprotected pencil.

At last the morning came, and the great terror lifted—never to fall again. With the sober light there passed into Menloe a calmness which he knew that he could keep. By a most singular entanglement he had been confused with a lunatic, but that that mistake could not be demonstrated was beyond all belief. He knew perfectly well that if he kept clear and cool a very few days would prove his identity.

Meanwhile, here was a chance that came to very few. Only a little time ago—yes, it could only be a little time, though it was on the other side of the gate—he had been grateful for James, and the opportunity of getting inside him. James was only one—a solitary date-tree—and now he was in a paradise of lunacy, and might eat of every tree of the garden.

Well, he was soon in the thick of its delights—he was washing in the wash-room. No doubt there was, on the part of the authorities, a great desire for cleanliness; it did not seem, however, to be shared by all the inmates. Once or twice Menloe felt himself making friction with his shirt, whether in sympathy or in personal relief he could not tell. It was a great relief to him that, through some difficulty in getting him decently supplied by the wardrobe of the establishment, he was permitted for the present to keep his own trousers. To the grey jacket he had to yield—that grey jacket that had so strange a power of declassing and reclassing; that swept away individuality, and that suggested laxity, weakness, restraint.

"I'd like," thought Menloe, as he fell into its effacing shapelessness, "to see the doctor in this! I fancy two of his brothers would cheerfully certify him insane, particularly without a collar, and"—he twisted a comforter round his neck—"with this."

They had stirabout for breakfast, and that smell—that smell that clothed the place in a thick, pungent garment. It was,

one of the inmates told him, the smell of the great copper when the potatoes were boiled.

That man, except for a weak mouth and unsteady eyes, seemed sensible enough. Indeed, just about Menloe as he "supped" his stirabout, there seemed more moodiness and nervousness than madness. With that particular man he became quite pleasant.

"To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" asked Menloe, made a little formal by something in the other's manner.

Smiling self-consciously and bowing, the man handed him a card. It bore the inscription,

*The Right Hon. Winston Churchill.*

*At Home.*

*Fiscal Policy. Chocolate. Fireworks.*

After breakfast the abler-bodied of the men went out to work—a few in a fine, walled garden where the doctor had all manner of pleasant things, including orchids and wonderful tomatoes; many in a rougher plot where cabbages and potatoes were grown for the inmates. Others, painters and carpenters and so forth, were set to work on the asylum buildings. The rest went out for exercise—a strange delaying, self-centred company—cohering loosely together, laughing, crying, gesticulating, or moving sullenly on with stooping shoulders and faces formed of dull grey stone. In this company Menloe made one. It was pleasant to feel that he never was of it; that of his jacketed fellows many observed him, that several confided in him. That seemed to distinguish him; for, Menloe observed, there was little communion among them. Each seemed to know the insanity of the others, and to despise or to distrust it.

In spite of its being a pauper asylum, Menloe discovered that it held many distinguished names. Several of the crowned heads were there, and many famous men of all ages. Something of that jumbled time that made a nightmare of James's recollections might have originated, Menloe fancied, in the pretensions of the asylum.

All through that strange rumble Menloe was making notes. All through it, except its last few minutes, when, by disastrous luck, he broke the lead of his pencil. Since he had no knife, and was shy of asking a warder, for fear that his book might be confiscated, to sharpen his pencil, that would have ended his power of exact

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record. In the afternoon he saw a carpenter with a little stumpy pencil. Menloe, as is known, had a pouch of tobacco—decent mixture, not plug, which was served out by the authorities. For half of his tobacco Menloe purchased the pencil, and was a man again.

So deeply immersed was he now in studies of the place that, but for Persephone, he would have been quite happy. But James's arm—his misplaced, insinuating arm—fretted Menloe's soul.

What in the world could it mean? Surely, surely it was not fancy that Persephone had twitted him with hints and glances, almost implying discovery of his masquerade. And if she had found him out she must have found out James. Would Persephone humiliate herself by permitting a footman's arm to be where James's was? Surely she had a soul above gentlemen's gentlemen! And yet, had she had a soul above him, when he seemed to be of their guild? She could not have known the truth at the first, and even at the first, he hoped, she had been kind. It was horrible to be cooped up while James's arm went free. Yes, while the entire James went free, for really he was dangerous. Not to Persephone, Menloe hoped and believed; but what creature of reasonable belief would build on the doings of a lunatic? And where *was* Persephone? Even when he left Menloe her wings were poised for flight. She might have passed, and have left no trace. It was all bad—bad and sad and mad, and very far from sweet.

Well, captivity could not last more than a day or two. Some friend would identify him, or one of the doctors—there was an assistant, Menloe found—would recognise his sanity. If only he could smuggle a letter through, rescue would be prompt enough, but letters were examined, and surely a letter demanding deliverance for a sane patient wrongfully detained would never pass the censor.

Still, so went Menloe's recurrent thought, a day or two, and all would be well.

Meanwhile, observation and the stumpy pencil, and make the most of the great chance.

### CHAPTER XXII.—PERSEPHONE CALLS FOR HELP

THE next morning, when Menloe was about to join that weird procession through the grounds, the doctor stopped him.

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"Come, William," he said, "we'll put you on the old job."

"And what is that, doctor?" Menloe answered in his best manner.

"Sure, your memory is not so short as all that: you didn't forget your old stool in the office?"

"Byron thought you could not forget what you never knew." Menloe fancied that the easy sanity of that remark must open the doctor's eyes. He was disappointed.

"Ah, get along with your Byrons and your Lady Eustacias. Faith, if you'd just sweep your brain clear of that lot, you'd be nearly as rational as I am myself. If ever I find that confounded little book, *Traits and Stories of Noble Families*, bedad, I'll burn it."

Menloe looked at the good fellow with sweetly reasonable eyes.

"Doctor," he said, "I suppose you know as much about insanity as any man in Ireland."

"I do, then," said the doctor, "and more."

"And yet you can look into the face of a sane man, and not recognise its sanity."

"Deed, then, if 'tis yourself you're meaning, I'd hardly need to look at you at all. And you're as healthy as Kilkee." He put his fingers on Menloe's pulse. "Sure, the pulse is normal: you're normal altogether."

"Then, if it is not an impertinent question, why am I here?—unless the sane are becoming so rare that they are put under lock and key?"

Again Menloe had hope of surprising the doctor, and again he was disappointed. Evidently James had talked like Miss Thorneycroft Fowler's note-book.

"Because, confound you, one never knows where to have you. The last time you were dismissed, I thought we wouldn't see the face of you again—I did that, with all my experience, and experience here is not very encouraging. You went out at ten like a clergyman, with your neat black bag in your hand, and by four—by 4 P.M. you were back—as mad as a parliament in Stephen's Green."

"Doctor," said Menloe quickly, but with the conviction that convinces, "that man was a butler, William Something or other, a shorter man than I am, lighter in build, and more erect. When I was decoyed to this place—very unworthily, as I must

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think—I was on my way to get him certified as insane. He is at my house now, and only two or three nights ago he made an attempt on my life with a razor. I warn you that not only are you detaining as a lunatic a man—a peer of the realm, as it happens—whom you yourself admit to be sane, but you are leaving at liberty a most dangerous lunatic; there are two ladies in the house, and their lives are in deadly peril.”

Menloe had not spoken without producing some effect. The doctor, who habitually held his head a little down, glancing unobtrusively from under his half-dropped lids, raised himself with a shake of the shoulder, and gazed penetratingly at Menloe. His whole aspect was alert, inquiring; the pucker of his good-humoured frown was gone, and four parallel horizontal furrows, like brackets in musical notation, ploughed the breadth of his forehead.

Menloe felt that his battle was nearly won. He called on his intellect for one more charge.

“If,” he said, “you will make a simple test, absolutely you will be convinced. My weight and measurements—”

The doctor’s whole face relaxed and relapsed. He broke into a short laugh, humorous, impatient, convinced.

“Bother your weight and measurements,” he said. Then he laid his hand on Menloe’s shoulder.

“Dad,” he said, “’tis the great old blarneyer you are. I tell you, you nearly had me convinced with your nice manner and your plausible speeches. Only for the weight and measurements—which you can no more keep out of your chat than Mr. Dick could keep King Charles’s head out of his memorial—faith, you might have put salt on the old bird’s tail.”

He called to Bob.

“Here, Bob, see this fellow put to work on the books.”

Menloe knew that, for the immediate present, the game was up. Following Bob, he walked down the pebbled oblong of the entrance.

There, in front of him, was the tall iron gate through which the car had brought him: its prophetic clang behind him echoed still in all his soul. Outside there were houses—with people who came and went at their pleasure, and the open street. A boy with a big basket over his head dawdled along whistling inanely, as though

there was nothing particular in being outside those gates. Close to the gates, on the left hand, stood the porter’s lodge; and on an iron seat, under a sycamore, the porter sat, spectacled, turning the morning paper.

On the right, half-way down the oblong, twenty paces from the gates, was a neat two-windowed, one-storeyed building of red brick. It contained two rooms divided by a passage.

Into the remoter of these rooms Bob conducted Menloe. It was fitted up like an office, and at one of several high stools a tall man was writing.

“I’ve brought an old friend, Mr. Healy, to give you a hand.”

Nodding to the clerk, Bob gave Menloe a friendly push, and walked away carelessly.

“You might be dating a few pages,” said Mr. Healy, and, getting down, he opened for Menloe a thick leather-bound volume. It seemed to be a sort of day-book, recording the visits of the various officials—chaplains, Roman Catholic and Protestant, dispenser, visiting physicians, and others. Menloe was glad to notice that every week, on Wednesday or Thursday, the Church chaplain called. Somehow or other, he had faith in the persuasibility of that official. Meanwhile, getting to work in his neatest round-hand, he filled up the date-spaces for a fortnight in advance. Then Mr. Healy pushed over to him the Church chaplain’s book. “You might rule that, William,” he said, “in red ink.”

In such simple work Menloe had occupied a couple of hours, when a carriage stopped at the gate. In a little while a white-haired clergyman passed the window. Menloe caught only a glimpse of him; but he liked what he saw. In a few minutes he was summoned by Bob into the chaplain’s presence. Menloe was the newest sheep of the pasture.

The chaplain was sitting in a little room not far from the entrance lobby. Menloe noticed that, having introduced him, Bob did not retire effectually. Evidently he was lurking close in view of possible eventualities.

“Well, William,” said the chaplain, with a dryly humorous glance, “so you couldn’t make up your mind to leave us.”

“Be it ever so humble,” said Menloe, “there’s no place like home.”

“I find thee apt,” said the chaplain. “Sit down.”

## His Poor Lordship

Menloe obeyed, and straightway the chaplain began to talk. Never was such a talker; he seemed to have been everywhere and to have met everybody, always under circumstances of piquant interest. He had said the most graceful things in the world to all the beauties, and the most crushing things to all the wits. He quoted Byron and Juvenal, Wordsworth and Lucretius, Goethe and Mrs. Hemans, Dante and Tupper. Menloe would have been delighted, only he was fidgeting for a chance of saying a word for himself. Here was the man who could save him if he would. And surely he would, for they loved the same things—the chaplain had published poetry, Menloe found—and knew the same people. And he treated the poor collarless wretch in the grey jacket like a brother—easily, intimately, without condescension.

At last the chaplain paused.

"Sir," said Menloe, "I feel that I can count upon you."

"Certainly, if it isn't liquor. I can't smuggle things in—it consists not with mine office."

"I don't want to get anything in, but something out."

"And what is that? Not a double-tooth?"

"No," said Menloe, trying to be very easy, but hearing his heart bump: "it is a small matter—myself."

The chaplain's manner changed; he shut up like an anemone prodded by an umbrella.

"My dear friend," he said, "I never interfere in medical matters; they belong to the admirable doctors; address yourself to the admirable doctors. I must be off—I'm going to London by the mail: *cras ingens iterabimus aequor*."

He shook hands with Menloe, talking hard all the time, and turned on him a precipitate back.

From that moment Menloe began to despair of early release. Of a lengthy imprisonment he had no fear, but that he might be detained till next Board-day seemed quite probable.

If only he had been easy about Persephone, for Board-day he would have waited contentedly enough; but he was not easy about her. Whenever he tried to take a cheerful view of things, up like an ominous cloud rose the arm of James, blotting out peace and Persephone's waist.

The dormitory in which Menloe had his bed was hushed in such quiet as came to it. It had been one of the hottest days of the year, and even now, when it was past eleven, the air was hardly cool. The man who had lost his soul was worried about it; he had made many attempts to get out of bed to look for it. At length the warder had cowed him into keeping in his place, but at intervals his mutterings were heard: "A nice little white soul with a few black spots on it—did e'er a man o' yez see it?" Another man, suffering imaginary agonies from two rats that had run down his throat, sat up bowing himself together, and uttering occasionally explanatory remarks: "The heart's a very tender part of a man, and their little shmall teeth is like razors."

At first Menloe had renounced all hope of sleep, yet sleep had come to him in uneasy snatches. Twice already he had started from distressing dreams, burdened with fears about Persephone. At length he had made up his mind to lie awake; he could control his thoughts more or less, but not the drifting shapes that came when his eyes shut.

He was listening, with the toleration of familiarity, to the snoring of some of the patients, to the strange murmuring of others, to the agonised cries that came at intervals from some whom the Furies hunted even in sleep; he was even waiting for the words about "the little white soul," which fell almost at regular intervals, and now were due again: when a voice came to his ear, low and difficult and hoarse with pain. Changed as it was, he knew it at once—it was the voice of Persephone. But there was no word; only a cry.

Menloe looked round; the room lay before him gaunt and long, gradually trailing into shadow. He could count the beds in the greater length of the room, and he could infer the rest. Where, high up, a lamp in a sconce was burning, he could distinguish the stencil pattern on the walls. He was broadly, sharply awake.

Was it possible, however, that for some point of time he had slept with eyes open or shut; and that in that point of time the sound had come—an imagination working outward to the ear?

Believer, would-be or actual, as he was in many occult things, Menloe's concern in that sound was so vital that he questioned it like the veriest sceptic. After a few minutes or moments, Menloe almost had

## His Poor Lordship

decided that the voice was not current, but mintage of the brain. He had been thinking about Persephone; there was a perfume of her upon his mind, and every idle breath that passed caught some hint of it. He was turning from a metaphor to a scientific explanation of the phenomenon; he was making a neat little diagram of the brain and the spinal cord, when clear, close, imperative, the voice was there again: "Come," it said, "oh, come!" and the sound was so real, so corporeal, that he answered

it, by putting out his hand. "Are you there, Persephone?" he asked; "oh, my dear, what is it?"

There dawned no presence—no apparition; but suddenly, with a sense of vibration, the voice was there; a touch, almost a clutch: "Come; oh, come!"

Just then the clock in the tower struck, and Menloe counted the strokes; they were twelve.

From that moment Menloe made up his mind to escape from the asylum.

*(To be continued.)*

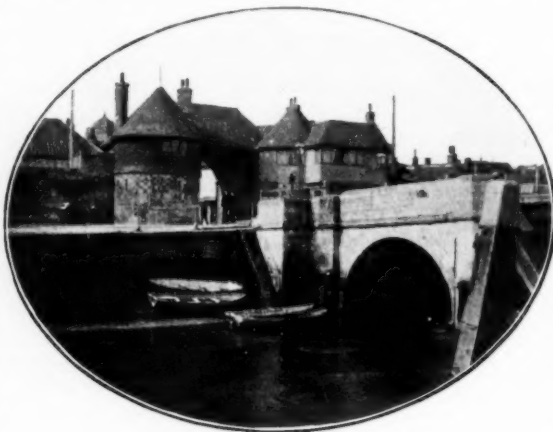
## Sandwich and its Story

BY W. J. GORDON

ONE'S first impression of Sandwich is that it gets its full value out of its bells, tuneful bells doubtless, but seemingly over busy. What with chiming the quarters and striking the hours, and the whole eight of them pealing for services and weddings and rejoicings and practisings, and the tenor going every morning at half-past five as "the rising bell" and at eight o'clock every evening as "the curfew bell," and whenever a native or inhabitant dies, so many strokes for so many years and as many again at the funeral, babies not excepted, for the tolling means a fee—they never seem to be at rest. And they were busier in the past, when, to say nothing of fires and other alarms, the tenor, which then, as now, did most of the work, was assisted by "the brandgoose bell," that is the fourth, which had a special innings at one o'clock daily, to announce among other sundries that fish could then be bought of a foreigner if one were in the town, and at some other

hour every week, or whenever required, called the corporation to meet the mayor—a very old-established personage who, as in other Cinque Ports, was assisted by "jurats" instead of aldermen, and unlike the other mayors had a black wand instead of a white one.

These, be it understood, are not the only bells in the town, but those of St. Peter's, which once were silent for a spell, when on one October night in 1661 the north wind proved too strong for the steeple and toppled it over on to the south aisle, the rubbish being eighteen feet deep, with the bells under-



THE BRIDGE AND THE BARRICAN

neath; so that in place of the steeple the present square brick belfry had to be built. In the interim, the bells of St. Clement's, now seldom rung, took up the duty to the danger of the old Norman tower, which, placed on the highest ground hereabouts, affords from its roof a view that should not be missed by any who would understand the old town's history.

The immediate neighbourhood is as flat

## Sandwich and its Story

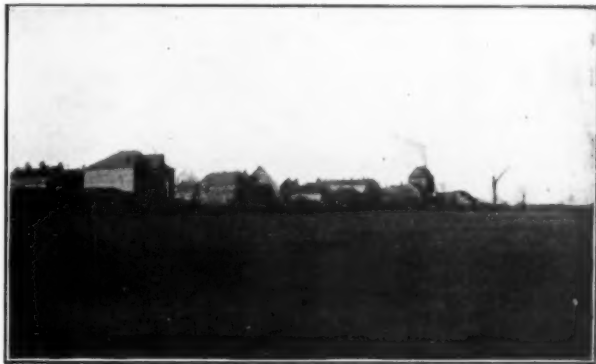


THE BARBICAN (FROM HIGH STREET)

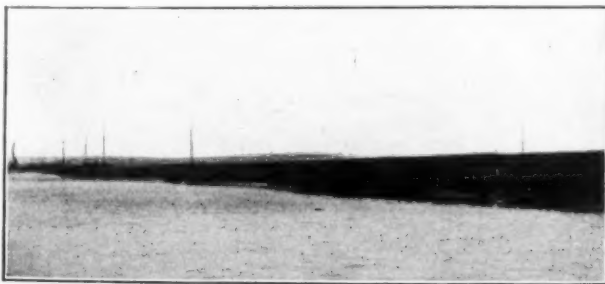


THE HIGH STREET

as a map. To the west is Ash, to the north is Minster, the mother-church of Thanet, where is the stone on which Augustine stood; and to the left is the Wantsum, little more than a ditch where it enters the sea at Reculver. In early days the Wantsum, like the Humber and the Mersey, was the estuary of more streams than one. If we were to flood the flats with a few feet of water we should see things much as they were when the Romans were here. We should have Thanet an unmistakable island, cut off by the broad arm of the Wantsum, with Minster, Monkton, and Sarre along its southern shore, the coast of the mainland, broken by incoming streams, being plainly marked by Reculver, Chislet, Wall End, Grove, Stourmouth,



SANDWICH (FROM THE RAMSGATE ROAD)



RIVER STOUR, WITH RICHBOROUGH IN THE DISTANCE

Burton and Gursen, with Richborough standing out like a bastion, and Sandwich traceable only as a sand-bank.

It is not, however, the water-level that has sunk; it is the mud and sand and gravel brought down by the rivers that has filled up the area where the water used to be. From a broad haven navigable at all times, the estuary became a stretch of flats at every ebb, and finally

## Sandwich and its Story



ST. CLEMENT'S

silted up on both sides of the much-winding stream to become the present range of meadows. At an intermediate stage, when the way to the sea was open eastwards, there grew up Sandwich, and, opposite to it, Lundenwyeh, afterwards known as Stonar, where, as at Sandwich, travellers from the Continent changed from the packets of the time into the river boats that, by way of the Stour and Wantsum and Swale, inside Sheppey, made their way to London, which for a long series of years claimed peculiar privileges in its distant channel port.

Neither Sandwich nor Stonar had anything Roman about them, for in Roman days the sites of both were within the tide range. The last of the legionaries took ship for home from the fortified chalk eminence which had been a Roman strong-



ST. CLEMENT'S (FROM THE RIVER)



TABLET AT ST. CLEMENT'S

hold for four hundred years, and the invaders that followed them settled at first on the Roman site, changing its name, Rutupiae, into what has since become Richborough. But as the shoaling of the waterway slowly ruined the city of the early kings of Kent, the growth of the land afforded a site for Sandwich, "the village on the sand," a mile or so nearer the sea, which from the first hut placed just above high-water mark, struggled and thrived until it eventually became for several centuries the naval head-quarters of England.

And then it began to go the way of Richborough, but not so far. The shingle of the eastward drift crept up round the South Foreland. Old Walmer was cut off from the sea by the wide beach on which the present village stands. Further along on the same beach rose modern Deal, the old village, now Upper Deal, being similarly left inland. Further still the beach grew, where the present golf links are and beyond. The scour of the tides became less, the silting up continued, the streams becoming weaker as the forest country was cleared in which they rose.

When Henry VII. was on the throne

## Sandwich and its Story



ST. PETER'S

Cardinal Morton, who cut Morton's Dyke from Peterborough to Wisbech, and thereby improved the Fenland, was translated from Ely to Canterbury, and tried his hand again at reclamation. Noticing that the retiring tide left a fair amount of salt on the flats, he set up salt-pans between the town and the sea—and made things worse instead of better. The course of the stream being interfered with, the shoaling went on more quickly, and matters became desperate when there sank at the river mouth the great "caryke" of Paul IV., that long, lean, inquisitor pope who worked by night and slept by day, and drank his black, fiery Naples wine "so thick as one might cut it with a knife," and had such a turbulent time of it generally in the four years from 1555.

Thus by the forces of nature, assisted by the commercial enterprise of an archbishop and the misfortune of a pope, Sandwich found itself being silted into insignificance. Whereupon it agitated on familiar lines and got a Royal Commission, and J. Rogers began a "new cut" and left it; and in the second year of Elizabeth came another Royal Commission, whereat W. Jacobson of Amsterdam, "much experienced in great water works," advised the cut to be continued, "and it would cost £10,000," and A. Andrierson, the "expert" on the other side—oh! these experts!—said, "Certainly not, the cut is in the wrong place, it should be where the ground is four feet lower, and it will cost—ahem—£14,000;" whereupon



FLINT HOUSE (ST. PETER'S RECTORY)

the Commissioners reported, as usual, leaving expert leaning against expert, and nothing was done. Years rolled by, and in Queen Anne's day came another Royal Commission, whereat Ramsgate struck in and won, and became the eastern Kentish port that Sandwich had sought to be, and all that Sandwich got was £200 a year from Ramsgate to dredge, embank, or play with as it liked; and it still embanks and keeps a navigable channel in an unpretentious way.

It first appears on record in the reign of King Egbert of Kent, when, in 666, St. Wilfrith landed on his return from consecration in Gaul as Bishop of York, to discover that Oswy, impatient at his long



FISHER GATE (RIVER FRONT)

## Sandwich and its Story



THE WHARF

absence, had given the bishopric to St. Chad. A disappointment for Wilfrith; but really he was lucky to have escaped with his life, for his ship had stranded on the Sussex coast, and the longshoremen of the period had in their pleasant manner endeavoured to seize it, and it was only by the rising of the tide that the vessel floated off, after losing five of its men, to make its way eastward and round the Foreland into Sandwich haven.

Naturally, as a prominent seaport, it suffered much from the Scandinavians. Here, in 851, the first year that the Danes "remained over winter in Thanet," King Athelstan and Elchere took some of their ships and drove off the rest. In 993 came Olaf to plunder on his way back from Staines, to join with Sweyn next year in their unsuccessful attack on London. In 1006 the Danes came again and "did all they had been before wont," but three years afterwards Ethelred was in the haven with the biggest English fleet seen up to then, and the Danes came not, though afterwards they arrived in every alternate year. Here in 1014, on his way from Gainsborough, Canute put ashore the English hostages minus their hands, ears, and noses; but it was

the same Christian monarch who in 1029 confirmed Ethelred's gift of Sandwich to Canterbury, and gave the monks of Christ Church "the haven and all the dues that arise thereof, on either side of the haven, so that, lo! when the flood is all at the highest, and all at the fullest, if a ship be floating so nigh the land as it nighest may, and there be a man standing in the ship and he have a taper ax in his hand," so far as he can throw it shall the right to the dues extend; and, further, anything a man could reach from the beach, with a spreot, at the lowest tide, floating on the sea, was to go half to the finder and half to the monks. Anent which it is a fair assumption that the strongest man available was chosen to throw the tomahawk, and that the spreot or sprit was the longest spar that could be handled.

Anyhow, the most was made of the privileges for three centuries, when the far-seeing monks, noticing doubtless the change in the physical features of the neighbourhood, parted with their rights in the harbour to Queen Eleanor in exchange for lands elsewhere, but retained those in the town.

Having granted Sandwich to the monks of Christ Church, Canute gave Stonar to those of St. Augustine, thus grimly setting two monastic bodies in the same cathedral city to fight over the two towns at the river mouth, which they vigorously proceeded to do until 1385, when the French, by wiping out Stonar, left the Christ Church



SANDWICH (FROM THE RAMPARTS)

## Sandwich and its Story



ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, STRAND STREET

monks triumphant. And there was something worth fighting over, for Sandwich, with the monastery funds to back it, rose from every attack and thrived so that in Edward IV.'s reign its customs dues amounted to £17,000 a year.

It is the oldest of the "Cynk Portz," to quote the spelling of the charter at Hythe, which probably gives the correct pronunciation, and as such was always a prominent member of that confederacy which in the Confessor's days, and for centuries afterwards, was entrusted with the naval defence of the kingdom, and received special privileges, freedom from taxation and the like, in return. Like the others it had its "corporate members," Fordwich and Deal, and also its "non-corporate members," Reculver, Sarre, Stonar, Ramsgate, Walmer, and, curiously enough, Brightlingsea in Essex. The "Royal Navy of the Cinque Ports" was never without the Sandwich contingent. In 1217 they were in Hubert de Burgh's action off Dover, which freed the country from the invasion of Louis of France. They were in the curious battle in 1293, when the Cinque Ports fleet met the French by appointment round the empty ship moored off St. Mahé and almost annihilated them. They were at Skymburness in the Solway when Edward I. invaded Scotland; and

they were with Edward III. at Sluys, with him at the siege of Calais, and with him in 1350 at the fight of "Lespagnols sur mer" off Winchelsea, when the King had to save himself from his sinking ship by capturing one of the enemy's, the Prince of Wales had to do likewise, and little John of Gaunt, aged ten, refused to stay ashore with his mother, and bore himself like a man in aiding in a victory so decisive that it gave his father the title of King of the Sea, and set him in a ship on his gold coins.

Quaint and small were the ships at first, high and strong in the bow and stern to carry the castles built thereon, one-masted, with a top-castle hoistable before the fight, and a huge squarish lug-sail which would take them to windward, as they went in De Burgh's battle before they wore and ran down on the astonished Courtenay. In those days the crew numbered twenty-one men and a boy, with a "rector," that is, a master, and a "constable," that is, a boatswain; and almost the same crew was carried by the merchantmen, which were in most cases merely *gens-de-guerre* with their castles put into store.

The old town suffered almost as much from the French as from the Danes and for the same reason, but it always managed to recover. Gradually its fortifications became stronger; once they were found ready made for it. That was in 1386, when Charles VI.'s ill-fated armada for the conquest of England started with a timber wall on board, 20 feet high, 3000 paces long, with a tower at every 12 feet large enough to hold twelve men. Two of these vessels,



MANWOOD COURT, STRAND STREET

## Sandwich and its Story

with part of this wall and machines for throwing missiles, and the "artist" who made it, were captured by the Sandwich men, who brought it home, where it was used as a temporary defence. After the French incursion in the early days of Henry VI. the town was enclosed within much the same lines as now, but its new walls proved of little avail against Peter Brice, otherwise Marshal de Brézé, who, instigated by Margaret of Anjou, broke in with his four thousand men. The castle, however, remained untaken, to be unsuccessfully held in 1471, by Thomas Fauconberg, the Lancastrian (who was not Shakespeare's Falconbridge), against Edward IV., who captured that worthy's thirteen ships, though Thomas himself escaped, to be made prisoner at Southampton. And it was this king who strengthened the town defences generally, and granted £100 a year out of the customs to keep them in repair.

Coming into Sandwich along the Ramsgate road we pass on the seaward side the shingle pits in which the concrete blocks for Dover harbour are being made, and then the few traces of Stonar, and cross the bridge which replaces the first one built in 1755. Entering the town through the gatehouse known as the Barbican, which dates only from Henry VIII.'s time, as do the castles of Deal and Walmer, we turn along Strand Street, as did Richard I. when, home from captivity, he walked from here barefooted to Canterbury, following the same road as Becket had done when he returned in triumph. We are at once amid a miscellaneous array of architecture in a small, small way, much of it Tudor or Stuart, for, owing to frequent burnings, the houses are more modern than the streets, being perhaps the third or fourth representatives of the original dwellings. By the riverside, near the site of the old Pillory Gate, is the gabled house in which Queen Elizabeth stayed on the day when she received that

gold cup of C. lib. she so much appreciated; and close by is the church of St. Mary's which, began under the Kentish Egbert, and, after many damagings and rebuildings, became in 1667, when the north wind brought down the steeple, destroying the south aisle and western wall, much as it is now. At the corner is one of the old inns displaying the Tudor arms, in which the red dragon appears in the place of the familiar unicorn. Further on is Manwood Court, once the grammar school founded by Sir Roger Manwood, the Sandwich draper's son, who became Elizabeth's Lord Chief Baron, and, like Bacon, had his weaknesses, there being amongst other things a little matter of a gold chain that is almost in-

credible, and perhaps ought not to be mentioned, considering how he atoned for his lapses by his benefactions.

Beyond is a stretch of the town wall in which what seem to be gun-ports, closed with shutters, tell of the stormy times when Sandwich was better worth an enemy's attention. To the right we go through the gate to Richborough; to the left we reach the ramparts, on which a delightful walk



OLD INN WITH TUDOR ARMS ON TABLET

leads practically all round the town to the Stour again. Soon at the railway station we cross the Delf, an artificial stream, "delved" probably by some Dutchman, in the reign of Edward I., for the water supply, the wells giving water too brackish for consumption unless driven through the gravel into the chalk below; and though the waterworks have superseded it, and it looks suspicious, yet when it was analysed some twenty years since, it was found to be harmless, and it appears much the same now as then. To the right, on the road to Eastry, where Becket hid in his flight from Northampton, until in disguise he got safe aboard the Sandwich boat which took him to Flanders, is St. Bartholomew's hospital, a charity on almshouse lines, which began some eight centuries ago as a lazar-house when leprosy was so common owing to the

## Sandwich and its Story

salted fish going wrong when fresh meat was unorthodox or unobtainable. Next, also outside the ramparts, and there are only a few other houses so placed, we have the new buildings into which Manwood's grammar school migrated. A slight deviation takes us into the churchyard of St. Clement's, where we discover a tablet on the south wall, which seems to have been specially put there for the confusion of those people who, knowing not of our old letter "thorn," the Saxon *theta* represented by they, persist in talking of "ye plough" and "ye shop," and so on, instead of "the plough," etc., in the manner which has never changed. For here is not only *ye* for *the*, but *yr*, which it passes the wit of man to pronounce as anything else but *their*. Returning to the ramparts, and still with the picturesque backs and gardens to the left, we reach the river, where the old Fisher Gate stands, the only original gate of the five through which entrance to the town could be had.

At the Barbican we turn amongst the old-world streets that are so curiously dark after sundown. Here and there the name on a shop-front tells of the Flemings and Walloons, driven out by Alva, who, coming to London first, were settled here to make their serges, flannels, and dress baizes, as the silk-weavers went to Canterbury, and the thread-workers to Maidstone, the townsmen



FISHER GATE (FROM STRAND STREET)

crying out, as always, against the alien immigration. Yet they came just as the silting up of the haven ended Sandwich's career as a port and gave it a new start as the manufacturing town whose prosperity in that line was ended by James I. in one of his monopoly grants. With the weavers, however, came also market gardeners, the first to introduce that occupation into England, the first to send garden produce by water to London, and all our market gardening since is traceable to them. Some of their descendants are still in the trade. Surely there must be a certain amount of reflected respectability in being served by a greengrocer whose family have been greengrocers for twelve generations!

The district not only grows its own vegetables, but is far enough from London to grow its own meat. The cattle market seems to be going as strong as at any time during the seven hundred years or more it has been in existence. Sheep, oxen, cows, pigs, horses, and no side shows; farmers' traps fifty in a row, by the 'Fleur de Lys,' and others elsewhere, the horses out of all of them put up somewhere in the neighbourhood; the whole market-place is alive, and sometimes every pen full. Sandwich does not sleep around its town-hall on market-day.

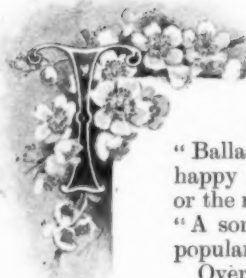


THE MARKET (TOWN-HALL IN THE DISTANCE)

# Ballads, Old and New

BY MYLES B. FOSTER

## PART I.—OLD BALLADS



IN Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, the definition of "Ballad" seems equally happy for either the ancient or the modern specimen, viz. "A song designed to suit a popular audience."

Over the derivation of the term there has, in times past, been some dispute, but there is little doubt that it was derived from the same root as the mediæval Latin verb "ballare," which explains the custom, in old times, of *dancing* during the song, and which might be dragged in, as justifying to a small extent the irritating, not to say banal, presence in modern ballads of that valse-refrain, without which, a quarter of a century ago, they would not have been considered legitimate Ballads!

I need scarcely remind my readers that there are many *poems*, to which the term is applied, which have little or nothing in common with the primitive form.

Our early bards, the Anglo-Saxon Scepops, were both poets and musicians, by whom were recorded deeds of valour, by whose compositions either praise or blame was meted out, and whose ballads gave us glimpses (however inaccurate) of several portions of the early history of our country otherwise unattainable.

William of Malmesbury, when he wrote his history of Edward, the son of King Alfred the Great, owned that he had to trust largely to the ballads of that earlier period for most of the facts, which must have been handed down from father to son orally.

Like all specimens of a gossiping nature, such news would alter considerably during its passage through time, so much so that the historian acknowledged that he had doubts as to the ballad-singers' accuracy in apportioning praise or blame. As all poetry, in these early days, was intended to be *sung*, the arts of poetry and music were, in very truth, united, although it is more

than likely that the conditions of their married life might not bear too close an investigation. In any case, I suspect that the agreement was more sincere and more spontaneous than that which we shall consider, later on, in connexion with modern work.

That words were sung not only by a single voice, but to music in three parts, can be proved by the celebrated Peterborough MS., "*Gesta Herwardi*," an account of the doings of Hereward, son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and the Lady *Ædiva* (the Lady Godiva of popular fame).

Hereward takes from his servant a cithern (or lute) and sings, "*per discrimina vocum*," with correct musical intervals, "*nunc solitarie et nunc tripliciter cum suis sociis*," first alone and then in three parts with his companions, "*more Girwiorum*," after the manner of the Gyrwians, the folk living in what are now the Eastern Counties.

There is no doubt that other parts of Britain were, at least, as much advanced in music and part-singing, for all classes loved music and practised it.

Mr. William Chappell, our famous authority on this and kindred subjects, writes<sup>1</sup> as follows: "The farther back we extend our researches, the more likely we are to discover *accuracy* in the records of passing events; for, in later times, when the travelling ballad-singer was no *uncommon* purveyor of news, and when correct information was gradually becoming easier of access by *other* means, these minstrels, no doubt, vied with one another in concocting the most wild and improbable fabrications, since it appeared to pay better to excite and amuse their gaping audience at the expense of accuracy, than to instruct and interest them in a more truthful manner."

In Chaucer's time, things had reached such a pass as to warrant his exposure of these minstrel-lays, which he did most effectually in his "*Rhyme of Sir Topaz*";

<sup>1</sup> Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, London, 1855-59, vol. ii.

## Ballads, Old and New

until, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, all the peripatetic minstrels were classed as *vagabonds and sturdy beggars*!

Let us retrace our steps to the thirteenth century to justify my statement that *all classes practised music*.

When Lord Mayor Norman, in the year 1453, first took the civic procession to Westminster by water, the Thames watermen *wrote and composed* a round, in honour of the occasion, the words of which were—

“Heave and ho, rumbelow,  
Row the boat, Norman, row,  
Row to thy Leman.”

Whether by Leman (loved one) the watermen intended a delicate allusion to turtle-soup, or only referred to the City of London *en bloc*, I am unable to state. But the British affection for ballads commenced from a much earlier date than this.

There were many such songs in the land before the Norman invasion.

We learn that Thomas, who was the first Archbishop of York, collected the minstrels' tunes and wrote Latin hymns to them!

The Bishop of Ossory, nearly three hundred years later, did the same thing. He collected a number of ballad-tunes, divorced them from their original words, and adapted them to Church use.

This only proves an anticipation of the methods of Rev. Rowland Hill, and, in our day, of the Salvation Army, the adoption of secular melodies for sacred purposes, with a view of depriving the devil of the most popular tunes.

Gerald Barry the Welshman, known as Giraldus Cambrensis, gives an instance showing the danger of this transfer, where a Worcestershire priest, who had been listening to these fascinating dance-songs near the church one night, found himself singing one of the popular burdens at service next day, in place of the “*Dominus vobiscum*!”

The Bishop of Ossory very honestly put, as titles over his tunes, quotations from the ballads with which they were originally associated, so that, instead of such revered headings as “Winchester Old,” “Kensington New,” “Miles' Lane,” “Tottenham Court Road,” or what not, we find such extraordinary mottoes as “Do, do, nightingale, sing full merry,” “Good day, my leman dear,” and “How should I with that old man”!

Dr. W. H. Cummings, our greatest living authority on old English music, reminds us<sup>1</sup> that “ballad-making was a fashionable amusement in the reign of King Henry VIII., who was himself renowned for ‘setting of songes and making of ballettes.’”

“The Kinges Ballade” was attributed to him and was very popular during his reign. Bishop Latimer, preaching before King Edward VI., made the first line of it the subject of his sermon, enlarging on the beneficent advantages of

“Passetyme with good companye.”

At the end of the sixteenth century, Dr. John Case of Oxford wrote<sup>2</sup> as follows, in one of the earliest books printed at the new Oxford Press: “Every troublesome and laborious occupation hath musick for a solace and recreation, and hence it is that the wayfaring men solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomeness of their journey; considering that musicke, as a pleasant companion, is unto them instead of a waggon on the way. And hence it is that manual labourers and mechanical artificers of all sorts keep such a chanting and singing in their shoppes—the tailor on his bulk, the shoemaker at his last, the mason at his wall, the ship-boy at his oar, the tinker at his pan, and the tiler on the house-tops.” The workman who did not sing in those days was regarded with suspicion.

Fletcher of Saltoun says, “Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching.”

I have already pointed out to you that, thanks to the exaggerations of the travelling ballad-singers, they fell, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, into disrepute, and not only they, but the ballads themselves “were made the subject of repressive legislation.” An old writer said, “Scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but up starts a halfpenny chronicle, and presently ‘A proper new Ballad of a strange sight’ is indited;” also “Musicians held ballads in contempt, and great poets rarely wrote in ballad metre.”

In the year 1560 seven hundred and ninety-six ballads were entered at Stationers' Hall, but only forty-four books!

<sup>1</sup> *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, “Ballad,” in vol. i., London, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> *The Praise of Musicke*, by Dr. John Case, Oxford, 1586.

## Ballads, Old and New

Charles Butler,<sup>1</sup> nearly a century later, spoke of "the infinite multitude of ballads, set to sundry pleasant and delightful tunes by cunning and witty composers, with country dances fitted to them."

The italics are mine, and it is interesting to note the fact that many of the tunes named at the top of the ballads have been discovered in collections of dance music, confirming our derivation from "ballare," and it is probable that, until fiddles were common upon the village greens, the lads and lasses sang whilst they danced.

Some ballads were of great political influence, such as "Lilliburlero," which played an important part in expelling King James II. from Ireland; "Marlbrouk," the "Marseillaise," and, as lately as 1870, the "Wacht am Rhein." Such titles as "Chevy Chase," "The Babes in the Wood," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Spanish Ladye," etc., etc., are still remembered.

We have still a large number of ballads extant, such as were printed on one side of a rough sheet of paper, and called "broad-sides," to be sung in the streets and villages, and belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Counting the Selden collection, lent by Sir John Selden to Pepys (of Diary fame) and bequeathed by the latter, who had never returned them to Selden, to Magdalene College, Cambridge—with strict injunctions never to lend them to anybody!—counting this collection, the Roxburghe collection of 2133 pages of ballads, and many others I could name in both public and private libraries, belonging to the period between Henry VIII. and the year 1700, we must have in England at the present moment over ten thousand such ballads. Whilst the eighteenth century produced many good songs, still the low tastes and follies of that period were also reflected in the amorous, hunting, drinking and political ballads, still to be found in leaflet form.

Mr. Cunningham Woods, the able music-master at Highgate School, in his lecture<sup>2</sup> before the Musical Association upon this very subject, includes in his classification the blatant national or *Jingo* "song, in which we seem to thank God that we are

not as other men are," and gives "The English Flag triumphant" as a specimen, adapted to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England":

"By the blessing of God we have conquered at last,

Our flag rides in triumph as was in times past,  
And the French at old Rodney looked sadly aghast.

O the brave tars of old England,  
And O the old English brave tars."

He also very humorously compares love-sick swains of the sixteenth with those of the eighteenth century. He says: "The Elizabethan poets made their Strephon, Damon, Celia, and so on, play for kisses and eventually die of love," but "they tended their flocks prior to their decease. In the eighteenth-century popular song they died similarly, but took longer over it—sometimes twelve verses—and appear to have thought of nothing but dying."

Even where the music is of a superior order, and is beginning to feel the influence of the classical schools, the poetry is more often doggerel than not.

A great number of pseudo-Scotch ditties were in vogue about this time, of which neither words nor music were the composition of anybody north of the Tweed. Since Charles II.'s reign, Englishmen composed "Scotch songs" or airs "in the Scotch manner"; one of these became a popular London pantomime song of Christmas 1795, and it began:

"If a body meet a body, going to the fair,  
If a body kiss a body, need a body care?"

It appeared, two years later, in Vol. V. of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* in the altered form of "Gin a body meet a body," etc., and was at once labelled *Fine Old Scotch*!

How the manners of the people, their fads and foibles, are reflected in the songs of their day! When artificiality was at its zenith, and powdered wigs, beauty-patches and clouded canes were indispensable, how quaintly suggestive of their surroundings were the songs addressed to "Corinna's Shoe-buckle," "Daphne's Eyelash," or the "Come upon my Mistress' toe."

And yet, the courtly bow, the graceful curtsy, even the fulsome affectation were all there, charmingly illustrated in the minuet-like measures.

<sup>1</sup> *The Principles of Musick*, by Charles Butler, M.A., London, 1636.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of the Musical Association, 1896-7, "Types of the Eighteenth-Century Song," by F. Cunningham Woods, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.

## Ballads, Old and New

A study of Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* is always a delight!

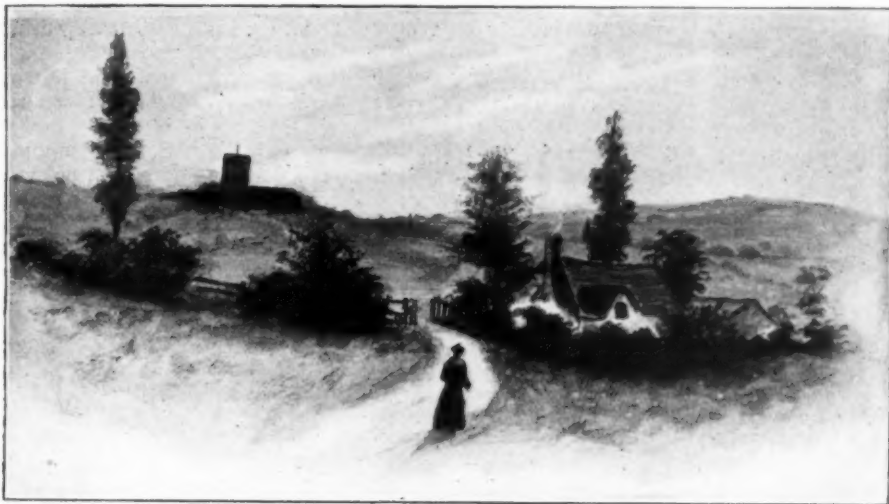
You have but to peep into these beautiful volumes to be quite fascinated by the simple, homely words—either a familiar story quaintly told, or a great event or old legend boldly chronicled and wedded to equally simple, manly, ever-refreshing music.

How then is it that these treasures of national song are so evidently being put upon the shelf and neglected?

Why is it we hear so few of these quaint, honest, simple ballads?

The wonder deepens as we look around us, and take note of the *ship-loads* of rubbish which publishers have, in recent times, brought to the world's notice, under this self-same title of "Ballad."

What are these new lamps like, which we, Aladdin-like, have exchanged for the old? I hope, in the second part of this subject, to try and show you.



### Shirkers of the Battle

LINES WRITTEN BY THE LATE REV. J. T. MANSEL ON THE PAGE OF AN ALBUM FACING A VIEW OF THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE, AT MILLERAY, NEAR NANTES<sup>1</sup>

'MID yonder walls, immersed in mutual gloom,  
How many a soul anticipates the tomb;  
Silence the bosom's confidence restrains,  
They share no pleasures, and they soothe no pains.  
To shun the world they seek a convent's shade,  
As timorous bands retreat when foes invade.  
Delusive plan, the world can follow still,  
Twined with the wish, or lurking in the will;  
Monastic robes oppose a barrier frail,  
And walls are weak when sinful thoughts assail.  
Far wiser they who face the deadly strife,  
Armed from above, and strong in heavenly life,  
Their baffled foes like snow dissolve away,  
And faith unshaken wins the glorious day.

<sup>1</sup> The above lines have been sent to us by the writer's daughter, Miss Mansel, as appropriate to the closing words of the article on "Our Lady of the Snows," by J. A. Hammerton, in the April number of *The Leisure Hour*.—ED. L. H.

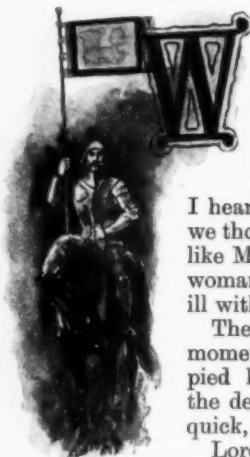
# For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

## CHAPTER V

"Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoyed the sun?  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved—to have thought—to have  
done?"



WE have come to see you," said Stephen with unabashed cheerfulness, untouched by any vague shadow of doubt as to his reception. "Peggy and I heard you was lonely, and we thought we would drop in like Mrs. Waters the washer-woman did when Patty was ill with the 'fluenza.'"

There was silence for a moment, and Stephen occupied himself by examining the details of the room with quick, bright eyes.

Lord St. Ives had surrounded himself by much that was beautiful and costly, but there was upon everything the impress of a missing final touch that was the outcome of his blindness. The room was large and well lighted by two windows that gave on to the beautiful park. It was furnished in heavy black oak, and the walls were painted a full crimson, against which the portraits of old Barons of St. Ives and their wives of every period stood out from the brush of Gainsborough, Lely, and Hoppner, with here and there a delicate Romney. The room should have been bright with flowers in Oriental bowls to have touched perfection, but the massive taste of Tupton had set a jar of lilac and peonies on a side-table and a glass vase filled with gloxinias on a shelf, and there his attempt at decoration faltered. Tupton's weighty hand had also discovered in some far corner of the house some gilded jars of a debased period of art, and had set them in neat rows upon every available space, filling them with dried coloured grasses and, what Peggy thought far more lovely, pink paper roses.

But nothing could spoil the glory of the view and the radiant portraits on the wall, and even the figure on the sofa with the wadded dressing-gown and scarred pitiful face was no blot upon that beauty.

He turned round at last and rose from his lounging position, hiding his face a little with his hand, for his mouth was working a little under his heavy moustache.

"I am very glad to see you," he said. "Will you sit down? Who told you that I was lonely?"

"Sweetheart did," said Stephen promptly. "She lives in a funny house with no stairs, and she is as pretty as mother."

"Sweetheart!" There was a curiously metallic ring in his voice now, and he moved impatiently so that his face was in shadow. "How do you know Sweetheart—for I suppose you mean Miss Lucinda Sweet?"

"Yes; that is her name. Well, we went to call, Peggy and me, because when muvver went to India with father we felt very lonely, so we walked up to see her."

"Oh, I understand; and where, may I ask, are you living, and who are your relations?"

"Father is in the Royal Artillery, and he is married to muvver, and they went to India and left us to live at Manor Farm with Mrs. Bland, but we don't like her much. We haven't any relations here 'cept one, who is a lady like you."

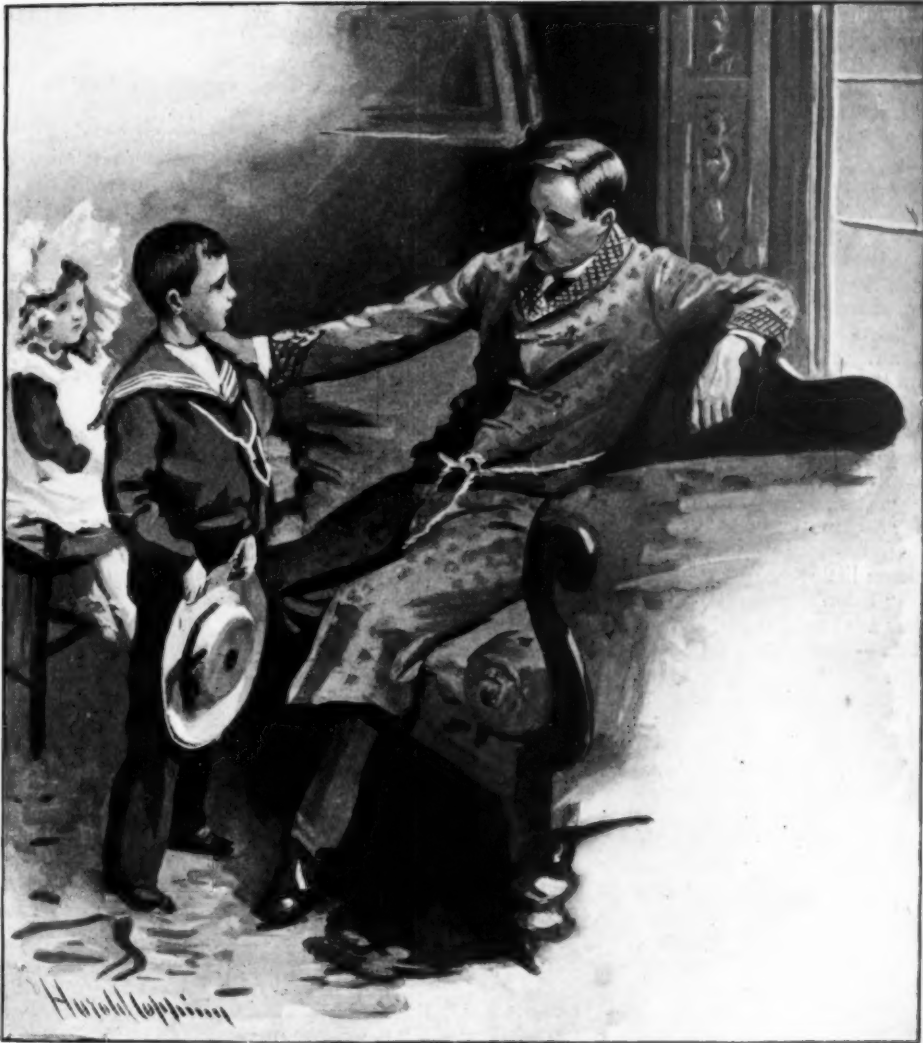
The description was so lucid that St. Ives smiled a little.

"Do you mean Lady Elizabeth Marillier? Ah! I know her, or used to know her very well. So she is your great-aunt? It is unfortunate that she is away from home just now, for she would have looked after you. Why did you come to the Manor Farm?"

"Muvver didn't know any one to leave us with, and she asked Mrs. Brown. She was fat and asked questions, and I hope we shan't see her ever any more."

"Your acquaintances seem to be unfortunate," said Lord St. Ives with a laugh. "And so Sweetheart sent you to call on me?"

The manner of his pronouncement of her name was so tender that any one but an innocent child would have read the



"GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD"

whole story in his accent. But Stephen saw nothing, and continued—

"She was very kind, and she told us—about you."

He hesitated with all a child's delicacy, fearing that he might tread on dangerous ground.

"Told you about my blindness, I suppose. Ay, it was a bitter pill to swallow," said the man in a hard voice. "What have I got to live for now? Stricken by God—afflicted—broken. Often have I been tempted with Job to curse God and die."

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The gasp which came from Stephen, amazed at this passionate outburst, cut his words short.

"Oh!" he said, "but Job was in the Bible—he was a good man."

"Please don't be angry," said Peggy, creeping a shade nearer the passion-tossed figure, "we couldn't help it."

"I am not angry, little girl." He had regained his self-control now, and had fastened it to him with iron clamps. "But sometimes I wonder why I was the one to lose everything."

## For King and Country

"Muvver took me to see a boy once at Haverford who was—I mean who was like you."

"Blind, I suppose you mean—and disfigured too—well?"

"But he was happy, and muvver told him all about a poet who wrote great things, and about a statesman who did great things, and oh, about lots of people like you who did everything though they couldn't see. Oh! and she wrote on a card and painted it too—some nice words. Would you like to hear them?"

St. Ives moved impatiently. "I suppose I am in for the whole thing now," he muttered. "Anyway, it's a change."

He could not see, but he knew somehow that Stephen, flushed and eager, was standing in front of him, and he laid his hand upon his shoulder, drawing him nearer.

"Tell me, my boy," he said, very kindly, for it came upon him with a pang that he had been very near to "offending one of those little ones" by his wild lament.

"I don't think they can be in the Bible, but I learned them, and the top verse was this—

'God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world,'

and underneath was painted—'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Muvver said it meant people who was blind."

"I shall remember them," said Lord St. Ives painfully, after a pause. "I believe I shall remember them."

"Do you live here all alone?" said Peggy, who was not interested.

"Yes; it is a big place to be in with only servants. You and your brother must come and see me sometimes."

"My name is Stephen," said the child with a grand air, "and we shall be very glad to come. May we bring Sweetheart one day?"

"No," said St. Ives harshly. "No—no."

"Poor Sweetheart! she is quite nice," cried Stephen, much pained by the unexpected words.

"It is I who am not nice," returned the other sadly. "People like me ought to hide from every eye—to live like moles."

"What a funny man you are," said Stephen simply. "Look, you make Peggy laugh. Moles haven't got nice houses and carriages and horses like you, and men with scarlet clothes and white hair. Why, I think this is the nicest place I ever

was in. When we have a house, the rain always comes through the roof, or we have a table that won't stand straight, or a chair what breaks when you sit on it, and once in Malta we had to cook with a biscuit-tin lid, 'cause we hadn't a saucepan."

"I was a soldier once," said St. Ives regretfully. "If I had had a house of my own, I should have liked to do the same."

"Well, you ought to be glad you have plenty of money, because sometimes when you haven't any it makes things hard; and just fancy if you had to make baskets like a boy did that I knew to buy bread."

St. Ives winced. "I would rather break stones on the road than be as I am now," he said, snared into plain speaking by the child's sympathy.

"Do you always wear a dressing-gown 'stead of a coat?" remarked Peggy with deep interest. "It must look so nice when you ride a horse—like 'my old woman riding a broomstick.'"

"Peggy," cried Stephen, scandalised; but St. Ives felt for the child's hand, and laid a tender touch upon her yellow hair.

"I will wear a coat next time you and Stephen come to see me," he said. "Tupton shall look a nice one out for me. Now you must have some refreshment. What about lemonade and cake, eh?"

He touched a bell at his side, and the children, open-mouthed, watched James bring in on a silver tray the most exquisite of almond-iced cakes, in a rare basket of enamel and gilt, and some fragrant primrose-coloured beverage that was just crisp here and there with lumps of ice.

They said good-bye with reluctance, but Stephen had a wary eye upon the clock, and did not wish to risk the wrath of Mrs. Bland.

"Good-bye, my new friends," Lord St. Ives said, with the boy's soft, warm hand in his. "You have done me good to-day, and when you see Sweetheart, tell her about me."

"Any message?" said Stephen briskly.

"No—no, no message; but if she asks you, tell her—that—I am alive."

He might have added—craving body and soul for a sight of her, dead to him of his own iron will for these last five years; craving for a touch of the hand that he had determined never more to take into his own for her own sake.

"We'll tell her," nodded Stephen, and under Tupton's solemn guidance they passed

## For King and Country

down the hall and out on to the steps again where the marble lion slept.

The hall was a wonder of inlaid work and marble, and tapestry hung all the way up the winding stairs, till it seemed lost in the vastness of the roof, and be no more than a black shadow of giant horses and racing chariots.

It was rather difficult to be certain how best to part from Tupton, who was evidently so very superior, but Stephen solved the momentous question for himself, and slid a confiding hand into that of the "gentleman's gentleman."

"Good-bye," he said. "I have enjoyed myself very much."

The incomparable dignity of Tupton underwent a momentary shock.

"Good-bye, sir," he said warmly. "Good-bye, sir, and I hope it will not be long before you return. My lord will be all the better for a little cheerful society."

"Bless his heart!" added the valet to himself, as he watched the two small figures descend the steps and fade away into the distance. "That's the sort of fine, up-standing little chap that should belong by rights to this place, and if he can melt the winter of my lord's heart, there'll be something to be thankful for."

By which it may be gathered that Tupton was of a poetical turn of mind, and that the tears that gathered in his eyes were born of real regret.

The chickens were just hatched in the incubator when the children returned, and Mrs. Bland was far too busy to think of any luncheon for them. She bade Jane give them a hunch of bread and cheese and a slice of cold mutton, to which cheerful meal they sat down at the kitchen table, since there was no time to spread the cloth in the dining-room.

Jane was very conversational as she bustled in and out from the yard, and a surreptitious bun added a halo to a meal that was inclined to be a dreary one. Mr. Bland had partaken of refreshment in the study at an earlier period, but his wife had only snatched a sandwich and departed again.

The remainder of the day was spent in fitful lessons until the milkman brought the evening post, and there was a cessation of labour. Mrs. Bland came in, hot and cross, from the yard, with splashes of egg on her apron and a tear in her gown that had been inflicted by an infuriated hen, but

as there was a letter for her from her daughter she made light of such trifles.

"Don't gorge yourself with bread and butter, Peggy, and for gracious sake, Stephen, get on with your tea and off with those boots," she said snappishly; "and don't either of you speak to me."

She read the letter under the window by the fading light, then turned back to the children.

"There is a great treat in store for you on Tuesday," she said. "My grandchildren, Phyllis and Tom, are coming over to spend the day; and, by the bye, if you dare to say anything about the work you do here for me, or dare to say to any one what goes on in this house, I shall give you a good thrashing both of you."

Stephen opened his lips to say honestly that he might have mentioned it to Sweetheart, but that he had not done so to Lord St. Ives, but he remembered in time that their wanderings might be checked, and with a warning look at Peggy kept silence.

Mrs. Bland was so deeply engaged with her daughter's letter that she noticed nothing outside her own interests, and Peggy's animated nod in reply failed to attract her attention.

"We shall have to have a good clean-up in the house before my daughter Celia Warren sees the place," continued Mrs. Bland, "and since to-day is Friday, and we have only to-morrow and Monday to work in, you children will have to make yourselves scarce to-morrow, for I suppose you will be no use in helping me."

"No; I'm 'fraid we can't scrub floors," said Stephen with unabated cheerfulness, "but we can play about, can't we, Peggy?" and Peggy, with an eye to Sweetheart's cakes, responded as cheerfully.

The room that held the two children at night was one that communicated with Jane's small apartment, and was simply but comfortably furnished with two iron bedsteads, with bright quilts and painted green furniture. There were a few coloured pictures on the walls that had been cut from illustrated papers, and they gave the room a pleasant air that was repeated in the rose-coloured carpet. It had been easy enough to furnish a room prettily, as Mrs. Bland had argued to herself, and a little show would go a long way towards convincing Major and Mrs. Beauchamp of their children's future comfort.

Jane came groaning with fatigue and

## For King and Country

annoyance to bed that night, and found a little white, wide-awake figure sitting up for her, with the summer moon looking down upon him where he sat up in bed with his chin propped on his knees.

"Jane," he called softly.

"Oh, you bad boy! it is late." Then repenting her brief ill-temper, she tiptoed across the room to him, and in another moment had folded him to her rough, honest breast. "My dear," she said, "if I'd my way you should be looked after different to this, but you'll let stupid, rough Jane do the loving of you when the old cat can't see, won't you, my pretty? You'll tell Jane your troubles, and she may be only a common, ordinary girl with no education, but she's got a woman's heart a-beatin' in her breast."

"Dear Jane," said Stephen very softly, kissing the unlovely buxom face, "I love you. You've got the same voice as Beck, our soldier-servant in Haverford, and I shall write and tell him 'bout you."

"Bless your heart," said Jane, "you mean well, but I've a low opinion of soldiers."

Stephen pushed away from her resolutely. "My goodness!" he said firmly, "soldiers is the best men in the world. Why, I wouldn't speak to a civilian if he and a soldier came together to me."

Jane laughed. "Never mind the men, bless you. Where do you go, my honey, when you go away mornings to be clear of the missus?"

Stephen put his two hands on her red cheeks and looked earnestly into her eyes, reading there, as only a transparent childhood can do, the signs of a good, true womanhood within.

"That was what I wanted to tell you, Jane. I can't tell her; she would stop it all, and I can trust you, Jane, 'cause you are what Beck would call a heart of gold."

"Tell me what you like, my dear. I'll not tell anything to the old cat, and if it wasn't for you and the other innocent darling there, I'd say a deal more. Tell me, honey, and maybe I'll often be able to do you a good turn."

And Stephen unfolded to her their innocent series of visits, which Jane received with the unbounded delight and admiration of a young woman whose interests are much with the lives of those who dwell in marble halls.

"Lor'!" she said, when Stephen had

recounted their reception at the Park, "and you mean to say as you saw his lordship? Why, there's folks in the village as hasn't seen him since he come here, for he made a drive in the Park and through the fields of his property as can prevent him from ever going out of his own grounds. And what did he look like?"

Stephen described him thoughtfully. "Just the saddest, most hurt face you can think of, Jane, and his eyes all shut up and yet so sad."

"Lor'!" said Jane again sympathetically. "But I'm pleased as you and Miss Peggy has found suitable friends, my dear, and any day you want help, or notes carrying or anything, you only has to ask me, and I shall be thankful when that grand lady your aunt arrives and takes you away from here, as she will most surely do, if she's got half sense in her head. And now I must go, my lamb, for the missus will be round afore long to see if my light is out, and that I am not burning a farthing's-worth of halfpenny dip too much."

She tucked him up in bed with a motherly kiss, and Stephen went to sleep with a lighter conscience than he had carried for some time, since a friend, albeit a humble one, knew the secret of their new acquaintances and approved of it.

### CHAPTER VI

"The world and life's too big to pass for a dream."

*"Manor Farm,  
"Frittingham."*

"DERE GUNNER BECK,

"This letter comes hopping to find you well as it leaves me at the present, and being a poor writer it is not ritten by me but by Jane Pearcey. I hope you are well. We are all well but we do not like the place a bit: it is a most indifferent place as Jane says, and if it was not for having made a few friends in other places, Peggy and me would be very sadly. We hope you will come and see us. You would like Jane. She is nice in her face and round like a suet dumpling and she is very kind. Please come soon and with Jane's respex,

"Believe me to remain,  
"MASTER STEPHEN."

In the solitude of the attic, Jane had written this from Stephen's dictation, when she was supposed to be spring-cleaning her



"PLEASE COME SOON AND WITH JANE'S RESPEX"

room, and with a stamp well licked on, and a general grimy appearance about the envelope, it was now waiting its time for posting in the red letter-box outside the general shop, where Mrs. Dawson sold everything, from boot buttons to gingerbread.

"Lawks, Master Stephen," said Jane,

when she had signed his name with a flourish, resisting a strong temptation to put "Jane Pearcey" at the foot of so promising a performance, "whatever shall we do if the poor young man takes upon hisself to come?"

"Come! why of course he'll come, Jane," cried Stephen. "He'll first go and ask

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leave from the officer what came in father's place, and then he'll come off here if only he hasn't gone and spent all his money—sometimes soldiers do, Jane, in a place they call the canteen, and they are very sorry afterwards."

"Like most of their sex," said Jane with a snort, but she unfolded the crumpled letter surreptitiously and added a postscript that surely must have gone far towards compensating for many sins of omission and commission in the ignorant life of Jane Pearcey.

"This is to say, Gunner Beck, that if it's money as keeps you back—I'll lend you true and honest what'll bring you here—for these little children want to see you and they are cruel uncomfortable, and so no more, but rite if you want your train fare,

"From yours truly,

"MISS JANE PEARCEY."

Jane only escaped the eagle eye of Mrs. Bland by a supreme chance, for that lady in list slippers had reached the outside door just as the postscript was completed. But as, by a stroke of good fortune, she caught her skirt on a nail and tore it with a rending sound, Jane was mightily busy with a pail of whitewash when the door was opened.

"What are you doing here to-day with Jane?" Mrs. Bland said to Stephen fiercely, since it was all the fault she could find; and a sharp box of the ears drove the little boy down stairs again with a swelling heart.

"She hit me, Peggy," he said. "Muvver never did—I wish she was back."

"So do I, Teeven," chimed in Peggy, absorbed in the dirtiness of her dress and the alarming layer of treacle that she had contrived to spread unchecked about her person. "I fink if she doesn't come soon I shall be like Cinderella, and she won't know me," and Peggy, unnerved by Stephen's reddened ear, set up a piteous howl.

It seemed a short time before she and Stephen were pushed outside the door, to cool their smarting cheeks in the fresh field-grass, and to gradually sob themselves to calmness among the daisies.

"Peggy," said Stephen at last, when he was tired of crying, "what can we do?"

He sat up and looked about him, for the long grass almost hid them, and the waving, rustling heads of the "Midsummer men"

and the "Shaking grass" seemed to nod kindly at him. "We mustn't ever be hit again, Peggy, if we can help it. Perhaps Sweetheart will hide us if we go to her."

"Can't go," said Peggy, pulling off her bonnet and throwing it pettishly upon the ground. "Mrs. Bland is in the front garden; she said she would watch us."

"I should like to go and dig up all her seeds," said Stephen passionately. "But when Beck comes, it will be all right."

He recognised the hopelessness of their situation, for Mrs. Bland had perceived their position from afar, and was contemplating a long afternoon in the garden, during which she would act head gaoler. She presently summoned them to her, and set them both to work at weeding under her directions, ashamed perhaps of the whirl of passion that had swept her from her ordinary serenity.

She made an odd figure in her short brown winsey skirt and red blouse, and the big hat tied down over her ears; but she thought little of her personal appearance, for she never had any visitors, and could not discover the use of dressing to please the eye of her husband and the inmates of her house. On Sundays she went once to church, attired in black alpaca with a black bonnet, her demeanour then being so fierce and truculent that no one dared wish her good-day in her going and coming. There had been two such Sundays since Stephen's and Peggy's arrival, when the hearts of the villagers were filled with pity for the dainty little figures in the Manor Farm seat, whose serious little faces and lisped prayers presented a great contrast to the stern woman with the rasping voice, who repeated the responses as though each was a sentence of condemnation, and she alone had the right to pronounce it.

"Why doesn't you go to church, Mr. Bland?" said Stephen at dinner on the second Sunday, when they sat enjoying a leg of mutton, and a cabbage so large that it might have provided an army of street arabs with a vegetable dinner.

Mr. Bland was more tidy than usual, since it was Sunday, and he refrained from writing, as his contribution to the keeping of the holy day.

"Don't ask questions," said Mrs. Bland sharply. "Mr. Bland does not like sermons."

"When I was a little boy, mother used to let me out before the sermon," he

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volunteered. "Couldn't you do that, Mr. Bland?"

"Some day you shall take me, Stephen," said the master of the house, waking up. "When grown-up people leave off doing things it is very hard to resume them again."

He rose rather abruptly from his chair and went back to his room before the children had finished their meal; but since then, Stephen had felt that he took a kindlier interest in him that betrayed itself in offerings of curious treasures, such as old sherds of pottery—beads—a Roman coin or two, and a uniform button picked up on the field of Waterloo, which made Stephen very grateful and much astonished.

He was thinking of Mr. Bland's curious overtures of friendship now, as he and Peggy stubbed out dandelion roots, and made their hands sore with wastwort and chickweed. Peggy was like a restless little butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, and only summoned back with difficulty at intervals. A blue Persian kitten romped from border to border like a ball of impertinence, and Peggy clutched it wildly, only to stagger and sit down in the very heart of a clump of Madonna lilies, which bent and swayed above her till she was lost in a cloud of yellow pollen and snowy bells. Stephen turned pale with dread of the consequences of her action, and Mrs. Bland would no doubt have taken prompt action, but at this moment an open pony carriage was seen trotting up the road to the Manor Farm, and the words died on her lips.

Visitors were rare occurrences at Frittingham, and there was something about the air of the four occupants of the low governess cart, that prepared Mrs. Bland for the reality of the catastrophe that had fallen upon her.

"Stephen," she said suddenly, and her voice was broken by the excess of her agitation. "It is too awful. Here is my daughter Celia Warren, and Tom and Phyllis. There isn't a cake baked in the house, the cleaning isn't finished, and here am I in my garden things. Run to Jane, there's a good boy, and tell her to do one of the 'cook-me-quicks,' and get out the best tea-set, and then take Peggy and wash her face and put on her clean dress."

"Yes," said Stephen obediently, trotting off at once, and Mrs. Bland threw down her spade and went to the gate with a forced air of cheerful welcome that would not have deceived a sheep.

"My dears, what a surprise! Why, I did not expect you till to-morrow."

"So I should suppose, mother," said Mrs. Warren, stepping carefully out of her carriage and smoothing out her silk flounces before she acknowledged her mother's greeting. "Is the stable aired, or is it full of bantams as it was last time? John, take the pony round and see for yourself."

Mrs. Warren was the eminently prosperous wife of the Eversfield maltster, and she highly disapproved of her mother's mode of living. She was perhaps no kinder than Mrs. Bland by nature, but she had a certain veneer of conventionality that overlay her real nature like a veil, and she passed for a successful and charitable woman.

She surveyed her mother's attire with stern disapproval, then turned to the two children, stiff and uncomfortable in all the starched glory of a white drill suit and a pink muslin frock.

"Kiss your grandmother, my darlings. The fact is, mother, poor little Phyllis screamed so and made such a terrible fuss when she found that to-day was not the day we had arranged to come to you, that I was obliged to tell John to put the pony in."

It would have been difficult to find any two children on the face of the earth so utterly spoiled as Tom and Phyllis, and when Stephen and Peggy descended to the drawing-room half-an-hour later, it was to find that they had already fallen foul of every recognised rule of the house. They had already destroyed a valuable sitting of eggs, killed a kitten, and pulled up a handful of young chrysanthemum plants to see if they had any roots, and were now craving for other worlds to conquer, while Jane had repelled their repeated onslaughts on the kitchen with the help of a toasting-fork and a dish-cloth. They were sitting round the table finishing the hot cake when Stephen entered, very neat and tidy in his blue serge suit, holding Peggy by the hand, whose white cambric dress was unfinished by any sash.

"Mrs. Bland," he said earnestly, forgetting his audience for the moment, "there must have been burglars in the house. Peggy's boo'ful Indian sash has gone—the gold and blue and white one, my best suit, and lots of fings."

"Where are your manners?" said Mrs. Bland in an awful voice. "Here are my two grandchildren and Mrs. Warren, their

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mother. Don't talk about what you don't understand."

"Little Master Sharp," said Mrs. Warren with a laugh and a shrug.

She was a handsome woman, dressed in grey silk, with a hat covered with feathers, and a great number of chains and brooches and rings, that made her a very bewildering person indeed to Peggy.

"Haven't you got a dressing-case?" said the child, drawing close to her and leaving the shelter of Stephen's side.

"Good gracious! what does the queer creature mean?" said Mrs. Warren pettishly. "I've often heard that officers' children are an intolerable nuisance because they are so spoiled, and I certainly shall begin to think it is true. Speak, child—what do you mean?"

"Only—only—" faltered Peggy, "I fought you might be 'bliged to wear all those brooches 'cause you hadn't nowhere to keep them—like being on board ship."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Warren. "Are they sent here to learn manners, mother?"

Mrs. Bland was secretly not ill-pleased to see her daughter thus overwhelmed, and she diverted Peggy's attention hastily and decidedly to the tea-table, where the last morsel of hot cake found its billet down Peggy's pink throat. The children were then turned out into the garden to play, with many injunctions to be good, which they obeyed at first by solemnly walking hand-in-hand into the field in front of the house. When they were out of sight of the windows, Tom, who was nearly nine years old, put out his tongue, while Peggy watched him, fascinated and overwhelmed.

"That's what I'd like to do to grandpa and grandma, old poll parrots," he said contemptuously. "Why, papa could buy them up over and over again, and never feel it; and he says it's a shame having poor relations. No one ought to be poor; if they are, it's their own fault."

"And grandma never has no nice cake," said Phyllis, who was a year younger, "and she never gives us no presents. Let's go and break something of hers, Tom, or turn on all the water-taps in the yard and flood the incubator."

"No," cried Stephen very loudly. "You must not do those things; I will not let you—it is very unkind."

Tom Warren turned upon him savagely.

"Charity children you are, you and your

sister, paid for by the week, and starvation price too. My father says that officers are no good. Cheeky fellows they are that won't look at you in the street, and all the time as poor as paupers."

"Oh," cried Stephen, his heart swelling in helpless wrath and despair, "I wish I could shoot you with my father's gun. Oh, what bad, unkind things you say."

Tom Warren burst into a loud laugh, and Phyllis gave a sly tug at Peggy's hair, that made her cry out.

"Now then, 'cry-baby,'" she said. "Let us put her under the pump and drown her, Tom."

Peggy set up a wail in real earnest, and Stephen ran to her side and put his arms about her.

"Please try and be kind," he said, choking back a sob; "Peggy is a very little girl; and we will show you where the wren has made a very tiny nest and laid four eggs in it."

"Oh yes," said Tom, suddenly interested. "Show us the way."

"We must walk softly," said Stephen eagerly, "because the birds must not hear you, and I sometimes think there are fairies guarding the nest, and they walk up and down, and wave rose-petals for fans."

"Bosh!" said Tom. "Show us the nest."

It was a wonder of creation in the fork of the old almond-tree in the orchard. A delicate sphere of hair and moss and skeleton leaves, and within the tiny hole the wren had laid her dainty eggs, and was even now watching with quick, bright eyes the movements of the children.

"It is here," said Stephen with delight, "only we never touch the nest because the poor bird might desert it and never come back again. You may look, Tom, only hold your breath."

There was a cry from Stephen—a cry of rage and grief—for the same instant Tom Warren grabbed at the nest and tore it from its place, scattering all the loving labour of that little home to the four winds of heaven, while he emptied the eggs into his handkerchief.

"There, softly," he said to Stephen, "that's the way to treat birds'-nests."

"Peggy, Peggy," cried the child, "come away—come and leave them; he has murdered Jenny Wren's children!" And with a burst of sobs, Stephen dragged Peggy through the gap in the hedge, and set off running towards the little wood.



HE AND PEGGY HAD BEEN SITTING FOR QUITE A LONG TIME UNDER THE HEDGE,  
HAND IN HAND WITH SWEETHEART

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"We will go to Sweetheart and tell her," he sobbed, and Peggy, shocked and bewildered, followed him blindly, while Tom and Phyllis set to work to find other nests to destroy in the same fashion.

There is always a silver lining to every cloud, however dark, and just as Stephen and Peggy reached the wood, they fell into the arms of Miss Sweet, who was gathering roses in the hedge.

### CHAPTER VII

"She was one of those who are content to wait for the blossoming of the aloe, and who do not weary of the hundred years."

**B**UT they did kill the wren baby; they can't ever come back again, and the little brown bird will be so sad," sobbed Stephen.

He and Peggy had been sitting for quite a long time under the hedge, hand in hand with Sweetheart, and in days to come he always remembered the scent of wild roses and flowering grasses, and associated them with Lucinda Sweet and their long comforting talk on that unhappy afternoon.

Lucinda was dressed in a white gown with a gleam of gold at her waist, and when she spoke her tender voice reminded the children of their mother, and loyal Stephen thought that even the dear mother was hardly prettier than the lovely woman with the cloud of chestnut hair, and the eyes that were like the dancing speedwell in the grass at their feet.

"Your shoulder is so comforting," he said quaintly. "My eyes are all dry now."

Peggy nodded up at him, with her hands full of dog-daisies. "What did we cry for?" she said. "I disremembered when we met Sweetheart."

"The little birds," said Stephen with an ominous quiver of his lip, and Miss Sweet hastened to interpose with consolation.

"The father wren and the mother wren will be sad at first when they find their home broken up, but in time they will go away and build another nest in a nicer place, and lay some more eggs, and have a much bigger, handsomer family," she said with grave conviction.

Stephen rose to his feet. "Thank you, Sweetheart," he said. "And now Peggy and I must go home; perhaps we shall be scolded if we stay away any longer, and I

don't think Mrs. Bland will have missed us yet, so we shan't be scolded."

"You are quite right, Stephen; I will not keep you. Perhaps to-morrow you will be able to come and see me again."

"We will if we can," said the child gallantly, "but we must go and see the poor blind man first—he is so lonely, and he was so pleased to see us, and the man they call Mr. Tupton was so nice."

Lucinda stood up, with the sun upon her bright hair, and perhaps it was the sun too that had got into her eyes and made them shine and glitter like stars.

"Yes; go and see Lord St. Ives," she said softly and earnestly. "You will do him more good than any one, my dear little children."

"He liked hearing about you. Did you ever have a quarrel with him, Sweetheart? He said your name so funnily—with such a shiver in his voice."

"No; I never quarrelled with him—he never gave me the opportunity. But if he says any more to you, Stephen, about me, tell him that I am waiting for the blossoming of the aloe. Can you remember that, dear little boy?"

Stephen repeated it several times after her, with a sage nod of his head.

"Oh yes, 'cause aloes is what muvver used to put on Peggy's finger when she was quite, quite little and sucked it in her sleep."

Lucinda laughed, and stooped to kiss them. There was something very eager in her face that gave it a new expression altogether, and she looked younger and less grave than was her wont.

"Dear Sweetheart—good-bye," said Stephen, regarding her meditatively. "I like when we talk of the poor blind man—it makes you look happy."

Lucinda flushed pink as the roses in her hand. The little boy had guessed her secret with all a child's acuteness, and even now her love was at her very lips, open to the light of day.

"Yes, Stephen—once I told him everything, and he told me everything, but now I can only talk about him, for I have not seen him for a long time."

The child made no answer, but turned gravely away, and taking his sister's hand, ran back through the tall grass that rippled after them.

Tom and Phyllis were still in the orchard, and perhaps a little ashamed of what they

had done regarding the wren's nest, for they greeted the two children with a suggestion of relief in their manner.

"Oh! here you are at last. We shall have to go back to the house—they've been calling us a long time, but we pretended we didn't hear, because we didn't want to go back without you," said Phyllis.

"Oh dear me," cried Stephen. "But what lots of mischief you've done." He looked about him with bright, quick eyes of horror. A whole pile of pea-sticks was levelled to the ground as if an earthquake had been at work. A bed of small spring onions had been uprooted, and the traces of the damage still lay plainly to be seen on Phyllis's smart muslin frock. All the little apples within reach had been pelted by stones, so that most of them lay bruised and useless on the ground.

"We always like leaving Grannie something to remember us by," said Tom, with a mischievous grin. "She likes thinking about us so, and the onions were full of weeds." Then at the sight of Stephen's scared face: "Why, she daren't do anything to us, and you had nothing to do with it."

"But she may think we had."

"Can't help her thoughts," said Tom glibly. "Come along, Phyllis."

Mrs. Warren was ready, waiting impatiently for them, and there was a brown-paper parcel to be stowed away in the pony-cart.

"What is that, mother?" said Tom audaciously—"some of the kids' clothes? When the little Bartons were here there were always queer parcels under the seat whenever we came here."

Jane, who was waiting with the door in her hand, made no attempt to conceal her mirth, and Mrs. Bland cast a look at her grandson that would have annihilated any ordinary boy.

"My dear Tom," said his mother, with an air of languid exhaustion, "you really are too clever for words, only unfortunately your sharpness is in the wrong direction. Your dear grandmother has lent me some patterns for a new frock for Phyllis."

She swept her children before her into the pony-cart and drove off, and perhaps Tom Warren spent one of the worst half-hours of his life after he returned home. One flash of revenge he did have as the pony trotted out of sight.

"Grandmother," he called in his shrill

treble, "go to the orchard; we have all been so busy there, working for you."

Stephen cast a blank look of despair in the direction of the house and Jane, but Mrs. Bland gripped him by the shoulders.

"Come and show me what they have done," she said in a voice so terrible that Stephen was compelled to follow her.

She surveyed the havoc of the orchard in grim silence, then turned upon the child at her side and struck him with her open palm.

"That for your mischief," she said, "and you two shall go to bed at once without any supper."

Stephen's mouth quivered, but he saw no reason for expostulation now that his punishment was over.

"Very well," he said proudly, with a swelling heart. "Peggy and I didn't do it at all—any of it."

"And now you are telling me an untruth," cried the angry woman, with a gesture so threatening that Stephen fled from before her, and sobbing out the history of what had happened to the amazed Jane, he dragged Peggy up-stairs to bed, to be out of the way of the infuriated Mrs. Bland.

Jane faced her in the kitchen when she came in with two thick slices of bread and butter in her hand and two mugs of milk.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Bland, blocking her way fiercely.

"I'm going to take those two precious babies their supper, ma'am," said Jane decisively. "I'll not have no starvin' of them while I'm under this roof like those poor little Bartons was starved and ill-treated; and what's more, ma'am, it was your grandchildren what did every blessed bit of mischief this afternoon, and if they'd got a good beating it'd have been no more than they've deserved many a time—and if you say anything more to the precious pets I'll give notice, and you know what a job you had last time to get a servant."

Mrs. Bland opened her mouth to speak, but no words came through her lips, and she listened to Jane walking slowly up the stairs to the children's room with defiance in every step of her heavy foot. Then she turned away, and going to her husband's room, abused him roundly until she had exhausted her ill-humour thoroughly, and ended in violent tears. Mr. Bland watched her, slowly shaking his head. He had long ago given up attempting to check his wife or to thwart her in any way, for she had made his life miserable to him for so long

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that he hoped dimly that his aimless, wasted existence had been atoned for over and over again.

Perhaps it was some sense of her injustice, perhaps some feeling of shame that touched her better nature, but certainly Mrs. Bland avoided all mention of the events of the day before when they all appeared at breakfast next day. She even went so far as to graciously inform Stephen that she intended to spend the day with her daughter, Mrs. Warren, at Eversfield, and that Jane would have to look after them all day—intelligence which they received with a delight they did their best to disguise.

She drove away in a rickety dog-cart hired from the village inn soon after breakfast, and Jane watched her depart with a rapture that communicated itself to every corner of her person.

"Bless you, my dear lambs," she said, "you shall do what you like to-day—stay with old Jane if you like, or go and see your new friends."

"We should like to be with you, of course, Jane," said Stephen winningly, "but would you mind if we went to see the blind lord?"

"That's right, my dear; and stay for your dinners, if he asks you," said Jane heartily; "and whenever you come home we'll have the nicest tea that ever was heard of, for I'll bake a cake now as'll be something like a cake," and with this promise Jane kissed them warmly, and returned to her washing-up in the back regions.

It was a delightful feeling to the two children to wander forth so freely through the fields that led to Frittingham Park, and to be sure that they had no unkind eye to evade. Jane watched them go away, hand in hand, with a nod to them over her work.

"Bless their hearts!" she said, as she scoured the lid of the saucepan so that it was possible to see one's face in it; "if that soldier man doesn't come soon to see after them, I'll hurry him up with a tallygram as'll surprise him. They've got an aunt somewhere nigh at hand, and if she can't be got at it's a poor look-out." She slapped the saucepan down on the shelf with such vehemence that the sound reached Mr. Bland in the study.

"Bless me," he said, lifting his heavy eyes for a moment, "Jane was always a trifle heavy-handed, and yet, bless my soul! I hardly think it can be Jane—it is possibly

an earthquake, a slight earth tremor," and pushing aside his manuscript, he began to address himself in earnest to drafting a letter to the *Times* on the occurrence.

Peggy and Stephen wandered leisurely on, with so many things to attract them. First, a fascinating barrel-organ drawn by a live donkey and a little child rolled up in a bright yellow shawl perched behind; then a bird blue as a flying forget-me-not with a flash of scarlet, that could be nothing less than a kingfisher; and last but not least, the glimpse of a tiny fawn among the covert in the Park. So that with all these pleasant distractions, it was approaching mid-day before they walked up the steps, and once more rang at the bell that echoed and clanged away into vast regions behind the house. Tupton must have been on the watch for them, for it was he who opened the door with a warm welcome.

"My lord's been expecting you, sir, these many days," he said to Stephen. "There's lots of things been happening since you was here, sir."

"Really!" said Stephen. "What sort of things?"

"You'll see, sir."

They were walking over the smooth floor that had the strip of matting laid down on the very centre of the slippery surface, so that the master of the house might walk in safety.

When Tupton opened the door of the room that they had entered on their first visit, there was a change that was noticeable even to the small visitors, and that seemed to embrace everything in the room, from the flowers on the table to the figure in the easy-chair.

Tupton announced Master and Miss Beauchamp and closed the door behind him softly.

"How do you do?" said Lord St. Ives, holding out his hand. "I am delighted to have my small friends again, and think it so good of you to come."

"How do you do?" said Stephen. "Oh, how astonishing it all is. You've got the furniture different, and your clothes are different too."

St. Ives was conscious of the neat appearance that he must present in the blue serge suit, with the exquisite sapphire pin in his blue tie.

"I am glad you like the change," he said quietly. "I asked Tupton what the room looked like, and he told me, and I

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thought it looked queer, so I told him what things to put here and where to put them, and what flowers I liked arranged about."

"Well, it's very nice now." Stephen realised the change, though he hardly appreciated what made the difference between common vases and exquisite Sèvres jars and specimens of cloisonné enamel. Trails of roses and passion-flower had been arranged in very fair taste, and St. Ives himself was a different man, although his hands were still folded idly on his knee.

"We've come to lunch," broke in Peggy, to whose mind changes were not interesting.

"Oh, Peggy, we are not asked yet."

St. Ives laughed merrily.

"You are asked—nay, entreated to stay, and Tupton must tell the housekeeper to make some little change for you in the menu." He reached out his hand for the electric button. "These visitors will remain for lunch, Tupton; be good enough to ask Mrs. Lupin to arrange the meal to their liking."

"Very good, my lord."

And certainly, if the arrangements had anything to say to the feeling in the house towards the children, it must have been satisfactory, for the amount of delicacies produced on the spur of the moment were such as to bewilder Stephen himself.

It was so interesting, sitting at the round table in the oak room with Lord St. Ives opposite, so clever in eating his food specially prepared for him, so unexpectedly at his ease before the first visitors who had been allowed to sit at table with him since his accident.

"Beck is coming to see us quite soon," said Peggy at last. "Beck is a nice man; you would like him; he wears blue clothes like you."

"And who is Beck?" said Lord St. Ives.

"Our soldier-servant in Haverford," explained Stephen. "We hope he is coming, for we wrote to him when we wasn't feeling very happy."

"I am very glad to hear it, and what is more, I understand that your aunt, Lady Elizabeth Marillier, returns to-day," said St. Ives pleasantly. "I shall make a point of reminding her of your existence, and seeing whether something cannot be done to make you more comfortable. Have some chocolate, Peggy."

He became conscious that he was talking to Stephen as he would have done to an older person, when he bade the children good-bye later in the afternoon.

"Oh, sir," said Stephen suddenly, "I had almost forgotten what I promised Sweetheart."

He was standing, his face puckered in a little frown with the desire to recall the exact message. St. Ives' hand went up suddenly to his face, but Stephen was too busy to notice anything.

"It was something about what you put on fingers—aloes—that Sweetheart was waiting for the —"

"The blossoming of the aloe?" Lord St. Ives was breathless in his interest, his voice broken by some feeling that Stephen could not fathom.

"Why, that was the message," said Stephen, much impressed. "You are a clever man. Yes, she was just waiting for that."

"And she will not weary of the hundred years," said St. Ives, dreaming to himself. "Oh! exquisite woman's heart—what have I done to deserve this patience?"

He was apparently oblivious of the children's presence, and Stephen continued puzzled.

"I don't believe you do know, after all—and you can't think how lovely she is—Sweetheart, I mean. Why don't you ask her to come and see you? She is so kind; she would come, I know."

There was something almost radiant in the sightless face that expressed itself in voice and gesture with exceeding wonder.

"Stephen, little boy, you don't know what you say. Sweetheart would not come if she knew what I looked like."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Stephen, "what a funny man you are. Why, that is just the reason what would make her come."

"Stephen—child—come some day—not too soon—I could not bear it—and bring Sweetheart."

"Why, I will come in two days," cried the child joyously, "and Sweetheart will be with me, and we will come right into your enchanted castle, Mr. Ogre."

But when the two little figures had passed out into the garden again, the poor "Ogre" lay face downward upon the sofa, sobbing out his heart with great sobs of wonder and fear that had no room for hope—that dared not dream of joy.

(To be continued.)

# HOLLAND IN ESSEX

BY POWELL CHASE

*With Illustrations by the Author*

TO the hilarious Cockney tripper, bound, on a fine Bank Holiday morning, for his favourite bourne, Southend, the village and tiny station of Benfleet are only of interest as marking the happy nearness of his destination.

The adjuration—

"There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;  
But thou, go by"—

is, fortunately, not needed. He does so as speedily as possible. Were he to express himself on the subject, the drift of his remarks would doubtless be identical with that of the reply of Mr. Toots when requested by Captain Cuttle to "clap on," "To clap on is exactly what I could wish to do, naturally." The strains of his concertina mingle with the rumble of the

heavily-laden trains that trail their gleaming lengths and wearied freights back to London through the darkness, and rouse, maybe, a querulous chorus of protest among the birds gathered for the night along the weedy banks and winding ditches across the creek, but all is soon still again, and the silence unbroken except by the stealthy creeping, in or out, of the tide.

To a few of Nature's lovers, however, Benfleet is notable for its ferry, which is the sole means of access to the little-known Canvey Island—a veritable Holland in Essex. Its history justifies the adjective Dutch being used in an absolutely literal sense, inasmuch as its very exist-

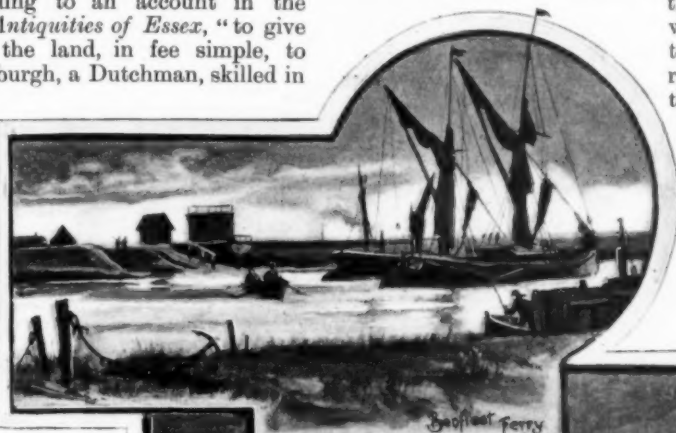


## Holland in Essex

ence as a valuable and habitable expanse of about four thousand acres is due to Dutch skill and labour.

"It was agreed, by deed dated April 9th, 1622," according to an account in the *History and Antiquities of Essex*, "to give one-third of the land, in fee simple, to Joas Croppenburgh, a Dutchman, skilled in the making of Dikes, in consideration of his sufficiently innig and recovering this island, then usually overflowed at every spring-tide,—at his own costs and charges." Sir Cornelius Vermuyden is said to have assisted, and, as it was not until the year 1629 that he began his work of draining the Great Level of the Fens, it is possible he may have been thus employed during some part of the

some huge liner, bound for, or home from, the Antipodes. Here, too, are long, white roads that dwindle away, straight as a ruled line, to a mere point in the distance; the sluggish water-trenches, rendering the ordinary hedge-row to a great extent unnecessary, and beds of high-



seven years' interval.

But in physical features, as in history, Canvey Island and Holland are closely related. Here are the far-spreading flats and occasional lonely homesteads, the dykes stretched along the horizon with their odd procession of gliding masts and leaning sails, the ruddy canvas, rich as an autumn leaf, of a loitering barge, the tall, slender spars of a Scandinavian timber-ship, or perhaps the fuming funnels of

plumed reeds that bend above the secret haunt of the wild duck or heron.

The scanty number of the island's inhabitants and comparative freedom from molestation entice many a bird, seldom seen elsewhere within a much wider radius of London, to make its home here, undismayed

by the silent traffic of the great river. Fortunately for the preservation of wild-bird life, the great marshes of Pitsea, Vange, and Fobbing, that bound the island on its eastern side, are practically inaccessible, being little more than a maze of winding creeks, flooded only at the top of the tide, and even then too narrow and tortuous to give passage even to the duck-

## Holland in Essex



shooter's slender canoe, so that it forms a vast preserve and place of refuge for wild duck, heron, and great numbers of snipe. The plaintive whistle of the last-named bird is one of the most distinctive notes of Canvey Island, and has a strange effect as they call to each other in the darkness, the note of one bird being invariably the signal for a general clamour.

One may gather from the aspect of these far-spreading marsh-lands what must have been the original condition of the greater part of Canvey Island, and indeed of the banks of the river on all hands for many a long mile of its course, not improbably as far as London itself. Such was the character of the low solitary shores that met the eager eyes of the fair-haired Vikings as they stole up in their long-beaked craft, on their ever-recurring forays, the long sweep of the great oars sending the heron, startled from his lonely angling, flapping heavily away across the dreary wastes.

Standing on the dyke, the enduring monument to the Dutch engineer's skill and cunning, a glance at the fertility on the one hand and the desolation on the other, enables one to estimate at something of its true value this triumph of man over Nature.

Specimens of the antique Dutch cottages, dating from the time of the island's reclamation, are to be seen in and near the tiny village of Canvey, surely the sleepest of all

sleepy places. Quaint little structures they are, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, and judging by appearances, and on the opinion confidently expressed by a tenant to the writer, are good for another century or so even now. The thatched conical roof surmounted by a central chimney, and their circular, or rather, octagonal, form, are the main features in each case. In the small garden of the one represented, the forepart of an old boat, stood upright and used as a rustic arbour, completed the picturesqueness of the scene. Altogether, it seemed as if life in such an odd, cosy little cottage, with all its strange, old-world associations, must be as romantic as in Mr. Peggotty's boat itself, always granted a little Em'ly and childhood's vivid fancies to complete the enchantment. On their arrival the Dutch built themselves a church in which to

worship, but unfortunately the material used was timber, and of the structure which would have been so interesting, Time has "left not a wrack behind," the second and existing church, also a wooden edifice, being found necessary at about the end of a century.

Ordinarily, the only signs of life to be seen in the village street of Canvey—if, indeed, there be any spot which merits the dignity of the term—will be a patient horse awaiting its master's exit from the inn-door, a truant flock of geese, or, when the day's work is over, one or two gossips that loiter about the old thatched structure that roofs the village pump.

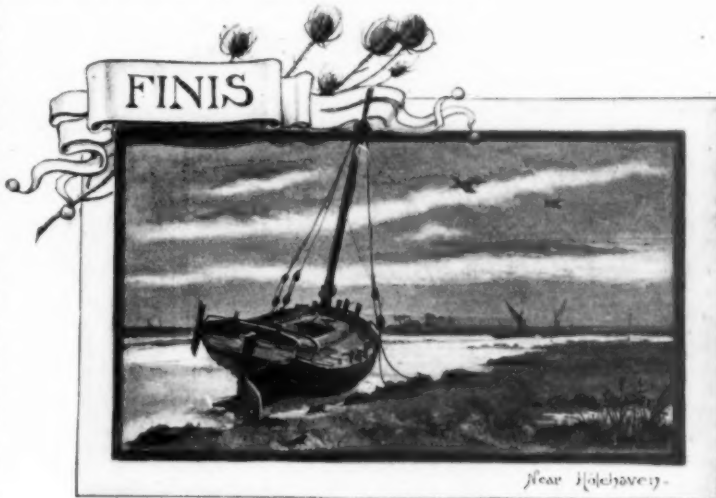
The walk along the sea-wall from Holehaven, as the little cluster of coastguards' cottages at the south-west point of the island, and about a mile or so beyond Canvey village, is called, to the Chapman Lighthouse at its eastern end is unique.

For the whole distance, some five or six miles, a beautiful stretch of beach, firm and clean, is followed. In the long straight line of the sea-wall a break occurs about midway, and it curves slightly inland to encircle Shell Bay—so called from the fact of its being composed completely of shells which the set of the tide has carried there. Not the least of its charms is the perfect seclusion and solitude that prevails. Seldom will a human being be met with, save perhaps, at rare intervals, some lonely figure gathering driftwood, that stirs the

quiet flocks of gulls at the water's edge into lazy flight.

For those unacquainted with the strange, lonely phase of Nature, only to be found here, for those who are wearied by the jar and fret of commerce and the phenomenal gregariousness of modern city-life, a walk along this elevated dyke-path in the windy dusk of an autumn nightfall will be a memorable experience. An autumn nightfall I have said, for it is when the dim light broods over the long low flats and the wild wind rustles its beds of faded reeds and sings in its high, grey, wooden beacons, while the

great ships steal by with a glimmer of green-and-red light, bound from or to the neighbouring ocean—it is then that the genius and spell of Canvey Island are both manifest and potent.



## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1903,  
10 a.m.

ANOTHER disappointment! I was up at four, but it has rained incessantly during the night, and the trails are impassable, so no going to town now. I cannot go on the camp job as I am now. When I have seen the doctor I will decide. I may possibly hire with the man at whose place I am staying. Like every one else in the district, he is not well fixed yet. He has just completed his three years on his homestead, half of which is broken, and about sixty acres under crop. The house is stone, built from the small boulders found scattered on the surface of the land. It is oblong, and divided across the middle by a wooden wall. One half he uses as his house—it makes a large room—and the other half as a stable for his teams, four horses. Mother earth provides a floor, but it is cleaner and sweeter than many. The food is of the very plainest—pork, bread, and tea.

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Saturday, Aug. 8, 1903.

I have not been able to go into town yet, but as we expect a man who is going to call here this morning, I shall be able to get him to post my letters, I hope. I am still here with J—, who will be going to town soon, when I shall go with him. I have been a good deal better, yesterday and to-day, although very weak. The food and the water (which is alkaline) do not agree with me at all, but they serve a good many strangers pretty much the same.

L— Hotel,  
A—,  
Aug. 21, 1903.

I drove in here from W— with J— yesterday, the bachelor with whom I have been staying. I have been very ill, and now, as I am a bit better, came here to see the doctor. He has given me a prescription for some medicine; his advice cost me \$1, and the chemist charged 95 cents for the physic, so you see medical advice is a very expensive luxury out here.

3 T

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

I cannot write more now, as I am going back to W— with a man whose wagon is now being loaded with a binder and other goods; he has only a slow team, and we shall not get there until to-morrow (Sunday).

W—,

Sept. 1, 1903.

I have agreed to work for J—, with whom I am now staying, for two months; this will take him over his harvesting. He asked me to engage for a year, but I cannot see my way to agree to that. A winter spent out here will involve a considerable outlay for suitable clothing, which every person who hopes to survive the winter must have. Then again the wages are very small, and there is the uncertainty, I fear, of getting cash at the end of the time. It is a common thing for a hired man to have to wait until the following fall for his money. I cannot say I am much better for the doctor's attention; I think the very poor food has had more to do with my illness than the cold and exposure. The water, too, is filthy stuff; our beverage is tea, but even when boiled, and the tea put in, the water "stinks." Good water is the exception to the rule out here. The bacon, too, turns bad very quickly, and that, of course, is not good for one, especially when one has it every meal. We have scarcely had a hint of summer yet; after a cold week of wind and pouring rain, it brightened up and warmed a little for a couple of days, but to-day the wind is piercing cold; it is more like a March day would be at home. It is generally very cold at night, the wind cuts across the wild, bald prairie like a knife. There is not a hill, tree, or bush anywhere to break its force. I dread to come back, and yet, look at things as hopefully as I can, I cannot see any chance of a future out here. If only I could see myself some ahead for the privations and troubles I have had, I would stand anything; but as I am a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," and all sorts of other things, to no purpose or benefit to myself, I think I should face it out now before the winter is here.

After all, these things are all links in the chain of our existence, and perhaps they are for the best.

W—,

Sunday, Sept. 6.

It is 2 P.M. I will just tell you a little of the last few days. J— wanted lumber

to build a granary with. He has not been able to cut any of his crop yet, but he must have a small granary ready by the time he has threshed. So early Thursday morning we hitched up and started for A—. J— drove one wagon and I the other. We reached a farm some eight miles from A— about six o'clock the same evening. We had supper there and stayed the night. It had been blowing cold and hard all day. As the little wooden house was very full—the people having a lot of children and a hired man—we had to roll up in our coats and sleep on the floor. In the night it froze hard, and we could not sleep at all. We did not lie down until twelve, and got up tired and miserable at 4.30. Everything was covered with white frost. After breakfast we started off and soon reached town. I was running round all day, getting stores, etc., and helping J— load the two wagons. We were ready to start at six o'clock, just supper-time. I was thoroughly tired and very hungry, but off we had to go. We kept the road until eight o'clock, and then stopped at a farm for the night. I did want my supper too. The people were out of meat (bacon), but we had potatoes and carrots, bread-and-butter and tea. About ten o'clock we retired to bed on a lounge in the kitchen. We were up at five and had breakfast (same grub as supper). It had frozen during the night, and was fearfully cold driving. We stopped for an hour at noon to rest the horses, and had to partly unload our loads and fix them again, as J—'s was slipping backwards out of the wagon, and mine slipping forward, owing to the rough travelling. We had no dinner but a couple of slices of bread-and-butter which a young girl at the place we stopped the night at had given us before we started. We had nothing to drink, the only water about being in the "sloughs," and that was not fit. We got safely over the "Mary Bone Creek," after again altering our loads. At the next creek, the "Mud Creek," J— essayed to cross first, but got stuck right in the middle in the water and mud, and could not get out. I was more fortunate, and succeeded in crossing by the side of where he was stuck. I unhitched, and we put my team in front of his and tried the four to get the load out, but it was of no use. They are four real fine bronchos, but after two or three attempts they got real mad, and broke the harness and tried to stampee. We had

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada



AFTER TWO OR THREE ATTEMPTS THEY GOT REAL MAD

all our work cut out to pacify them. There was nothing for it but to set to and take off the groceries and some of the other load, and put them on the wagon I had been driving, and go home leading the other pair of horses. We left the wagon right there and got home at ten o'clock last night, wet and cold through paddling about in the water and being in the biting cold so long without food.

To-day (Sunday) is a cold, wild, wet day, the shack is dark and damp, feeling like a dungeon. It is pouring with rain and blowing big guns. The sky is drear and

lowering, and, looking out over the prairie, it seems just like a storm at sea. I keep wondering whether I shall see any summer at all, but I am afraid not, now that we are in September. It is now about five o'clock. I left off the preceding page to get dinner, about 3.30; as we had this meal so late, it will answer the purpose of both dinner and supper. I cooked (fried) some bacon, and this, with bread and tea, comprised our meal. After this I tidied the shack (or rather tried to). The continuous wet weather makes the earth floor damp, and it smells too. It is a trouble to get a

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

fire lighted this weather, as we have only green saplings, and they get very wet. I gave a letter to a horse-dealer who was going through to post for me, and hope you will receive it safely. W— is now working in R—. When E— left his first job, he went to a Scotch farmer, but only stayed a short time, as they kept him in a state of semi-starvation. He is now with a bachelor some few miles north of A—. I have not seen him for a long time. T— is leaving the traveller he was with, and is coming out here to work over harvest. When he went West with his "boss," he had to do many things he would not do in England—selling stuff in low saloons, etc.—and in some cases he said it was just like begging. He was to have gone to V— with his "boss" next week, but after we had talked it over, he decided to tell him he would not go. I spoke to a man out here, and he is going to employ him over harvest. Poor T— will feel it hard out here, the rough work and poor food. Although his work was low down and in many ways distasteful to him, on the road he had a fairly easy time, as they always put up at the best hotels; but he cannot possibly continue, or, as he says, he will surely lose his self-respect.

W—,  
Sept. 12.

Sorry to hear of the early breaking up of summer at home. Still, a bad summer is bearable in England, but out here it is not. I have not seen any summer yet, I do not suppose I shall now. The weather has been very cold and changeable for a long time, and for the past week the wind has been N.N.E. and easterly, and has threatened to bring snow, which arrived this morning. My! but it is cold, the snow is tearing across the prairie in clouds. It is bleak and desolate. It means a great loss to the farmers if it continues much longer; in many of the crops are uncut, and will be spoiled.

I feel like what I imagine telegraph wires feel like on a windy day. All my muscles and nerves seem taut and highly strung, and the biting wind and cold seem to make them vibrate and hum, just like the wires do. It is pretty bad; even in the shack there is only green and rotten wood to burn, and that gives no heat. As you know, one cannot see the fire in these stoves, they are all closed in.

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J— tried to cut some of his flax yesterday and the day before, but first one thing, then another, went wrong with his reaper and binder, and at last, yesterday afternoon, the shaft broke, so he had to hitch up and take it to a man some ten miles off to get it repaired. So this morning we had to get up at four o'clock, and directly after breakfast he went off to fetch it. It came on to snow when he got back, and he could not go out to cut, so he had his dinner and went to bed; and I had an excellent opportunity to write some letters.

If you were to meet me out here I hardly think you would know me from Adam; you might possibly think I was the ghost of Robinson Crusoe, but you would hardly take me for myself. I have not shaved for a fortnight, the wind is too piercing. And my clothes—well! This country is very hard on clothes. The people who have to go on a journey wear great fur coats, caps and gloves already, and they want them too. I am ashamed of some of the Englishmen I have met in A—; two or three entered into conversation with me and asked me what I would advise them to do? I! why any one of them could have carried me ten miles perhaps without any inconvenience. There was only one man whom I felt sorry for, he was a little quiet-spoken tailor from Yorkshire; a married man, with a small family in England. He arrived in Ontario about a month after I got out here; and after working on a farm there came up to A— a few weeks since and tried again, but could not do the work—so as the tailor in town was rather busy, he was working for him for a time, to earn enough to carry him home. I feel sorry for poor Mr. W— too, who cast in his lot with the Barr party, and has returned to England. I thought that he might have succeeded where other men might fail, he had such pushing ways, and could make himself liked by people. And, most important of all, he had some capital. The men who do well are those who have a few thousand dollars; they can live in town and can get big interest for their money. They can safely speculate in land and town lots. Many bought good farming lands here for \$3 per acre two years ago, and have sold them for \$12 and \$15 this year.

I must close down now, as I cannot see. Soon I must get supper, go out and attend to the horses, and then set bread—which

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

will be nicely risen to bake to-morrow. So good-night.

S. A—,  
Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

As you know, I engaged with J— until Nov. 1. He again broached the subject of my staying and batching with him over winter, but that, I feel sure, is out of the question. I am never warm and comfortable even at night; my rheumatism keeps me awake the greater part of every night; my food, too, as you already know, is of the poorest and unwholesome. T—, as I have told you, is engaged with a man in this district until Nov. 1.

We consulted together, and decided that we would build a shack, and live together through the long winter, thinking this would be better for both, as we should only have our own little work to do, and could please ourselves as to our mode of living. Near my job, and running through the W— wheat-belt, is a railway line in course of construction (the one that I was hauling to). The graders are built, and the metals are being laid. A town site has been located and surveyed two miles east of J—'s. We proposed buying two lots on the instalment plan, put up a lumber shack, and trust to things moving next spring, when doubtless the elevators will be built. Our first step was to get to R—. It sounds simple, but when one is on the prairie and has no horses, it is a real difficulty to surmount. No one happened to be going into town, or anywhere where we could hope to get a conveyance. At last we heard that a man some miles down the creek was going into A— (from whence we could take the train to R—) last Wednesday. T— came over to my place on Tuesday, and we started on our walk across the prairie when the sun had set, which it does very early now. We lost our bearings, and, after a very long and tiring walk, succeeded in getting back to J—'s.

The man was supposed to start early the next morning. Our only chance to get out was to start off again, so with fresh directions we made another attempt. Of course it was quite dark by this time, and the trail we had to follow was very old and faint. We had to keep our eyes skinned to follow it, and in some places had to feel with our fingers to locate it. The wind was blowing a hurricane in our faces, and now and again it would send along a scud of fine

rain. Presently this trail was crossed by another, which we decided to take. We knew we had to cross the creek, which we soon came to; the trail ran straight through it. I was for crossing right there, but T— thought we might find a better crossing higher up or lower down. I said the trail would surely cross at the best place, but as he did not like the look of what we must go through there, we walked a piece up and a piece down the creek, but it only widened. It wound and twisted all over creation, and there were "sloughs" and mud-holes all over the place round which we had to go. In the end we started back to find the place where the trail crossed, but in the wind and terrible darkness we could not find the trail and its crossing-point again. We were pretty well played out, and things looked bad. The creek is very dangerous—full of mud-holes and springs, and in many places the mud bottom is alkaline, and will speedily suck cattle under. Even in driving through it one must go at top speed. At last we decided we must make a *détour* inland, going in a semicircle until we hit the trail, then come up it, and cross the creek where it did. After walking about and groping down in the dense darkness for some time we found the trail, and went straight to the crossing. I jumped for it first, and landed nearly in the middle; directly my feet touched the mud bottom they were sucked right in, but with two plunges I reached the weeds at the edge, and then on to hard, honest ground. T— jumped next; at the second plunge he misjudged his distance, and went down in the mud and water. He struggled into the weeds, then out. I was wet to the thighs, but T— was in a far worse plight. I gave him my arm, and we started off again.

"Boys, but it was a fright"—so dark and windy, and we were thoroughly exhausted. I knew we were in the right direction. After a time I saw a light shining across the prairie; you can see a lamplight in a shack many miles off on a dark night. We stumbled on, but it seemed a very "Will-o'-the-Wisp." When we were on the last half-mile, across the ploughed land belonging to the owner of the shack, I fell down twice from sheer exhaustion. At last we reached there, more dead than alive. It was the place we wanted, and the first stage on our journey to R—. It was owned by two brothers—"bachelors."

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The shack was 12 ft. by 12 ft. They had one small bed in which they slept. We had to remove some of our wet clothing and lie on the floor. It was cold and draughty, and we only had an overcoat each to cover us.

Instead of starting for A—— next morning (Wednesday) we had to sit in the wretched place the whole day, owing to snowstorms. As is usual here, they were nearly out of "grub." We had "straight tea" and bannock each meal, then another repetition of the preceding night. We were up at four Thursday morning, but owing to the intense cold did not start until seven. I went on the wagon with the eldest brother, and with the slowest team I ever sat behind. T—— followed some hours later with the younger with a pony and rig, that being much faster going.

We reached A—— at six in the evening—cold to the marrow, and having had nothing to eat, except one slice of bread-and-butter, since four that morning. There ended our second stage. We had supper at the hotel, and went to bed. We caught the 6.44 train to R—— Friday morning, which arrived there about 8.30.

We went to the land office, and ascertained that the town site at S—— was owned—half by the C.P.R. and half by a private person at W——, to whom I wrote. We also learned that there are no homesteads worth having, except right away north, and way back from the railway lines. We could not get back the same night, as the train did not stop at A——, so we put up at an hotel, and went back by train Saturday morning; we had breakfast when we arrived there at nine o'clock.

The man I came in with had returned on Friday, but his brother was still in town, and took T—— back that afternoon. He could not take us both, as he only had the small rig and pony.

Well, to-morrow (Tuesday) I must return to W——. I shall have to walk, as there is no one going out. It is thirty-five miles, the trails are very heavy with the snow and rain, and there are three creeks to cross. I shall start at 8 A.M., and get there, D.V., at night. We did not see W—— in R——. I had a letter from him a short time ago, saying he was working at a place some two miles out, and was earning good money, but he gave no address, and we could not find him. Poor E—— has been badly used; he had engaged with a farmer

until Dec. 1 at \$17 per month. He did all the work on the land (the farmer himself doing the "chores"). After E—— had done the ploughing and discing and stocked all the man's crop, he commenced to treat him badly. It came to a head one morning when E—— was out discing; they had a row, and E—— threw down the lines and said he would "stick it no longer." The farmer told him to "go to —." E—— said he would walk off then if his "boss" would pay him up. He said he wouldn't give him a cent. E—— asked him for \$3 which he had lent him a few days before; he went over to a neighbour's and borrowed it. E—— packed his grip and quit. He is back with a former employer now. It appears to be a common practice to do a man out of his wages by goading him to leave, and not complete his engagement. The law is all on the side of the farmer; he can even make a man pay for another man to complete his time, in the event of a hired man quitting before his time is up.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a trying day for me; it was dull, and greater part of the day it rained. I had nothing with me save the dirty things I was wearing—I looked such a "moss-back" that I couldn't go to church. This "hotel" is "lumber," bare and cheerless. The men just lounged about all day, sitting and standing about in the "waiting-room" (I suppose that is what you would call it). It is just like one at a small railway station at home—bare floor, boards, a table, and spittoons. It was so quiet and cheerless. By and by some one, in the private rooms of the proprietor, commenced to strum hymns on a cranky piano, and that seemed to complete the doleful effect. I would have liked to have been in London "at home."

W——,

Thursday evening, Oct. 29, 1903.

When I wrote last from town, I had returned there from my journey to R——, and was intending to walk out here the following (Tuesday) morning.

Well, I got up "good and early," had my breakfast, then started on my walk of thirty-five miles. I found, before I had gone a couple of them, that "I had bitten off more than I could chew" (as they say out here), so I called at the home of a man who owns land out here, thinking there was a chance of his going out. Luckily

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

for me, he intended doing so the next day, so I returned to town, and came out with him the following morning. T— came over to see me, and we went into all the "pros and cons" of our position, and decided that although we have had a rough time so far, we could not return to England, as we felt that there must be a niche for us in this new country, and that, anyway, "nothing venture nothing gain" was very true, and we could hope to succeed better out here than we could at home. We have decided to keep to our plan of starting for ourselves up at S—. I can safely assure you we have both had sufficient of farm life, as it is lived up here. Yesterday week J—, a young English bachelor, and myself started for A—. We each drove a team and wagon to fetch out lumber, building materials, stove-pipes, etc.

We left here about 8.30 A.M. It was a very cold and windy day. The wagon I was driving did not have the box on, as it was intended to carry boards. I had to sit on the reach, and let my legs dangle; it was enough to chill a bear. We just took some bread and rasher of cold bacon to eat on the way; it would not have gone down too bad if the flour had not been musty. J—'s last bag was stale and mouldy—our bread has been very indifferent consequently.

We reached town about 4.30 P.M., and soon commenced loading my lumber. We knocked off at six for supper, and went to bed early, in nice, clean, warm beds in the hotel. Next morning we completed loading the lumber, etc.; after dinner I got a stove and plenty of stove-pipes to warm our little house, also some cooking utensils we required.

We left town about 3.30, and went some twelve miles on our road. It was a deadly cold evening. At last we put up at a German's house for the night; the "Frau" told us her man was from home, so we should have to sleep in the stable. We were only too anxious to get in anywhere, so of course said "All right." We had a piece of bacon among our stores, so the "Frau" cooked us some, which with bread and tea comprised our supper. Afterwards we adjourned to the stable to sleep; it was the draughtiest and coldest stable I have been in. It was freezing hard outside. I did not sleep a wink all night through the cold and wretched rheumatism. At seven

o'clock we had breakfast—same grub as supper—then started off, and reached J—'s about 4 P.M. tired out, but with our loads safe and secure.

I think I have mentioned before that J— has been ailing a good deal lately. Well, about one o'clock Saturday morning I had to get up, and light a fire and attend to him; he was screaming with a terrible pain in his side. I was rubbing him, and making irons and flannel hot until nine o'clock. Sunday night and Monday morning he was even worse; I sat up for three nights with him, and was not feeling at all well myself. You cannot imagine how dreadful it seems to be alone with a sick man out here on the lonely prairie, especially during the night, when all is so silent outside, and he is groaning and writhing in pain, and when one almost fears the worst, and cannot give him relief. I am glad to say he is lots better now. He says he does not know what he would have done had I not been with him; he has told several people who have called to see him that I am a good nurse. Well, I am very tired, so will shake down my "doss" on the floor, and get in. I will write some more to-morrow.

### *Friday evening.*

Last night was very cold and clear, and the whole horizon was red with the great prairie fires. They have been very bad lately, and are raging again this evening. We have not much to fear from them, however, around here, as we are protected by good fire-guards. These are made by ploughing a number of furrows round the lands, which the fire rarely manages to cross. Millions of little white snow-birds swarm the prairie, and the quacking of great flocks of wild geese are heard at frequent intervals as they fly overhead on their way to kinder climes for the winter. When there are a good number in a flock, they make as much noise as a big pack of hounds in full cry. All Nature's signs herald the near approach of winter. The sun sets at 4.30 now. We have to light the lamp when we rise at five o'clock.

I have promised to stay with J— over threshing, which should be another fortnight. After that I shall shift my materials over to the town site, and build our house. We have to choose our lot or lots, which we shall have to buy by three instalments. We really should have two, if our funds

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada



I HAD TO BEAT IT OUT WITH MY SACK

will permit, in the business section of the site. Two are easier to dispose of than one, as people requiring lots for business purposes generally want two; they are 100 ft.  $\times$  25 ft. I have been very careful to plan everything to the best advantage, and to have a home suitable to carry us through the long cold winter. Our house will contain two rooms, and will measure 14 ft.  $\times$  18 ft.; it will be double-boarded and tar-papered throughout. We shall only use one room through the winter—the small one—which will be formed by a partition across one end of the building, making a long slip-room 8 ft.  $\times$  14 ft.; the stove is a four-ring, flat-top cooking stove. We have a good

supply of seven-inch pipes, sufficient to carry the heat all round our room. We had hoped to have had the first house at S—, but a firm from I— have built and started a good store there last week. A well-to-do man, who owned the largest of the two hotels at A— a couple of years ago, is going to build an hotel at S—. There is a petition out for a post-office. The metals are being laid, and the railway company promise to have cars through this winter to haul out the crops of the district. Next spring the elevators are going up.

*Saturday evening.*

It is a very clear and cold night, and the cold seems to seek out and penetrate every

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

crack and corner in this shack. I shall be glad when our own little home is up, and ready for T—— and myself, so that we can get a little comfort.

The northern lights are grand to-night. I have seen them many times since I have been here, but to-night they eclipse anything I have seen as yet. Half the sky is filled with ever-changing effects; sometimes they will look like the reflection of the moonlight on a running stream, and then suddenly roll back and look like curtains of soft primrose-coloured flame, spreading out one over another, and then these will speedily spread out into arcs and circles of light.

Now I must tell you how we hope to do some business next spring. I have applied for several agencies—including implement and harness firms. I am very anxious to obtain these articles to sell on commission, as there is a great demand for all kinds. Hitherto people in this district have had to go to A—— and I—— for implements, coals, lumber, and in fact for almost everything. These places are respectively thirty-five and forty-five miles distant, so you can imagine how glad the people are to get the railway and towns near by to go to, to do their business. Several have asked me to get a couple of car-loads of coal and lumber directly the line opens. I certainly would do so, only for lack of money. Both these articles fetch exorbitant prices for the most inferior stuff, and cannot be obtained cheaply anywhere in the North-West.

*Monday, Nov. 2, 1903.*

I walked over to a neighbour's some four miles away, and got my mail, including yours of Oct. 14. I have written F—— a long letter, telling of T——'s and my own projects for the winter. I am sure you will concur in them, and will think I am right in deciding not to return. I should hate to be classed amongst "The Noble Army of Canadian Failures." I am sure we shall get along all right if my health will improve. I am pretty tough with a bad cold now, and have gone off my feed. Where I had my dinner yesterday they had a cow, and you cannot imagine how I enjoyed my tea with *milk* in it. Can you send me a Christmas pudding if you receive this in time? and please ask F—— to send a few paper-covered books and a few decent smokes.

*(To be continued.)*

*L—— Hotel, A——, Canada,  
Sunday, Nov. 8, 1903.*

Since I wrote last week I have had rather a stirring time. I know I have mentioned in my letters that the prairie fires had been very numerous around W——. Well, one struck us last Tuesday afternoon.

In the morning I walked from J——'s to S—— to choose our lot, and obtained one on Broadway 25 ft. x 125 ft. I afterwards had a lift on a wagon back.

The morning was very close and hot, and there was a suspicion of smoke and burning in the atmosphere. After dinner a kind of hush fell over things. The birds all seemed to quieten down and then disappear. Presently a dense black smoke began to obscure the bright sun and sky. Suddenly the fire came raging across the dry prairie in a straight, scorching row of living flame. It struck the whole half-mile on the west side of J——'s  $\frac{1}{4}$ -section simultaneously.

We were armed with wet sacks, J—— stood in the centre of the fire-guard, and I at the top end of it. We could not see, and could scarcely breathe for the dense smoke, hot flames and flying sparks.

The fire came across the end of the guard where I was, at a weak spot, and I had to beat it out with my sack, until I could not stand, but had to fall down and scrub it out, with my hands covered, of course, with the sack.

J—— had put up some hay in the summer some three miles away, and he was very anxious about it, so he left me to watch the farm, while he went and burned the grass all round his haystacks, thus protecting them, as, of course, the fire cannot run over prairie that has been recently burned.

Soon after dark the fire started back, burning to the opposite side of the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -section, and was coming towards the stubble on which J——'s oat and flax stacks were standing. It was a lonely, creepy job; I had to keep going round watching that sparks and embers did not start up a fire inside the guard. It was a dark night, but all around were the fires; they were burning slower now, but they flitted across the prairie like waves of fire, one directly behind another.

J—— came back later in the evening, and at ten o'clock we were safe enough to go to bed.

## Indelible Ink

SEATED on the rough wooden piles that form the end of the quaint stone pier at Seascove were two figures, a man and a woman. All day long the place had been tenanted by a small crowd of bare-legged, sunbrowned urchins, under the happy impression that their efforts with fishing-nets, tin pails, litter of seaweed and liliputian crabs would result in a successful catch of "bait." Now, the westering sun had sent them trudging homewards, tired and hungry, to the late tea or supper in which all the lodgers in Seascove seemed to indulge at this hour, judging from the smoke rising from the chimneys and the odours which floated from the row of white cottages on the cliff. The jetty was deserted save for Dick Martin and his sweetheart Maggie. Dick, a stalwart young sailor, bronzed and handsome, was laying his lines with more science and skill than the previous occupants, but withal only giving half attention to the work. His glance wandered frequently to the trim and dainty figure by his side, and the blue eyes spoke eloquent things, though the lips were silent.

"Well, I must be goin' on, Dick," the girl said presently; "I've to go awver to Lymington, this evemen. The ladies in our parlour want strawberries for dessert to-morrow, and all the Seascove folk sends theirs into town; I can't get none nearer."

"Come up awver cliff then," said Dick persuasively. "'Tis a lovely evemen fur a walk, and 'tesn't but a quarter-mile further. 'Tis too bad they do meake 'ee go so fur for 'en. Why couldn't 'un fetch 'en theirselves? Spoilin' our laast evemen together!"

"Last evemen, Dick?" said Maggie with a start. "You're never sailin' to-morrow?"

"No, no, lass. Cap'en sails at flood o' Monday. What I was meanin'—'tes Sunday to-morrer, thee'll be to church; this be our laast chance o' time together free an' easy like. Don't zim to I right fur 'ee to be slavin' fur other volks, like what thee does."

"Oh, that's no harm," answered Maggie hastily. "In lettin' time every one has to work hard—besides," she added, with a quick glance to see the effect of her next

words—"I don't mean to stay in Seascove much longer."

It was Dick's turn to start now. He rose from his sitting posture, and laying his hand on her shoulder, looked straight into her face, saying half-fearfully, "Whatever dost thee mean, lass?"

Maggie shook off his hand petulantly. "If you want to come with me, you must come at once, Dick; I can't stop here all night."

"Nay, but tell me what be thy meanin'. I shouldn't never be easy if I thought thee was out o' thy mother's care, while I be away awver sea—and 'twull be fur a long spell this time."

"How you do talk, Dick! Any one 'ud think I was a baby to hear you! I'm twenty-one, and you know so well as I do that nobody could find a duller hole than Seascove to live in—'specially with you away too!"

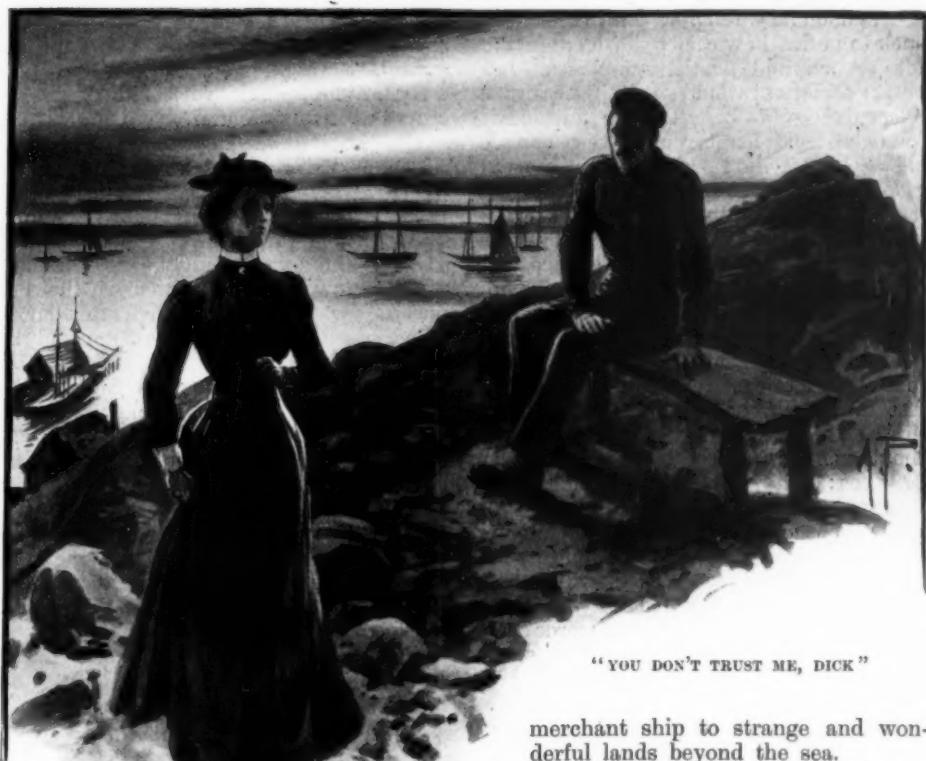
This was added half in a whisper, and with the pretty face averted to escape possible caresses.

They were climbing the cliff now, and Dick's strong arm was round her waist, his swinging step half lifting her over the steeper parts. Who could hurry on such an evening as this, with the midsummer sun still high in the heavens, and the glow of colour over land and sea scarcely less perfect than the sky itself, which already gave promise of a glorious crimson sunset?

Maggie easily allowed herself to be persuaded that she was out of breath with the climb, and needed a rest on the rough bench at the top of the hill from whence they could look down to the busy harbour of Lymington, the seaport town lying in the wide valley between the hills; and from which Dick's ship would be sailing before many more hours should pass.

He seated himself beside Maggie, saying coaxingly, "Neow tell I, lass, what do 'ee mean by sayin' thee be goin' away? Zims to me thee'd fur better bide in comfable whoam."

"Yes, and live like a old woman, never nothin' new to do or see. I'm sick of it," said the girl impatiently. "The ladies up to our house want me to go back to London



"YOU DON'T TRUST ME, DICK"

with them, and be their maid. They say I should soon learn, I wait on 'em so nice now, and they'd like a healthy country girl, and I should have good money;—real big wages, Dick, so as I could lay some by towards—towards getting my—things," she added shyly. Then in bolder tones,— "My mind's quite made up, Dick, so 'tisin't no use trying to stop me now."

London! This was beyond Dick's worst fears! He knew impulsive, wayward Maggie better than she knew herself. Had he not been her protector from childhood upwards both at school and at play? Many were the scrapes and adventures they had shared together as comrades till the time had come for Dick to play a man's part in the world, and he had extracted from his little lass a half-laughing promise to be true to him while he sailed away in the big

merchant ship to strange and wonderful lands beyond the sea.

How often had he pictured her to himself during the night-watch; blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sunny-haired, sitting on her doorstep in the summer evenings after the day's work was done. He had watched her about the house-place, at her mother's side, he had walked across the fields to church with her; all the scenes which came to him were as natural and familiar as the daylight.

But now——! To think of her in strange places, where his mind's eye could no longer follow her—with strange people—lonely—perhaps ill. No, no, it would not do. She was too young, too pretty. He heaved a deep sigh, and Maggie, half divining his thoughts, rose to her feet, and began to descend the hill, saying impatiently, "'Tis because you don't trust me, Dick. You think I won't be true."

And indeed this was the very fear now tugging at honest Dick's heart-strings. His little Maggie would *mean* to be true, but what about the days when the smart London fellows would make their pretty compliments to her? How would she think of rough Dick then, with his weather-beaten

## Indelible Ink

face and clumsy tongue? He had been quick to notice how easily she learned the soft speech and gentle manners of her mother's lodgers; would she be just as quick to learn the ways of a London fine lady? Could he trust her through every change and chance of life? His worldly wisdom told him *no*; even while his big, loving heart turned aside in shame at harbouring such cruel thoughts. He put them from him, and walked by her side in silence, trying to frame some argument strong enough to turn her from her course.

And Maggie walked on too, with head erect and eyes defiant. It was a shame Dick couldn't trust her. She could take care of herself, how could she convince him? Then a sudden thought sprang up. Should she? Dare she? Could she bear it? Yes; she would. Dick would know she loved him then.

"Dick," she said, turning and looking up at his downcast face, with all the fire gone from her own eyes—"Dick, will't show you I'm goin' to be true if I let you—mark my arin, like yours?" The last words came almost in a whisper, and Dick stopped short, the red blood flushing up under his brown skin. Then he asked breathlessly—

"Dost really mean it, lass? Won't it hurt thee too much, my darlin'?"

"I'd rather bear that than have you think unkind things of me," Maggie said in a quavering voice; "other girls have it done, so I s'pose I can. You'd better do it to-night before I've time to be sorry."

Dick looked doubtful. "I aren't got the tackle wi' me," he said slowly, "and 'twill be darkish afore we gets back. No, lass, best wait till Monday's morn. Thee shan't do it wi'out considerin', though I be rare and proud to know thee thought upon it thyself. Look'ee, take and sleep on't; and if thee be in the same mind to-morrow, tell I after evemen church, and I'll bring tackle down to Cove at five o'clock o' Monday's morn. I mun be awver to Lymingport afore seven."

Now across Dick's brawny arm, written in a good bold hand, and embellished with many a wonderful curve and flourish, was inscribed the magic token—"Maggie is my only love."

He had shown it to her with a thrill of delight on his return from his first voyage, narrating with some pride his sufferings at the hands of the operator. He remembered even venturing on a half-suggestion that she

should submit herself to a like process before he sailed again; and her indignant refusal. Surely, surely, he argued, she must truly love him now, if she could of her own accord offer this proof of affection.

His heart swelled with pride in her courage. She should not suffer more than he could help; the single word "Dick" would be enough to remind her of him, and even that he would not write, unless she came to him quite willingly.

Even now, he half doubted whether her purpose would hold through the hours which must intervene before it could be carried out.

But it did!—by some strange contradiction in the shallow nature; and "Monday's morn" found Maggie at the trysting-place, and its later hours saw her going about the day's work with a triumphant light in her pale face.

She had made Dick trust her at last; and not even the smarting pain in the now swelling arm could spoil the memory of the love in his eyes as he held her close and whispered blessings on her head.

And Dick? It was not till many hours later that Dick remembered that after all Maggie had not promised not to go to London.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Misses Forrester were warmly congratulated by their friends on the new parlourmaid—"Such a pretty girl! Such nice manners! So neat too! Where did you hear of her?"

And Maggie's mistresses would smile contentedly, and only hope she would stay with them; she was indeed a treasure, they would do anything to keep her, but, alas! she was so pretty, she had already several admirers.

And indeed Maggie's first few months in town quite fulfilled her expectations. Used to hard work at home, she thought little of the duties at which many a London girl grumbles; and her bright, attractive manner, and fresh country colouring, soon brought her notice from "the grocer's young man," the tall policeman at the corner, and one or two other equally eligible acquaintances. Her fellow-servants, at first inclined to be jealous of the favourite, were presently won over by her good-temper and readiness to lend a helping hand on busy days.

Her "evenings out" were seldom unoccupied, for the Misses Forrester had introduced her to the Secretary of the

Young Women's Club in an adjacent street, and here she soon found friends enough to keep her from experiencing the terrible loneliness which comes to many a country girl in London.

The never-ending crowd of people caused her a bewildering delight, and the bright shops, with all their fascinating allurements, tempted her many a time to expend some of the "big wages," which she had meant to save up for a very different purpose.

And did she never think of Dick? Oh dear, yes! in a vague, undefined, half-uncomfortable sort of way: but every day was so full of interest that she drifted along with the tide, sometimes with the feeling that if she didn't mind she would meet with rocks ahead, but oftener not thinking at all. One thing she was very sure of, she didn't want to go back to life at Seascope; this was far, far nicer.

The blue lettering on her arm annoyed her now. How silly she had been! How could she ever have suggested it? and then insisted with quite unnecessary devotion—not only on the name "Dick," but also on the fatal words "I love"?

Well, there! it was no use worrying over it now; London was such a wonderful place no doubt there were people in it who knew how to take out such marks—if ever she wanted them taken out! This last with a mental vision of the tall policeman, together with a half-tender memory of faithful Dick.

And so the months rolled on, and more than a year passed away, and still Maggie remained parlourmaid to the Misses Forrester. But the strain of London life was beginning to tell on her country constitution, the weary stairs had taken the roses from her cheeks, and in the late autumn, which was unusually damp and foggy, poor Maggie fell a victim to typhoid; and woke up one day out of her delirium to find herself in the ward of a big hospital.

But all this was past now, she was getting better fast; indeed, the nurse had told her only that morning that she would be out in another week, and then she was to go to her own home by the sea to get strong again. Miss Forrester had said so when she was last at the hospital.

Poor Maggie! This piece of "good news" was very unwelcome, and it brought no light to the thin, white face in which the blue eyes had grown so big, so big. She lay looking so woebegone and miserable that

the busy nurse stopped to rally her when next she passed that way.

"Come, come, don't wear such a dismal face; you're getting on fine, we shall have you about in no time, you'll see; but you must keep up your spirits, and not get the 'typhoid hump'!"

"Oh, nurse dear," Maggie cried eagerly, "could you do me a kindness? Do get the doctor—*my* doctor, you know, the one that's been so good to me—to speak to me private when he comes in again."

"Why? What do you want with him? Don't you be getting nervous now. There's nothing the matter with you but weakness."

"I know, I know, but I *do* want him; I've somethin' I want to ask him particularly—oh, do please tell him, nurse!"

"All right," nurse promised in soothing tones; "don't get excited, I'll ask him for you," and she passed on her way.

Maggie lay motionless, with bright eyes and a flushed face when the hour for the doctor's visit came round. She must keep herself well in hand, or her heart would thump so hard she wouldn't be able to speak to him.

"Well, my girl!" he said kindly, "what can I do for you? There's nothing for you to be anxious about."

"Oh! doctor!" Maggie cried, raising herself in the bed, "you've been so kind—there's one thing more I want to ask you to do for me before I go out from here."

"What is it?" he asked, looking down at her curiously.

"Oh, doctor, I want you to give me somethin' to take this out"—and with a great effort, Maggie bared her thin arm, on which the words "I love Dick" stood emblazoned with startling distinctness against the white flesh.

The doctor suppressed a smile. "I'm afraid that's beyond my skill," he said; "those marks never come out."

Maggie turned and sobbed into her pillow.

"Why do you mind so much?" he asked gently. "I don't expect Dick minds; I expect he tattooed it himself, didn't he?"

A piteous look answered him.

"Oh!" she gasped, "but—but—it isn't Dick now—it's *Tom*."

The busy doctor was haunted by the



"THOSE MARKS NEVER COME OUT"

appealing face of the "poor little butterfly," as he went about his work next day. Vague memories of Omar Khayyam floated through his mind; he couldn't get the verse quite right, how did it run? Something about a Finger writing, and

— "having writ  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."  
"Well!" he said, "she's had her lesson,  
poor child. Let's hope she'll profit by it."  
F. E. S.

## The Bells

'TIS sweet to wander in the fields  
Alone at eventime,  
And, rapt in silent thought, to hear  
The distant village chime.  
O'er wood and meadow floats the peal  
Like birds on silver wings,  
That sing of happy years gone by,  
And sweet forgotten things.

It tells of confidence and mirth  
When all the path lay clear,  
Of bright-eyed youth, of cloudless brow,  
Of hope denying fear.  
It whispers thoughts of student days,  
Those full-lived days of yore:  
The keen delight of harmless strife  
Those sounds awake once more.

The tournaments of tongue and pen,  
The struggles free from spite,  
The evening stroll, the midnight talk,  
All in those notes unite.  
Oh how we vowed to right the wrong,  
And scorn both blame and praise,  
To do some good, perhaps be great,  
In those ambitious days!

The years have flown, and all around  
Unchanged pursues its way;  
And some are cold, and some are sad,  
And some have left the fray.  
The pity of it! but ring on!  
Wake, sad, reproachful chime,  
The daring visions of that brave  
Irrevocable time!

C. DU PONTET.

# A Silent Land

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER CROW



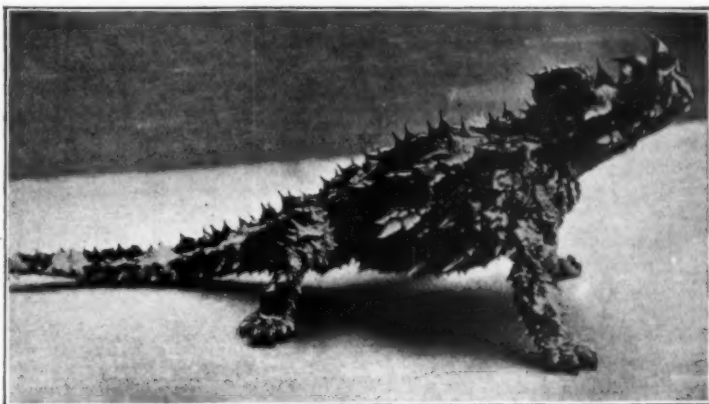
THE WATERLESS INTERIOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

THE "Never, Never Country," the rainless interior of Australia which no white man has ever inhabited, comprises by far the larger part of that island continent. The mountain ranges fringe the coast and wrest from the winds their blessing of rain, and when they pass over the great plains of the interior, their course unimpeded by any hills, they have no moisture left to impart, so the land lies barren.

The first picture will give a good idea of the nature of this desolate country. The trees are stunted and dry, and have little foliage, and what leaves there are

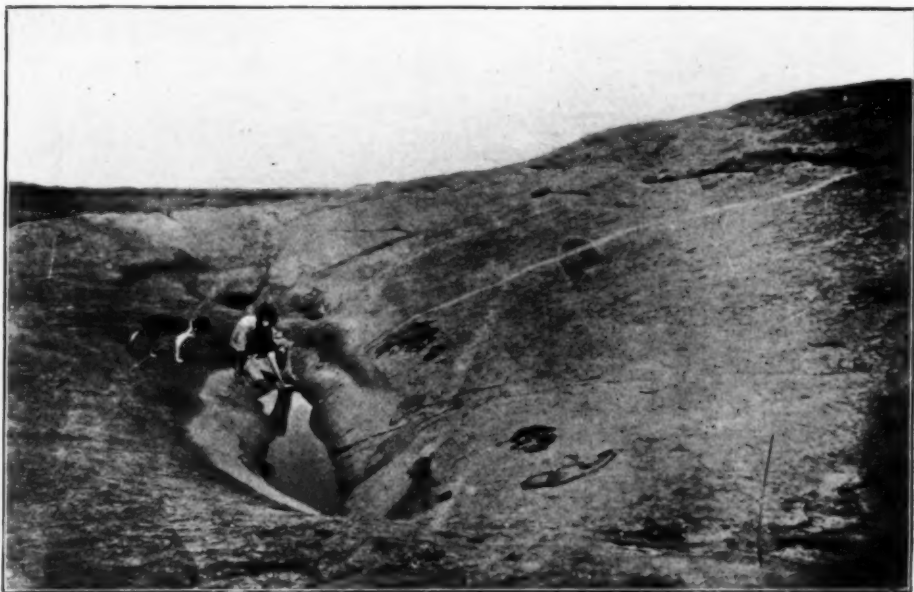
are usually coated with red or brown dust. On the ground there is no grass, there are hundreds of miles of red or brown earth, unclothed except by sparse, stunted scrub.

There is very little animal or bird life, and what birds there are are voiceless.



THE MOUNTAIN DEVIL

## A Silent Land



A GNAMMA HOLE

This absence of singing birds renders the bush almost as silent as the grave. This death-like silence has a peculiarly depressing effect. If two men are camped in the bush, and one of them goes to a distant township to get provisions while the other remains behind to look after the camp, the man who is to remain says to his mate in forcible gold-fields language, such as the editor will not admit to his pages, "Don't you be long away, you know what kind of a place this is to live in by yourself;" and if his mate is away for two or three days the silence gets upon the man's nerves, and in the end he shouts in order to

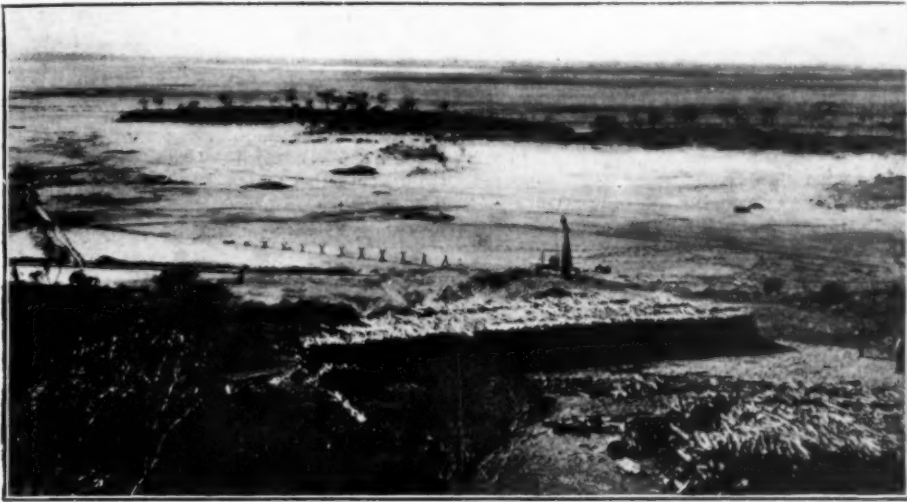
make a noise, and then he is afraid of the sound of his own voice.

Almost the only existing animal life is of the lizard kind, and very ugly. The



A GRANITE ROCK

## A Silent Land

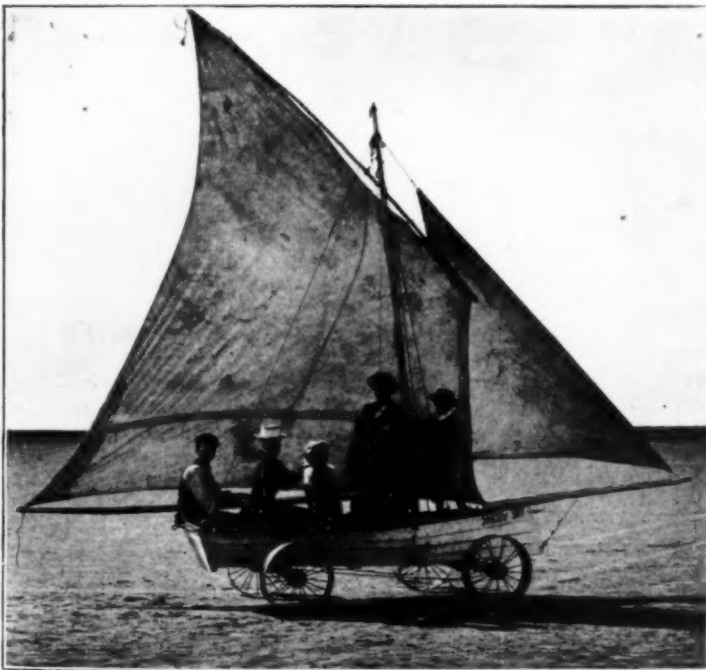


A SALT LAKE

illustration shows the ugliest specimen—a mountain devil. It is not such a formidable creature as it looks in the picture, it is only six or eight inches long, but it is quite as ugly as it looks, being covered all over with

horny spikes. It has many peculiarities. It changes colour with changing lights. It has never been known either to eat or drink. A lady in Kalgoorlie had one as a pet (ladies have curious fancies in respect of pets);

she was concerned about its welfare, for though it had been in her possession for three months she had neither seen it eat nor drink. Then an old prospector whom she consulted about it advised her to put it in water, and when she did so, the creature absorbed it into its body as a sponge would do. And though so ugly, it shares this peculiarity with many people, that it does not "see itself as others see it," for if it is placed before a mirror it will stand stock still admiring its reflection for hours at a time.



A YACHT ON LAKE LEFROY

## A Silent Land

How did the prospectors who discovered the gold manage to penetrate so far inland? Where did they get a supply of water? The third and fourth pictures will answer the question. At intervals all through that country there are huge granite rocks covering acres of ground, some shaped like great basins with holes in the bottom—natural cisterns; they are called gnamma holes. A very slight shower of rain sends a lot of water down the rocks into these holes, and being deep and narrow at the mouth so that

white in the sun, and they know that it is the too-oft-repeated story—"a party perished for want of water."

But a study of a map of Western Australia would lead one to believe that it is a well-watered country; there are large lakes marked upon it. Like many another thing that has little practical use, they "look well on paper." There is no water in them, they are shallow depressions in the ground of great extent, coated over with salt. After one of the heavy local thunder-



WILD FLOWERS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

there is not much evaporation, they will contain water for months at a time.

The fourth picture shows another kind of rock shaped like a knoll. The water trickling down its sides settles in clay basins at the bottom, and sinking wells a few feet there water might be found; these latter are called "soaks." On these two precarious sources of supply men risk their lives in their search for gold. If a party of prospectors, their water spent, come to one of these granite rocks and are disappointed in their hope of finding water, unless there is another rock within easy reach they perish. Frequently explorers in the centre of that country came across skeletons bleaching-

storms they contain a few inches of water, but it soon evaporates under the scorching heat of an Australian sun. There have been a few attempts at navigation on these lakes. Our picture represents a yacht on Lake Lefroy.

At long intervals there is a good fall of rain. When that happens the whole country is transformed from utter barrenness into a veritable paradise, for everlasting daisies in every variety and colour clothe all the wide waste with beauty.

This brief description will convey to the readers some idea of a country which ten years ago lay silent and empty, but is now the site of large towns.

# Little Davy

BY E. ROWLAND OWEN

"Something attempted, something done."—*The Village Blacksmith.*

"HER—ALD!" "Chron—icle!" "Adver—tiser!" How familiar the well-remembered names sound to me still as they did over twenty years ago, when I, the Davy Jones of younger days,

poverty and asthma, with her tears and swollen face, and eyes blacked-rimmed and purpled with her cough!

"Pa—pers?" How weak and hollow now as I look back on the past, echoed that



DOWN THE NARROW STREETS AS I RAN PANTING

was a ragged, shoeless, empty-bellied strippling of ten, without a father, brother or sister, thrown on this grasping Universe,—a helpless wee mite with but a simple, tumble-down cottage for a home; struggling might and main as I did in my boyish endeavours to keep the ever-threatening wolf from the door of that little cot where my poor dear widowed mother struggled to exist; fighting, fighting—oh, so bravely as she did!—against the soul-consuming pangs of

dreary cry week after week, month after month, down the narrow streets, as I ran panting and breathless to be the first in the race, while the others, like a pack of hounds, chased me with all their might, hurling their blasphemous cries after my onward, headlong rush! "Herald?"—"Thank you, sir." "Chron—icle!" "Adver—tiser!" here, there and everywhere, pocketing as I went the precious pennies wherewith to buy the next small crust for home. "— yer

## Little Davy

eyes!" (I forbear the profanation), and the other yelping rags of newsboys are on my track hurling eternal torment on my head for daring to be the first, until, dodging round a favourite corner—my last resort,—I knew those wolves—and I am lost to them for a time. Still breathlessly onward I press my way, stopping at intervals to leave a copy of the prints with my standing customers. How well do I remember the pride I felt at having the distinction of customers who only dealt with *me*! Still on and on from shop to shop I plunged, no sooner in than out, sale or no sale, like some startled animal, as the merry pence chinking in my pockets told me they were filling; and oh, how my weary, shoeless feet dodged and twisted about with their fantastic tricks with astonishing dexterity to escape the threatening attacks of better-shod feet than mine! And how the sweet, warm breath of a solitary confectioner's shop hard by seduced me to its folds to fill my empty belly if only with the delicious redolence of its tempting sweetmeats!

"Pa—pers?" The dull winter's sun has shone its last that day. The hushed and solemn Twilight is slumbering on the shadowy breast of Night. The oil-lamps flicker in the thinning streets with their dull and yellow glare; the shops illumine their windows a trifle brighter, but soon too they are in darkness; the shutters are up, the night is closed without, and the people hurrying on, disperse, to home, to club or tavern, and soon the little town fades into semi-darkness and peace!

"Pa—pers?" Still a few more left as I drag my tired body away to some neighbouring lamp-post whose light winked and fluttered in the cold north wind, wondering as I crouched there before I trod my weary way home when I should dispose of the remainder of my stock. Sick at heart I would watch the flitting and fantastic shadows on the red blind of the "Roebuck" tavern close by. Alone and shivering, I was indeed glad of even the dumb and solitary company of those silent moving shadows.

But let me pause here for a moment. There is one indeed in this ungodly crew of newsboys whom I cannot think of without feelings of gratitude. It is of you, Georgie, I am thinking. Yet, indeed, you were as keen and as boisterous as the rest of them while the hot pursuit lasted. You too, like them, sent your curses flying after me if

by chance I should be first in the race. Yes, you were all this; yet I cannot forget that it was *you* above all others, after the long and weary chase was over, and the others had forsaken me, who so often sought me out, huddling perhaps the remnants of my stock in some quiet corner. It was *you* who then cheered me awhile with the rough-and-tumble humour of your warm and generous Irish blood. It was *you* who hustled me straightway to a neighbouring confectioner's shop to gaze for a preliminary moment on the tempting luxuries within. It was *you* (looking round the while to see that your mummie was not hovering about;—ah, Georgie, how well do I remember those dodges of yours!) who darted in that sweet-smelling establishment like lightning while I held the remainder of your sheets, and as rapidly darted out again with a smile as long as it was broad. It was *you* who then instantly shared with me the steaming-hot cakes you had bought, and both of us as quickly devoured in some sheltered nook hard by!

Yes, this was all you, Georgie! If you are alive now and should read these lines, accept this passing tribute of my gratitude—a gratitude that has not and cannot be dimmed by years.

But, George Farrell, perhaps from the immeasurable heights of Prosperity which you may have ascended to since then you may look down reprovingly on me for daring to use the familiar name I now address you by. But whether you be peer in your robes or peasant in fustian, a millionaire or pauper, whether you inhabit a mansion or a hovel, you will at any rate grant me this: let my gratitude be given to the source from whence it sprang—the boyhood of those days;—not the man—and to the dear and well-remembered name I knew and loved you by—Georgie!

Papers? No, not again that night. The last was sold. My parched throat should rest until the morrow, and I dragged my aching limbs homeward a proud and richer paper-boy by ninepence! Oh, the agony of those weary hours, hungry, barefooted, and in rags, as I toiled on and on, doing my little best, knowing as I did full well—and I know it doubly so now—that each small penny earned was a gold mine to my dear mother, as it was in very truth a sublime paradise of rapture to me, conscious as I was then—and I shall feel it to my dying day as the sweetest consolation

of my life—that I was doing my *duty* to my widowed mother and to God!

Cough! cough! cough! agonised my ears again, which it had so often done before as I walked into the desolate little cottage we called a home. Home? Oh, God!

"Poor dear mummie," I said, kissing her tenderly as she crouched over the cold, fireless grate; "poor dear mummie, and this is all I can give you—ninepence. It is all I have earned, and I have tried so hard! Never mind, mummie; when I grow up to be a man and rich, I shall be so kind and good to you. Oh, if God would only make me rich *now*, mummie!"

But it was not to be.

Ah, how many nights have I laid awake in my little bed dreaming in childish fancy of those beautiful castles we all so often build and which so soon dissolve and melt away for ever ere scarce the dream has ceased! What comfort, what happiness, what warmth should be hers; and above all else, what nursing back to health! It was for her alone my day-dreams were created, I thought not once of myself. In those sweet boy-fancies—and oh, how true they seemed!—I fondly expected some angel or fairy-god to knock at our cottage-door, and deposit his treasure-load of wealth and disappear as mysteriously as he came. But, ah, he never comes! Those knocks we never hear!

And so the sad routine went on from Friday night to Saturday night—the intervening week-days from Monday morning I spent in the parish school—plodding silently on; weeping, toiling and grieving; but still on and on to a higher and happier destiny.

In addition to the pence I took home each week we received by way of parish relief the sum of two shillings and sixpence, and that was the whole of our income wherewith to pay the rent and exist! From the bottom of my heart—God help the poor!

Having no other source of support, and finding after Tuesday each week an empty cupboard, my mother would look so sorrowfully at me and tears would fill her eyes. That was enough. I knew I must go somewhere and beg something to bring home to eat. And away I trudged mile after mile as stealthily as I could lest some stray neighbour or other might waylay me and guess my errand—for young as I was, I

yet had a proud spirit in me; but an instant's thought of my dear mother smothered that—and there I begged our daily bread.

Ah, how sweet were those crumbs from the rich and poor man's table as I went from door to door fondly nursing the precious charity in my little bag! Footsore and weary I would arrive home again to find my mother still crying as she prepared to make what little blaze she could out of the small bundle of faggots I had picked up by the way. Then we set-to, to devour the miscellaneous scraps—like manna from Heaven—that I had begged and brought home untouched, to last as well they might until the morrow brought round once more the same appeal to charity.

"Pa—pers?" Friday night has come again, and I find myself once more at the old, old post,—O, when would it end!—waiting my turn for the night's delivery!

Then again the same breathless headlong rush, and still the same old madcap race of the other boys behind, with the same old vulgar curses from their profane throats.

But onward I went conquering on the way, pence by pence, and still my lightning feet were far more nimble than their tongues.

"Pa—pers?" always the same monotonous struggle until I had attained my twelfth birthday and a half;—a wee mite filled with ambition for better things that never seemed to come.

And now the stern necessity of leaving school (although I was yet under age) crept upon me with all the obstacles and disadvantages this world could bestow save for the simple learning (and that wasn't much) I had had from the parish school. Ah, that school! What memories it unconsciously recalls! Let me pause once more in the narration. Let me shut out, if only for a moment, the bitter remembrances of those unhappy days, while I gather round me some of those boys who trod its dear old classic ground. Let me live those days over again. It will be a relief indeed to me to staunch the tears that flow, unbidden, as I write. Readers, forgive me, then, for a moment while I reverently survey those boy-shadows as they march past; yet indeed the sound of their footsteps may not be for your unfamiliar ears, nor their happy faces for your stranger eyes. Yes, I see them still; the same old Whiskers, Mickey Drippin, Fat

## Little Davy

Ben, Pickles, Nebuchadnezzar, Lazarus, Slops, Mousey—God bless them! I see them all now as I did then, marching before me along the silent byways of the Past.

Where are those boyish faces now? Yet boys indeed no longer, but living men,—men in the noblest sense, I hope—or restful souls in the blest eternal Heavens.

They have marched by. I hear the last faint footsteps sounding away in the long

a farewell for ever, but it may not be. They are gone, and like chaff are scattered to the winds, the majority of whose boyish faces (I cannot think of them as men) I may see no more.

And the school? Yes, I love that too, with its old crusty-looking walls mouldering by the breath of Time, within whose embrace I have spent many a dreary, loveless hour; yet I cannot help but love it with a sacred worship I cannot tell, mellowing and ripening as it does as years roll on. The master



SHE KNELT BY THE PROSTRATE FORM

green avenues of Memory. Ring the curtain down again. The last has gone.

Some of those days were indeed sunshine to me at times;—some of the warm and generous though fitful beams of happiness that occasionally lighted up my soul and brought laughter to my lips. In this spirit have I paused for a moment in reflection; and yet how much longer I could linger on these memories I cannot tell, but I must stay the pen and with a longing regret I bid adieu to my old dear school-mates, for all of whom I cherish a warm affection still. Something like a pang thrills through me as I write these words. It seems like

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has gone too, many years ago, and a new one has taken his place. But there are no "Whiskers" or "Mickey Drippin" now. They are all gone and a new generation has stepped in. The old has ceased. It is many years now since last I saw those hallowed walls. Yet I never, never pass or think of them without some pangs of remembrances—regrets and pleasures, laughter and tears—all crowding upon me as I fondly linger on the past.

O, the childish dreams that swept through my mind day by day after leaving school, as I trudged along, buffeted from

pillar to post, in my vain endeavours to get employment! From shop to shop I went, from coal-mine to coal-mine to earn some bread-and-cheese, in however humble a capacity, keeping watch some days in my travels over some standing horse's head. O, the mockery of the thing! A monster of an animal, as it seemed to me then, watched and protected by a mite like me, that a moderate breath of wind might blow away!

"Poor little chap!" some kind heart whispered one hot day in August as she knelt by my prostrate form in a harvest-field where I had got a couple of days' work at sixpence a day; "poor little chap; he's fainted," and so it seemed I partially had when I rallied. My anxiety and the work had been too much for my fragile body and mind. I had fainted away with hunger and exhaustion, and I went home crying bitterly and broken-hearted. My poor dear mother, as she always did—God bless you, my mother!—anointed my drooping spirits with her precious tears and kisses of encouragement.

Looking back now I know not what I should have done without those blessings. I should, like many others without such a mother, have fallen by the way.

O, how cold, how black, how desolate (God of my soul! *Thou knowest!*) the world seemed to me at this time! I knew my dear mother was bending beneath the heavy load. But better things were in store.

Passing over a short period of my existence as a baker's handy-boy—where I verily believe I ate more in one day than I earned in a week!—I find myself one Monday morning installed as a junior-boy on the high-legged stool of a lawyer's office at three shillings per week.

That modest stipend was stipulated as being by way of a "commencing salary," but after remaining there for nearly three years I saw no prospect of an increase. Thinking therefore under the circumstances that it was about time I shifted my quarters, I looked out elsewhere. My poor old master, who was related by marriage to one of her late Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, had fallen (like me!) on evil days, and could not afford the punctual discharge of my small wage. When I left I found him my debtor to the extent of nine shillings, and this I received at different anxious

periods by way of instalments of sixpences and threepenny-bits, until the old score was wiped off, and he could look his late office-boy once more in the face.

In the meantime I had started with a neighbouring lawyer who had just opened an office, and from him I received four shillings a week (and regularly paid, into the bargain—a great consideration to me), and "perquisites" in the way of old clothes.

By progressive steps I received in course of time ten shillings a week (I was still selling my old papers on Friday and Saturday nights, but chiefly now confined to my standing customers), and so on, and on and on, until—

Well, well, twenty years and more have swiftly come and gone since then, and now perhaps I may dip my pen in other ink than tears.

And yet looking back again for a moment a great sadness overwhelms me as I reflect that my mother was not to see the end of all those struggles of my early days. She, above all the rest of the living world, was the only one whose loving and approving caresses at my better fortune I had hoped and longed for. The approving smiles of others, in comparison, were as nothing to me. I wanted not nor cared for them. For even at that young age I knew and felt success would come. I know not to this day *why*; but to me it was as of some constant soul-encouraging words of Hope or God-sent whispering message, sent from All Mysterious Heaven, that buoyed my drooping spirits and impelled me always forward without for once a thought of looking back. But my mother's life, for God's unknown purpose, was denied me. Night after night and morning after morning did I fall on my little knees and prayed to Heaven—O, so fervently!—"Please God, make dear mother better, for Jesus' sake." But it was not to be. Those heart-breaking entreaties were sent to Heaven from a child's all-confiding heart. In Heaven they shall remain—nothing can rob me of that—as a record of my anguish, for all time.

That young mother died with the stings of Want and Suffering branded on her saintly soul. God knows if ever a little child's confiding supplications to Heaven were sincere, mine were; and yet it was not to be. She never saw her broken-hearted Davy grow to successful manhood.

## The Song of the Nightingale

SOPHOCLES long ago heard it by the Ægean: heard the self-same song that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth, "when sick for home she stood in tears amid the alien corn"; and there is scarcely a poet of note but has endeavoured to interpret in one way or another the song of the nightingale.

A writer in Chambers' *Book of Days*, Vol. i, p. 514, says—"The poets have applied more epithets to this bird than probably to any other object in creation." The gentleman so favourably known to the public under the pseudonym of Cuthbert Bede, collected and published in *Notes and Queries* no less than one hundred and thirteen simple adjectives epithetically bestowed upon the nightingale by British poets; and the present writer, in the same periodical, added sixty-five more to the number. But poets differ as to the character of the song; and it is with this difference that the present article proposes to deal. Broadly speaking, the poets fall into one or other of two classes: those who agree with Milton's "Most musical, most melancholy," and those who range beside the "'Tis the merry Nightingale" of Coleridge. There is hardly room for doubt that the sensations of the bird while singing are pleasant; the question turns upon the nature of the feelings which are produced in the listener by the notes and cadences of the song.

It seems probable, to say the least of it, that an ideal strain of melancholy has been read into the song from the acquaintance of the poets with the legend of Philomel. Tereus, king of the Thracians in Daulis, married Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Attica. Becoming enamoured of her sister Philomela, Tereus fetched her to visit his wife. But having wronged her he cut out her tongue that she might not reveal his conduct. Philomela, however, managed to acquaint her sister with the story of her shame, by a few words woven by her into a peplos. The sisters fled, pursued by Tereus, who was changed by the gods into a hawk, Procne becoming a swallow, and Philomela being changed into a nightingale. Such is the story in brief; but, like all classical legends, there are several *variae lectiones*. The old English superstition with regard to the nightingale's song may be

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gathered from these lines of Richard Barnefield (*circa* 1574)—

"Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone.  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sang the dolefull'st ditty  
That to hear it was great pity."

References in English poetry to the Attic Bird are so numerous, that one is at a loss where to begin or with whom to end. There is the sonnet "To a Nightingale," by Drummond of Hawthornden. Milton also has a sonnet "To the Nightingale," full of dewy sylvan beauty, with no trace of the "Most melancholy" in it—

"Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May."

It must be admitted, however, that the expression "Most melancholy" is in perfect harmony with its setting. Spoken in the character of the melancholy man, it has a dramatic propriety.

In Book III. of *Paradise Lost* the poet speaks of the wakeful bird—an epithet recurring in Book IV., "all but the wakeful nightingale." In the same book the epithet "the solemn bird" (of silent night) occurs twice. In Book VII. it is "the solemn nightingale."

In *Comus* it is "the love-lorn nightingale (which) nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well." The lines in *Il Penseroso* are too familiar to require quotation. Wordsworth is, I suppose, in a peculiar fashion the poet of nature. We find him referring to the "lusty nightingale"; the "good, sweet nightingale"; the "gentle nightingale, the creature of a fiery heart." Again at the bidding of Fancy—

"Ancient lays  
"Steeped in dire grief, the voice of Philomel";

while, as a *per contra*, she "salutes with gladsome note the rising moon." And once more it is—

"A strain of joyance holy  
Which the sweet bird, misnamed the melancholy,  
Pours forth in shady groves."

Coleridge's poem, "The Nightingale," formed one of the famous *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. It is perhaps the finest of all

## The Song of the Nightingale

Coleridge's poems in blank verse. After girding at

"Youths and maidens most poetical  
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring  
In ball-rooms and hot theatres,"  
and who

"Heave their sighs  
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains,"  
he thus continues—

"We have learnt  
A different lore; we may not thus profane  
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance. 'Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music.  
In wood and thicket over the wide grove  
They answer and provoke each other's songs  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all."

Hartley Coleridge, "meet son of a poetic sire," is at a loss to know whether the song is sad or joyous. It is as sweet, as loud, as gay as the lark's.

"Yet ever and anon a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth."

Every one knows Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," the most perfect, surely, of the five perfect odes for which our literature is his eternal debtor. In it

"The light-winged Dryad of the trees  
Singeth of summer in full-throated ease—  
'O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim  
And purple-stained mouth,  
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;  
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;"

surely there is nothing of the "melancholy" in the witchery of these lines.

If we open Tennyson's poems we shall find the references to the nightingale's song few in number and of but moderate poetic quality. Sometimes, "No nightingale delighteth to prolong her low preamble all alone;" sometimes, "the nightingale sings loud, as though he were the bird of day;"

sometimes, "the whispers of the leaves tremble round a nightingale in sighs, which perfect joy, perplex for utterance, steals from her sister Sorrow." Sometimes about us "peals the nightingale," while anon "bubbles the nightingale and heeds not." And once more, and finally, it is the

"Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,"  
in whom

"fierce extremes employ  
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
And in the midmost heart of grief  
Thy passion clasps a secret joy."

"Swinburne," said Tennyson, "is a lute through which all airs blow to music."

In his *Itylus*—as might be expected from a poet steeped to the lips in Grecian lore and emotion—the central thoughts are pain and sorrow. Not a line but re-echoes "the grief of the old time"; not a verse but "goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow"

"To the place of the slaying of Itylus,  
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea."

So, too, the Arch-Anti-Philistine, Matthew Arnold, in his *Philomela*—

"O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain,  
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world  
pain.

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the  
leaves!

Again—thou hearest?

Eternal Passion!

Eternal Pain!"

More than one musician has attempted to express in musical form the song of the nightingale. The vocables, "jug, jug," have been used by many observers to render certain cadences in the song; we may instance Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies as well-known naturalists; and, more recently, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the love-letters of Rhona Boswell, has

"There'll be no jug, jug of the nightingale  
For her wot waits the comin' o' the swallow."

References to the nightingale and her song are very numerous in classic poetry, but these would be out of place in "an English matter, written in the English speech, for English men."

W. LEARMONTH.



## The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN A. STEUART

OF all the benefits of fate or fortune none is more to be desired than friendship.

I announced this with some little show of authority, meaning it to be accepted without question or demur. All persons of experience are aware that the effect of a statement commonly depends less on the thing said than on the manner of saying it. There are exceptions. A death sentence pronounced in the voice of a dove is every whit as terrible as if it were passed in tones of thunder. But the general fact is as I have stated. The difference between orator and orator lies mainly in the quality of style as distinct from matter. The same thought appears sublime or commonplace, dull or inspiring, according to the lips which utter it. Hence the moral for all young preachers, politicians *et hoc genus omne*—"Look to your delivery; beware of going to sleep on your legs." Demosthenes is supposed to have understood something of the art of oratory, and you remember his advice. Some men, I proceeded, deftly blocking a remark from Solomon, deliver an affirmation like a knock-down blow; these are the muscular, brawny (not necessarily brainy) fellows, the cock-sure, deep-chested demagogues who heave fragments of fact at you like giants hurling rocks, and thus become masters of popular assemblies; others present incontrovertible truths with an air of diffidence as if apologising for a rude intrusion. These are never effectual with the crowd, which likes a brave display of confidence. Were not Luther's words half battles? If you think of it Reformations are not accomplished by sucking doves nor with rose-water.

You always thought it was a question of ideas, did you? Pray what is your age? for that is the sentiment of very young persons. Do you imagine that the mind is a sort of

lucky-bag, into which one may dip for a new idea at pleasure with the certainty of drawing a prize? Believe me, the stock of ideas is really ridiculously small. Intellectually the world gets along by turning its capital over and over, directing it into new channels, putting it to fresh uses. I do not know at what point in the scale of thought the infant brain begins its career. Very near zero I suspect. The difference between Abraham or Jacob's conceptions of finance and those of the British Treasury or the governor and directors of the Bank of England, is almost wholly a matter of training.

"Are you not making headlong for a fallacy?" inquired the Curate softly. "Please bear in mind that memorable saying of Goethe, 'The older I grow the more I value natural gifts, because by no ingenuity can they be bought and stuck on.' Does not that seem to touch the truth?"

Certainly, I responded, and what is more, I am wholly with Goethe. On questions of finance I dare say Abraham and Jacob thought just as lucidly and effectively as our highly-trained permanent officials at the Exchequer. Indeed, I am disposed to question the value of the permanent system. Secure berths and assured pensions appear to make men mentally sluggish and incompetent. But that is by the way. To return to our point, has any living man an absolutely original idea? If so I shall be grateful for his name and address, so that I may render him homage. The truth is, ideas are very much like ladies.

"Like ladies?" cried the young lady classic, lifting her eyebrows.

Like ladies, I repeated. The difference between one and another is chiefly one of get-up. An idea dressed, so to speak, Paris fashion, will command polite attention where the same idea in humble ill-cut cotton would be despised or ignored. What distinguishes Shakespeare above all other mortals is his regal way of putting things. His materials are the common possession of mankind; his sovereignty lies in his

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instinct for effect. I was therefore following great examples when I said with an air of indisputable truth that of all the benefits of fate or fortune none is more to be desired than friendship. Yes, I went on, he who is blessed with one friend in whom his soul can trust is fortunate, and ought to be happy. There may be honour among thieves (a very questionable proverb), but assuredly there can be no friendship, since it can exist between good men only.

"So you have been reading Cicero," quoth the Curate, as one who should gently insinuate, 'Don't imagine you can crib without risk of detection.'

One may as well take from Cicero as from another, I responded, without a blush for my supposed felony.

"Oh ho!" cried Solomon. "Come now, that is good. Since when has it become lawful to steal?"

Who says it is lawful to steal? I demanded. Hence the goodness to take care how you impute dishonesty. Many a man has been ruined for life by being called a thief or even suspected of having tarry fingers. To say that a man appropriates illegally is tantamount to saying he would pick your pocket on a favourable chance or commit robbery with violence, if the night were dark and his courage sufficient.

"No need to commit robbery with violence," put in the Colonel. "In this enlightened age the law provides ample opportunity for appropriating quite legally what belongs to others. One has only to be clever enough."

"It might be well worth studying the law," remarked Solomon with a smirk.

Touching the diffusion of thought, I said, let me state for the information of all concerned that the law recognises no property in an idea. It will grant you copyright in a book for the brief space of forty years or so; but every idea in that book may be taken on the day after publication, and you have no legal remedy. You see copyright is granted, not for the idea but for the form in which the idea is presented. Wherefore he who takes the idea and gives it a new dress commits no theft. You, sir, I added, addressing Solomon, are every day in your business appropriating the ideas of your rivals and predecessors. Shall I in consequence dub you thief? Heaven forbid. I once knew a young clergyman (I decline to name his church) who in a trial sermon took the discourse of a famous divine, and interpolated one sentence. That, if you like, is bordering on dishonesty.

"Was he found out?" asked Solomon, scenting sport.

No, I answered, and therein he had the advantage of authors. You may know that when an author is caught in the felony called plagiarism reviewers have a pleasant habit of showing him up in parallel columns. During recent years the parallel column system has been a good deal in evidence.

"Proving that authors are not always so honest as they might be," quoth Solomon with a grin. "I'd have every writer or preacher who stole held up in parallel columns."

"Then you'd have some very respectable and distinguished people in the pillory," put in the Colonel. "But let me ask a question. Was Matthew Arnold guilty of petty larceny when he adopted Swift's phrase 'Sweetness and light'? or Beaconsfield when remembering his Burke he spoke of 'Peace with honour'? or Gray and Tennyson when they had the whole body of classics under contribution? or Shakespeare when he took all that fell in his way? You cannot maintain it with any show of reason."

Great minds observe a generous commerce in such things, I remarked. Permit me to submit this axiom: *As there is no friendship in business so there can be no business in friendship.*

"Is it original?" queried Solomon, with a meaning expression. This young person can be extremely offensive. Being still in the vealy stage he is imbued with the notion that what he does not know is not worth knowing. Moreover, he itches to combine a talent for business, which he defines as the ability to make money, with a reputation for wit. This makes him a trying table companion. For except your would-be humorist, no mortal is so great a bore as your would-be wit with his childish sallies and fatuous ambushes. Consider this, I pursued, ignoring his frivolous question. True friendship is indivisible. The Spanish proverb assures us that a good friend is better than a near relation. Not every one, however, I remarked, I hope not too pointedly, deserves this choicest of blessings. Some people go on the notion that a friend is a person designed by Providence to be used for one's own selfish interest or benefit. I know men who chuckle over their own cleverness when they gain an advantage at the expense of unsuspecting friends. The cynic professes to regard a friend as one from whom to borrow money. There are many who if equally sordid are much less candid. To use a friend as a tool or a stepping-stone is perhaps the meanest act of which even

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meanness is capable. My own rule when I catch any one attempting to make capital out of me under the guise of friendship is to give that person no second opportunity. He betrays my confidence and insults my intelligence—things not to be forgiven.

"Can friends do nothing for each other then?" asked Solomon.

On the contrary, I answered, friends can do everything for each other. But the aid sought and given will be free from all taint or suspicion of policy. As friendship is the high ideal of mutual affection and esteem, so all its actions must be pure and voluntary. A man of honour would feel it as keen a disgrace to be suspected of making friendship a thing of trade or intrigue as of being convicted of peculation. To a friend you throw your house and your bosom open. He is freely admitted to your confidence. Very often he knows your business and your resources. To turn his knowledge to account meanly or dishonourably is surely the height or depth of a sneaking depravity. The man who, from greed, ambition, or any motive whatsoever, injures his friend, may indeed accumulate wealth, may even be lauded in pulpit or press as a public benefactor and held up as an example for aspiring youth; but there is one thing he cannot be.

"What is that?" asked Solomon.

A gentleman, I replied. For a gentleman is one who is not only capable of chivalry but incapable of the reverse. Are we touching the ideals of Christianity? Well! I venture to affirm that no mean man, no intriguer, no self-seeker, none who tries to make of his friends instruments in the attainment of his own selfish objects is or ever can be worthy of veneration or reverence. The Colonel sat up in eager interest; the Curate looked at me with a strange illumination of face.

Lest the statement be thought too strong, let me justify it, I said. Tell me this, speaking humanly, who in every turn and act of His life typifies our loftiest, noblest ideals of humanity?

"The Founder of Christianity," answered the Curate in a low voice.

You have given the answer in a word, I returned. Does it not follow that the true gentleman is the true Christian? And let me remind you that it needs a rare high courage to keep one's faith unsullied. What a pity that friends should so often make the ordeal harder than it need be. I sometimes try to picture the look on Christ's face when Peter denied Him. The false disciple bestowing the traitor's kiss could

scarcely have caused a keener pain than did that denial. For a moment Peter forgot to be a gentleman.

"He repented," said the Curate.

Fortunately for us, he repented. What do you think his feelings were when he heard the cock crow and remembered the Master's words? Do you imagine the bitter tears he shed could ever wash out the memory of that disgrace? As long as he lived the thought of it must have rankled in Peter's mind like a secret canker. One may fancy him starting out of sleep, shuddering in a cold sweat as the memory of his own cowardice came back to him.

There was a moment's silence, and then the young lady classic asked wistfully, "How are you to distinguish the false friend from the true?"

It is not always easy. The paste diamond is so like the genuine article that it may well deceive. But there is one infallible test by which you may detect the false friend, namely, that when in his own shrewd phrase he has got what he wants out of you, he turns away to bestow his precious friendship on some one else who may be useful to him in turn. His policy is ever that of the astute father who in advising his son on the great question of matrimony spoke thus: "Get love and money if you can, but in any case get money." The false friend, like the sordid lover, has for sole aim and purpose the feathering of his own nest. His professions, his saccharine speeches, his subtle flatteries, his empty confidences, his well-feigned looks of agreement and sympathy are all directed to that end. He turns you to his own purpose; that done you are cast aside like a sucked orange. To change the figure, he uses you as a ladder, and when he has reached the top kicks you away.

"Is it wicked to feel glad that he sometimes falls?" asked the young lady classic.

"And falls without a friend, my dear," said the Colonel. "That is the fate of the ingrate. Most other vices have some tincture of virtue, but ingratitude is unalloyed. In my experience I have found that the ungrateful man is the cruel man, the unjust man, in every way the objectionable and intolerable man. He is at the same time the blind man. For apart from moral considerations, ingratitude is rank bad policy. No man can really afford to be ungrateful. Even princes have found this out. Many a defeated and deposed king would have been left to enjoy his kingdom in peace but for the twin vices of pride and ingratitude. The

same vices are every day proving disastrous to common men. It has been said that he who has one enemy has precisely that number too many, and that he who has a thousand friends has none to spare. The all-wise Shakespeare says this also—

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

"Probably one of the most difficult tasks in life is to keep friendships unimpaired," said the Curate thoughtfully. "When you see two men who have been steadfast friends through good and evil report, through adversity and prosperity, rest assured that however appearances may be against them there must be at the core of each something noble and lovable. No radically bad man ever kept a friend long."

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to inform us what friendship really is," said Solomon in his superior way.

The Curate referred him to the story of Jonathan and David for enlightenment.

And if you desire a definition, I added, let us return to Cicero, who defines friendship thus: "A complete accord in all subjects human and divine, joined with mutual good-will and affection." He is of opinion that except wisdom nothing better than this has been given to man by the immortal gods. As you perceive, the first condition of genuine friendship is absolute confidence. Do not run away with the inference that we are justified in turning our friends into confessional boxes in order to relieve our overburdened souls. There must always be a point at which the rest is silence. "Aye keep something to yourself ye scarcely tell to any," is prudent advice, though it came from the most imprudent of poets. Nevertheless, where we have to be for ever on our guard, picking our words, qualifying our phrases, weighing, modifying, withholding, there may indeed be the semblance of friendship but not the reality.

"Have you not forgotten something?" asked the Colonel politely. "Must there not be first a mutual attraction due to qualities which are really indefinable? Doubtless you remember what Montaigne says on the point, 'If I am asked to give a reason why I loved him, I find it cannot be expressed otherwise than by saying: Because it was he; because it is I.' That plummet, I think, sinks to the divine element which underlies all. If so, it is true then that the origin of friendship must be spontaneous affection."

The young lady classic looked at the Curate, her eyes shining with a soft intelligence. *Because it is he; because it is I.* Could any more be said of a feeling which is inexpressible?

"I have one serious objection to Cicero," she said, as if from interest in the conversation, but in reality to divert attention from her own radiant face. "He has the Roman contempt for women. Are women incapable of friendship? I know Montaigne says they are. But I don't believe Montaigne."

"Neither do I," chimed in the Colonel promptly. "I am not sufficiently versed in the records of the sex to say what friendships exist between women; but I do know that many a man owes success and happiness to the friendship of a woman. I rather thought the heresy about her incapacity for friendship had gone the way of so many other heresies. I am sure it ought to have been exploded long ago."

"Some one said just now that one of the most difficult things in life is to preserve the glow of friendship," remarked Solomon. "Have any of your wise men rules to give for its preservation?"

One wise man, I responded, has laid this down as the first rule, that we are to ask from our friends only what is right and good. That does not perhaps take us very far, though to the intelligent it is significant enough. The truth, however, is that the man or woman who needs rules has no gift or aptitude for friendship, and will never excel in that delicate art which sweetens life, enhances the joy of prosperity, and lightens the burden of adversity. For full fruition it requires not only the mutual sympathy, the good-will, the unfailing courtesy and consideration for others which have been already mentioned, but an innate geniality, for the most part unconscious of itself and diffused over the whole nature like sunshine. As to the why and the wherefore it is doubtful whether we can improve on Montaigne's "Because it is he; because it is I." And the very intangibility of friendship makes it the most valuable asset in social life. He who has one real friend is not to be accounted poor; he who has none cannot be rich though his investments be reckoned in millions.

"Two friends on the road, two heads in council;  
Each thinks for each and finds the better way."

From that Homeric ideal let us deduce this simple precept—If you would be happy cherish your friends. Life has nothing better to give.

# Over-Sea Notes

*From Our Own Correspondents*

## Education and Democracy in the United States

As is well known, education, both elementary and secondary, throughout the United States is free. In many States the text-books and stationery are also supplied to the pupils free of cost, and every boy and girl, between the ages of four and seventeen, can have the advantages of schooling, not adapted to the needs of the working classes, but aimed at giving a thoroughly good education to rich and poor alike. When a pupil has been through the primary, grammar, and high-school grades, and graduates at sixteen or seventeen, he is supposed to be fully ready to enter college, or, if he does not intend to take a university course, to be able to hold his own as far as education is concerned in business and social life. It is therefore a little surprising to find a complaint becoming more and more general that poor people cannot afford to allow their children to graduate from the high schools. Nor is this complaint founded on the loss to the family from keeping the children so long out of wage-earning. It is due to the fact that the boys and girls of the wealthier classes have gradually and by unwritten law—which is always more powerful than statute—made many heavy expenses obligatory on the graduates. It is unwritten law, but law very hard for a girl to break, that every girl on graduation shall have two new dresses—one white for the graduation exercises, presentation of certificates, etc., and one coloured for the class exercises, when the youthful students come out as orators and poets, and join in the class songs. Another unwritten law compels contributions for the decorations, music, and other expenses which usually accompany the closing of the school year. In several of the smaller New England towns an active crusade has been started against these heavy and growing expenses. Such a crusade against what is "the proper thing," and what is by no means obligatory, can only be successful when taken up with spirit by some of the social leaders among the pupils. But the agitation of the question bids fair to arouse a determination to resist this aggression on the democratic principles on which the American system of education is founded.—A. G. P.

## A University's Old Clothes

TUSKEGEE and Hampton—the celebrated institutions for the education of negroes and

Indians—have a curious link of connexion with Harvard University, Massachusetts. It is nothing else than the fact that the students at these excellent but not wealthy establishments are largely clothed in garments that have already done duty at Harvard. At the close of the college session at Harvard there is a systematic collection from all the students of every kind of clothing—coats, vests, trousers, underwear, boots, stockings, hats, and ties. This collection is done under the auspices of the Students' Volunteer Association, which has its head-quarters at Brooks House. Brooks House, named in honour of Phillips Brooks, it may be said in passing, is the centre of very much of the religious and philanthropic life of the University. A student is appointed collector for each dormitory, and it is his duty not only to take charge of all the contributions, but also to bring to the notice of each student in the dormitory the purpose and past achievements of the work. As there are about four thousand students at Harvard, and as a large proportion belong to wealthy families, it will readily be seen that such collections include much of considerable value. As soon as all are in, the work of assorting begins. First of all cases are prepared to send to Hampton and Tuskegee. To Tuskegee go all the old boots and shoes, because Tuskegee is particularly well equipped in its industrial departments to make the half-worn boots again serviceable. The clothing sent to these Southern institutions is carefully selected to be suitable for the students. More expensive and dressy clothes are sent to a local mission in Boston, and are sold for its benefit. Hats all go to the Salvation Army head-quarters, as it is not found worth while to send these articles South. After the collection has been sorted over, the remaining articles are packed and sent to the Seamen's Friend Society of Boston and to other local charities which can make good use of them. It is, however, in the cases dispatched to Tuskegee and Hampton that the students take most interest, and many a scarcely half-worn coat that otherwise might be held back is added to the pile from the conviction that it is just the thing to suit a dusky student away down in Virginia or Alabama.

A. G. P.

## A Labour Government in Australia

THE Commonwealth of Australia by the changes of political parties in the Legislature is now under the guidance of a purely Labour

Ministry, with Mr. John Christian Watson as Prime Minister.

It will be interesting to see what the new ministers will do, with only twenty-three supporters, opposed by the united opposition of forty-six. So far they appear determined to go cautiously and bring in moderate measures, but if they insist on drastic legislation they will inevitably fail, and this might give us a strong coalition government which would hold office for a very long time. An acute stage, however, has already been reached in a matter of administration.

The South Australian State Government gave orders for the landing of certain Chinese who were returning from a visit to China at Port Darwin in the Northern Territory, and the new Ministry promptly had them arrested and sent to gaol for infringing the Alien Immigration Act. The matter will certainly reach the High Court, but it serves to show the kind of tension that may ere long become chronic between State and Commonwealth.

The Labour Party in the Commonwealth Houses is composed, on the whole, of a much finer type of men than the same party in the State Legislature, and many of them are men of real ability. The two most outstanding men of the new Ministry are Mr. Watson the Prime Minister and Mr. Higgins the Attorney-General. Mr. Watson was a journeyman printer, and it says much for him that he has reached his high post at the early age of thirty-seven. Mr. Higgins is the only outsider who has been included. Though of ultra-radical views, and always voting with the party, he was not a pledged member of the caucus, but as leader of the Equity bar in Victoria, his legal standing is very great, and his inclusion was a certainty, as the Labour section are very weak in legal talent. The son of a Methodist clergyman, he is a man of outstanding ability, a K.C., and a former member of the Victorian State House.

A. J. W.

### Water Conservation in Australia

A CANDIDATE at a recent political meeting in discussing the land question in Australia said, "We have far too few rivers in this country," and a voice from the audience answered, "Make some." That sums up the position exactly. Australia is, unfortunately, devoid, except in some northern and eastern parts, of the fine, free-flowing rivers of the American type, that would mean so much to the prosperity of this land.

Sir G. Sydenham Clarke once said in a speech here, that the finest thing that could have happened to Australia would have been the formation of a great mountain range through the centre of the continent, from which rivers might have flowed to the Pacific and Indian Oceans respectively.

The Australian determination, in default of Nature's gift, is to "make some," and the problem is being solved in two ways. First, by the artesian bores that have been put down so largely in the northern areas. Water has always been struck, a fact which lends additional strength to the theory that a vast inland sea lies beneath the surface of Central Australia, and the flow from the bores, the daily output of which is in some cases enormous, finds a channel for itself, and becomes not only a supply for millions of stock, but gradually helps to fertilise a district and neutralise a scanty rainfall. In the less arid parts where there is a fair or good rainfall in winter, but where the long summer causes a shortage ultimately, the necessity for storing the fall for future distribution becomes paramount.

In Victoria, the smallest and perhaps most favoured of the States on the continent of Australia, over £5,000,000 have been spent in this work, and it is felt that only a beginning has yet been made. The State Premier has placed irrigation prominently in his policy, and has given the portfolio of Water Supply to Mr. George Swinburne, an engineer of repute, who is a recognised expert on the subject.

One of the chief concerns of the new policy will be to give a full supply of water to those trusts that have up to the present been but inadequately served, and to extend the scheme of irrigation in those districts where agriculture cannot be profitably carried on owing to a defective rainfall. The work will be carried out under two heads, first by the intense culture of small areas, and then by the irrigation of dry districts on a large scale.

If this policy be well sustained we ought certainly to succeed in retaining our present population and in attracting a good class of settler who will remain permanently the backbone of our country, and it is apparent to all who make any study of our conditions here, that if we are to succeed we must follow the example of California, of Egypt, and of India, and irrigate. When that is fully done, Australia will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Alfred Deakin, late Prime Minister; to Dr. Moorhouse, late Bishop of Manchester, and others.—A. J. W.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Relics of Vanished Lakes

AT an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet on the Great Aletsch Glacier, Switzerland, there is a beautiful blue-green lake called the Märjelen See. The glacier passing by the mouth of the lake acts as a barrier to the water, and thus transforms what would have been a tributary valley into a lake-basin. Evidence of the former existence of similar glacier lakes in Scotland was discussed by Sir

in the glen, but these breaks are scarcely discernible, the lake margins forming almost continuous horizontal lines. There are other examples of shore-lines of ancient lakes in Scotland, but none are more striking than those of Glen Roy.

## Photographs of Living Whales

THE pictures of living whales which are used as illustrations in popular literature, and also in many scientific books, are in nearly all cases



From a photograph

GLEN ROY, ARGYLLSHIRE

by Mr. W. Lamond Horie

The straight lines running horizontally along the hillsides show the margins at different epochs of a lake which once filled the glen.

Archibald Geikie in a recent address to the Geological Society of London. The "parallel roads" of Glen Roy, Argyllshire, are the most famous instance of this kind; and their character is clearly shown in the accompanying picture. Running along the sides of the glen at altitudes from about eight hundred to eleven hundred feet are three parallel terraces which are believed to represent the margins of ancient lakes formed when the mouth of the glen was dammed by an ice-barrier. Each of these terraces consists of sediment which has been washed from the slopes above into the waters of the vanished lake. Here and there, especially on more exposed projections of the hillsides, there has been a little cutting back by the shore waves or drifting ice-floes of the old lake

reproduced from drawings more remarkable as works of imagination than as truthful representations of nature. Very few photographs of living whales have been obtained, so that those by Mr. F. W. True, reproduced here from a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A., are of real value. The photographs were taken from the bow of a whaling steamer in Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland; and they all represent the common finback whale alive and in motion. While the photographs show little of the whale's form, they do represent with accuracy the appearance of the animal in its natural environment, and also give some idea of its actions and attitudes while swimming. Mr. True states that a very characteristic appearance of a finback whale as

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keep strong if  
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**OUR LATEST INVASION.**

By

David

Williamson.

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**Roman Catholic  
Orders into  
Great Britain**

Published by the  
**RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,**  
4 Bouverie Street, London.

## THE 'PIRLE' FINISH.

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The "DAILY NEWS" says:—"The shopper who knows her business will inquire if the stuff are 'PIRLE' finished, knowing what a difference this makes, not only in the appearance of the fabric, but in their durability."

Extract from "Madge's" Letter in "TRUTH":—"Every dressmaker ought to leave out a 'PIRLE' finish on it, as this secures an absolute guarantee for the wearer. The garment is made of such good material so stoutly that has been actually damaged by rain."

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[To Face Matter.

"The Hon. Mrs. B— would be much obliged by the 'Antipon' Company sending off to her one large bottle of 'Antipon.' It has certainly much reduced her. She feels so much lighter and better in consequence."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—

"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:—

"I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing 16 stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

## NONE NEED BE FAT. WHAT "ANTIPON" CAN DO.

"What is 'Antipon'?" is a question one often hears now; and it is as well that our stout readers should have a correct answer, instead of a misleading account of the newly-discovered fat-absorbent which has awakened so much interest in scientific and other circles.

"Antipon," in fact, is in many respects unique as a curative principle. In the first place it positively cures—radically and permanently cures—the distressing disease of obesity or abnormal fatness. It cures by the gradual absorption and elimination from the body of the useless and dangerous packing of fat that has formed round the internal organs, and also of the subcutaneous fat that has developed into what is vulgarly called a "corporation," into flabby cheeks and double chin, into gross and puffy limbs and massive hips. All this unnecessary, unhealthy, and ugly growth is destroyed and expelled from the system with surprising rapidity by "Antipon," with life-long benefit to the user.

So rapid is the action of this wonderful cure that the quantity of superfluous adipose matter destroyed within a day and a night after taking the first dose amounts in weight to something between 8 oz. and 3 lb. This is the first result in quite ordinary instances of stoutness; in more pronounced cases the decrease will sometimes approach 4 lb., as the infallible weighing-machine test has proved. After the initial reduction the decrease is sure and steady. Day by day the scales will tell their tale of diminution, until in an incredibly short space of time correct standard proportions of weight and measurement are the assured reward. The doses should then be discontinued. There is no further need for "Antipon's" aid. The desired end has been attained, and the cure may be confidently regarded as lasting. During the course of cure it is quite needless to torture one's self with any unusual abstinence from the pleasures of the table, so long as ordinary prudence and temperance are the guiding rules. Of course one must not, so to speak, feed the fat. No person of sense, under any kind of treatment, would indulge in fatty foods to excess. Apart from

such rational precautions no hard and fast restrictions are required. "Antipon" does its beneficent work solely by itself and requires no aid from semi-starvation, sweating, purging, or other weakening processes.

"Antipon," on the contrary, is of the greatest value as a tonic; it encourages and increases appetite, and the desire for wholesome food must be satisfied; for it is part of the work of this splendid medicine to promote the growth of new muscular tissue to compensate for the loss of bulk; to give renewed health and vigour in place of weakness and flabbiness, and to strengthen body, nerve, and brain. Think what a vital difference this exchange must make to one's well-being, energy, and vitality!

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health. Its ingredients are known to, and approved by, a number of medical men to whom they were originally submitted, and have received their unqualified approval and support.

Our stout friends may obtain "Antipon" of chemists, stores, &c., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, it may be had (on sending remittance) direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

It will be noticed that this is not an expensive "treatment," but a simple and admirable remedy within the reach of modest purses—still another appreciable advantage over other methods of fat reduction.

"Sheffield Independent."

"'Antipon' bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

"Illustrated London News."

"'Antipon' not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

"The Lady's Pictorial."

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat-absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

"The Sketch."

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

"Methodist Recorder."

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

it courses along the surface is represented in the first picture, which shows a whale that has spouted, and is preparing to descend with its head under water and its back slightly arched. A whale which has spouted is shown in the second picture; and the slight haze at the left of the head is due to its vapoury breath. A closer view of a whale after spouting is represented in the third picture. Though these pictures are not so striking as those in which a whale is shown standing up like a buoy or poised on its tail on the top of the water, they have the merit of accuracy and will serve to correct wrong impressions often conveyed by pictorial representations of the animal.

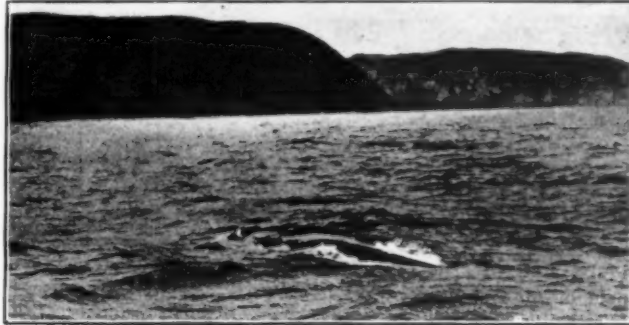
## Gold in the British Isles

A PAPER by Mr. J. M. Maclaren, recently read before the Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, brings together all the references to the occurrence of gold in Great Britain and Ireland, from the time of Strabo, who about 19 A.D. mentioned gold and silver as among the products of Britain, to the present day. Of the early Roman gold-workings in our country there are no authentic remains; but it is generally supposed that the old workings of Ogofau, near the village of Pumpsant, about twelve miles from Llandovery, are evidences of Roman occupation and of their search for gold. Native gold has been found in most of the Cornish tin-streams flowing to the south. In Devon the existence of gold has been known for many centuries, the principal auriferous locality being at North Molton. Gold has also been found at Goldscope, Cumberland, and Whalton, Somerset. In Merionethshire, gold-mining has been actively carried on for many years, and the actual value of the gold produced from 1887 to 1901 amounted to nearly £290,000. There are many Scottish gold localities, but the chief is the district of Leadhills, Southern Lanarkshire. The gold of this area is found in the streams as fine dust; but small nuggets also occur, the largest on record having a weight of twenty-seven ounces.

961



PREPARING TO DESCEND



AFTER SPOUTING



SIMILAR ATTITUDE, NEARER VIEW

In Ireland, Wicklow appears to be the most notable gold locality. The largest nugget found there was picked up by a party of peasants in 1793 and weighed twenty-two ounces. The total yield of gold in Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of the Leadhills area, is estimated at £413,000, nearly half of which has been obtained during the past fourteen years. The outlook for gold-working in Wicklow, Sutherland, Leadhills or Cornwall is not regarded by Mr. Maclaren as very promising, but he considers the auriferous district of North Wales as capable of being worked with decided commercial success.

3 X

# Varieties

## Mark Twain and the Bishop

BISHOP WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, of Albany, was at one time rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and at this church Mark Twain was an occasional attendant. Twain one Sunday played a joke on the rector. "Doctor Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Doctor Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied. The next morning he sent to the rector an unabridged dictionary.

## Wolfe and Gray's "Elegy"

THE autograph letter of Sir Walter Scott to Southey, recently disinterred by Mr. Birrell, should be noted and preserved, as verifying an anecdote on which time had cast doubt:—

"On the night when Wolfe crossed the river with his small army they passed in the men-of-war's long boats and launches, and the General himself in the Admiral's barge. The young midshipman who steered the boat was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, a man of high scientific attainments. I have repeatedly heard the Professor say that during part of the passage Wolfe pulled out of his pocket and read to officers around (or, perhaps, repeated) Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard. I do not know if the recitation was not so well received as he expected, but he said, with a good deal of animation, 'I can only say, Gentlemen, that, if the choice were mine, I would rather be the author of these verses than win the battle which we are to fight to-morrow morning.' It must not be supposed that this was a matter of serious election, but it was a strong way of expressing his love of literature. I have (heard) Mr. Robison tell the story repeatedly, for his daughter became the wife of my intimate friend Lord Erskine."

## A New American Dish

AT restaurants in California one may hear orders given for "abalone chowder," "abalone soup," "abalone steak." Abalone shells are displayed profusely in the curio stores, shells of great beauty and variety of colour.

The abalone industry is one of the important industries of the coast. At Pt. Firmin you will see a big cannery, half-an-acre of ground covered with trays in which the shells are curing, and you will notice a small village of shanties, the occupants of which all subsist upon the result of their catches of abalone.

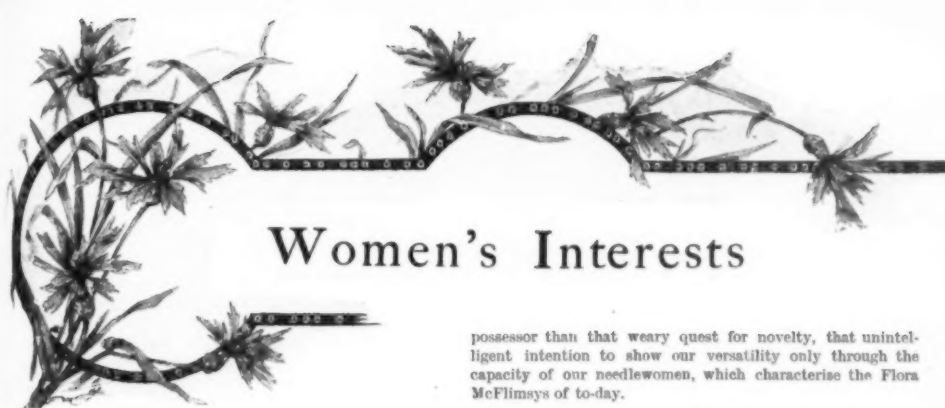
A few years ago the abalone was sought simply for its shell, the beauty and lustre of which made it much desired by curio hunters and manufacturers of souvenirs. It was the Chinese who taught us that the meat was

valuable also. The abalone fisheries have been chiefly in the hands of the Chinese many years. When properly prepared there are few more delicious dishes than abalone steak, and the soup and chowder are preferred by many to that prepared from clams.

This "fad" has had a wonderful effect upon the abalone industry, and last year more than 800,000 pounds of the meat was obtained and about 4,000,000 shells. The meat brings about five cents per pound at wholesale and the shells sold, at first hands, for \$150,000.—*What-to-Eat*.

## Astronomical Notes for September

THE Sun will be vertical over the Equator, passing from north to south, at noon on the 23rd, which is therefore the day of the autumnal equinox in the northern hemisphere. He will rise, on the first, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 5h. 14m. in the morning, and set at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th rise at 5h. 30m. and set at 6h. 23m.; and on the 21st rise at 5h. 46m. and set at 6h. 0m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 2h. 59m. on the morning of the 3rd; New at 8h. 43m. on the evening of the 9th; First Quarter at 3h. 13m. on the afternoon of the 16th; and Full at 5h. 50m. on that of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter past 7 o'clock on the evening of the 9th; and in apogee, or furthest from us, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 9th and 10th. A total eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 9th, but it will not be visible in any part of Europe, Asia, or North America. The central line will pass over the Pacific Ocean to South America, on the western coast of which the Sun will set whilst eclipsed. An occultation of Aldebaran will take place after sunrise on the morning of the 30th, lasting from 6h. 42m. to 7h. 10m. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 16th, but may be visible in the evening (situated in the constellation Virgo) at the beginning of the month, and in the morning (near the star Tau Leonis, of the fifth magnitude) at the end of it. Venus sets later each evening, moving from the constellation Leo into Virgo, and passing near the brightest star, Spica, in the latter, on the 23rd. Mars rises a little earlier each morning, moving from Cancer into Leo; he will be about a degree due north of the bright star Regulus on the 28th. Jupiter rises about 8 o'clock in the evening, near the boundary of the constellations Pisces and Aries, and continues to increase in brilliancy; he will be near the Moon on the 26th, the conjunction taking place two hours after rising. Saturn is due south at 10 o'clock in the evening on the 9th, and at 9 o'clock on the 23rd; he will throughout the month be near the fourth magnitude star Iota Capricorni, and therefore never attain any great elevation in the heavens. He will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 20th.—W. T. LYNN.



# Women's Interests

## Clothes

THE dress of to-day differs from that of earlier ages in that it is not classified. The washerwoman on her holiday wears garments which the Greenlanders might be unable to distinguish from those of a lady of fashion. Variety, which is the quest of the foolish rich, has descended to a humbler section of society, hence the universal expenditure on clothes for women which no one is able to justify and no one attempts to deny. Every business house in London and in Manchester, in Birmingham and Liverpool, in a word, everywhere throughout the kingdom, with the exception of those that deal in implements of war, or produce the accessories of field sports, live, move, and have their being with one eye and two-thirds of the other fixed on feminine requirements; three-fourths of all the periodical literature of the day depend for existence on the business houses that provide for women's necessities or fancies, the experienced say trade would be dead but for the things women must have.

Every age has found some potent pens to denounce female extravagance, and some of the writers were so severe and unjust that one feels sure they are sorry and ashamed now when it is too late; when having passed hence, they see the evil they did adding its quota to all evil. To denounce as universal and insuperable what is particular and remediable is to bear false witness where the record is already false enough. Extravagance is no worse than drunkenness, both can be stopped, provided the right people set to work in the right way; but neither is going to be stopped by a word from any one's lips or pen.

Both evils are entailed in great measure by society—meaning in this case associated human beings. All drinking habits begin in conviviality, only the savage drinks at the first because of the pleasantness of the fire-water; extravagance in clothes exists only where there are spectators to admire the effect. Now, before touching on the evil of clothes, it must be recognised that the instinct for seemly dress is not only productive of pleasure but of mental and moral elevation. To be dressed better than usual will impart even to the degenerate some consciousness of self-respect and some dim aspiration after achievement. I have often thought that the County Lunatic Asylums, in dressing the patients like Fifth or November figures, miss an important element in the curative process. To recognise one's own kinship with the scarecrow in the fields must entail some loss of hope and of courage. The garments of civilisation not only cover but express the individual. Has it ever occurred to any woman that in changing her wardrobe a score or a hundred times in the season, she is putting away the outline of her individuality? To have bought a garment as costly as that possessed by the young nobleman whose place of abode is now being anxiously sought by his creditors, is, provided such costly covering were worn to a finish, less inimical to the character of the

possessor than that weary quest for novelty, that unintelligent intention to show our versatility only through the capacity of our needlewomen, which characterise the Flora McFlimsays of to-day.

Here is what is called a modest estimate for the dress of a woman of moderate means. It is taken from the woman's page of a daily paper:—

Costumes . . . . .	£2000	per annum.
Tailor . . . . .	100	" "
Underwear . . . . .	70	" "
Boots . . . . .	80	" "
Hats . . . . .	172	" "
Gloves, etceteras . . . . .	90	" "

Total . . . . . £2512

A woman of immoderate means is supposed to be justifiably entitled to spend £6000 per annum in covering and uncovering her person. Most of these "costumes" will be worn at most four times, some of them only once, then they are sold for a trifle to second-hand dealers, who generally dispose of them for theatrical purposes to minor theatres.

Many of these dresses are never paid for; one result is that many dressmakers and milliners go annually into bankruptcy; another is that prices have universally risen, because those houses that mean to live must have a general profit somehow, the honest customers must recoup the losses entailed by the fraudulent. Materials are much cheaper than they were twenty years ago; ready-made clothing produced by sweated seamstresses is cheaper also; but a dress to measurements, if supplied by a fashionable dressmaker, costs a third more than it did at that period.

It is easy for the strong-minded to resolve to dress as they like, and to do it too; easy for them to keep to the limits of a modest dress allowance, just as it is easy for the temperate individual to take his glass of claret or of beer and go no further, but all are not strong-minded, and all are not temperate, and the weak have need of helps from the outside. The times are ready for an anti-extravagance league. There have been associated dress reformers and rational dress leagues, but, like many other well-meaning organisations, they began at the wrong end, attacked symptoms instead of the root of the malady, and effected little. The women who would wear rational dress—usually, to the sophisticated eye, a very ugly-looking process—are workers who want to effect something they have in view, and desire to do so under the most unhampered conditions. Now such people cannot expect to be leaders of a popular movement, their sympathies are in certain limited channels, and through these they need not expect to move the vasty deep of the average mind. They may lead those who are ready to set out in the same direction with them, but the vast community whose eyes are roving everywhere will only consent to be led when it is proved to them that a land they wot not of awaits them, and that it is flowing with milk and honey. Make women realise that the clothing care is a real care, narrowing their horizon, limiting their intelligence, hardening their hearts; convince them that joy is not in the multitude of one's possessions, but in ownership of the few and fit, and

## Women's Interests

then get pledges of abstinence from outlay beyond a certain margin, so much for the poor, so much for the middle class—business or professional—so much for the loftier altitudes. The vows would not be universally taken at the first, but multitudes are ready for them this moment. A defined economy would entail invention, and popular rational dress would result. Here is an opportunity for that class of writer who spends time and makes money defaming her sex in the newspapers. Let her refrain from crying, "Woe is me!" at so much per line, let her grapple intelligently with an actual evil, and indicate to her friends the only remedy. It would not be difficult to find a President and Committee for the A. E. A. (Anti-Extravagance Association), the price of one smart toque would pay the entrance and annual fees, and leave a trifle over for the badge, and many a woman as she pinned this on her bosom would realise that she had become emancipated. Then how many men would think life infinitely better worth living and easier to compass by reason of the increased accommodation in the small house where "creations" and chiffons and smart things used to overflow, and would individually hope he was not dreaming as he viewed the strange rotundity of his *portemonnaie*. I commend this suggestion to "Rita," "Sarah Grand," and Company.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### LITERARY.

*V. M. C.*—Your "ghost story" is like all members of that fraternity. You heard it from a lady who heard it from a man who heard it from his servants who said they saw the ghost. Your letter makes me feel as if life had retrograded at least half a century. If a poor girl was unwilling to die, what "lesson" can you possibly find for the community in the fact that two servants in succession said they saw a ghostly coffin in the room in which she passed away? The death of the young is unnatural, and being unnatural might be expected to horrify a young creature probably brought up on a spiritual diet of "darkness, fire and chains." The landlord, of course, was hoaxing your friend; some people find amusement in that sort of thing. If the world is only to be converted by signs and wonders of the coffin order, I am afraid its regeneration is

very remote. If the poor girl thought well to clean, as a labour of love, the church she attended, where was the harm? Every form of actual service anywhere is a benefit. I am sorry to seem so out of sympathy with a communication made by you in obvious good faith, but I am always grieved by anything that tends to retard the slowly advancing dawn of a nobler conception of the Deity in the bewildered and unhappy minds of men.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*S. E. J.*—Stammering is successfully treated by Mrs. Behnke, 18 Earl's Court Square, London, S.W. Mrs. Behnke takes boarders, or gives daily lessons to adults. Her terms might be considered high, but her method is genuine and successful. I know one professional "curer" whose own wife stammers very badly; that is an irrefragable testimony regarding her claims.

*M. J.*—The recitation entitled "The Bishop and the Caterpillar" will be found in Ernest Pertwee's *Sunday School Reciter*, published by Routledge, price 1s.

*A. L. C.*—The stamps you enumerate have not much value, the old receipt stamps none whatever. The old red penny stamps will fetch a shilling each from some dealers, the 2d. blue of the same date might fetch 1s. 6d., but lists are not always an evidence of procurable price. An old Mauritius stamp was catalogued value £2, and the happy owner of a sample proceeded with it to the house that issued the catalogue, only to be laughed at for his pains. The man in charge facetiously remarked that buying and selling were by no means the same. Perhaps some philatelist will let you know what a 2d. blue English stamp date 1847 is worth. Various issues of certain stamps possess points, and consequently values not attaching to other issues of the same stamp.

*L. G.*—The old-fashioned beadwork of the days of our great-grandmothers is now being revived in England and America, and like the recently revived ribbon-work affords charming results. Beads, patterns and materials can be had from the British Combine Art, Bead Frame and Cabinet Co. (what a name), 110 Cannon St., London, E.C.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



Photo by

A BIT OF ULLSWATER

Rev. H. S. Anson

# The Fireside Club

E. C. Hargrave

## POSIES FROM POETRY

### IV

1. "The dark-leaved laburnum's drooping clusters."
2. "Roses, amorous of the moon."
3. "A bed of water-lilies."
4. "Ardent marigolds."
5. "Rain-scented eglantine."
6. "Blossoming limes."
7. "Shaded hyacinth."
8. "Hedge-grown primrose."
9. "A bush of may-flowers."
10. "Sweet-peas, on tip-toe for a flight."
11. "The spreading blue-bells."
12. "The wealth of globed peonies."

From what poet's work are these quotations taken? A prize of the value of Five Shillings is offered for the first correct answer, tracing each.

Awards in our recent Series of Shakespeare Acrostics will appear next month.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: The late BISHOP LYTTELTON'S *Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt, and Paganism*, John Murray, 9s. MR. STEVENS' *The Slave in History*, Religious Tract Society, 6s. MR. J. B. BELL'S *Wee Macgregor Again*, Grant Richards, 1s. MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S *Japan in Pictures*, Newnes, Ltd., 3s. 6d., etc.

The late Bishop Lyttelton's essays, chiefly on *Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt, and Paganism*, furnish us with a volume of great and varied interest. The analysis of the authors studied is so closely reasoned and compact that it is difficult to detach sentences in illustration, without impairing their force. We may quote, however, from some of the closing summaries and appreciations in several of the essays. Of Tennyson he believes "his true greatness lies in his lyrical work . . . a peculiar combination of richness and delicacy, and a unique power of suggestiveness" . . . and claims that "in a sceptical and material age he, keenly alive both to its doubts and to its scientific achievements, has yet persistently forced men to dwell on what is spiritual."

While Browning's poetry often suffers from "a want of emotional force to balance the intellectual power," the greatness of his teaching lies in his "power of exalting man and man's deeds, not by idealising him, or by taking him out of the real conditions of his life, but by giving him his true dignity as an immortal being, whom God's love has placed here to grow and to prepare himself for a wider and more perfect life hereafter."

Again, in the essay devoted to Matthew Arnold and Clough he remarks that in the former's

"view of human relations we find the inevitable hopelessness which we believe to be the result of the self-centred attitude of his mind. . . . When we turn to Clough we find that it is precisely in proportion as he feels himself able to cling to something external to him that he is hopeful, energetic, and religious."

In the most interesting essay of the volume, on Carlyle's life and work, the Bishop discusses Sir J. F. Stephen's declaration that Carlyle was the greatest poet of our age. He opines that while Carlyle was, in sheer power over language, and in capacity for producing great and varying effects of style, far superior to any English writer of his time, yet the want of singing power must be felt, and his finest passages suffer, since "being in substance poetry, they are not cast into the form of poetry." In politics, "Carlyle taught Radicals to distrust Radicalism," and as an example of the vividly illuminating force of his humour we are reminded of his description of a representative government which will not govern "if the thing called Government merely drift and tumble to and fro, no-whither, on the popular vortexes, like some carcasses of a drowned ass, constitutionally put at the top of affairs."

In his treatise on *The Slave in History*, Mr. Stevens has succeeded in throwing into the perspective of a single volume world-wide and age-long records on this great subject, never, apparently, so epitomised before. "Go back as far as we may towards the boundaries of history, we shall find the slave awaiting us," he remarks, and he points out that in fact, if not in name, the slave is among us still. Slavery is hazily associated in most minds with the American Civil War, and with the names of a few prominent apostles of freedom such as John Brown and Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, or our own Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Macaulay. Mr. Stevens shows us that, as he says, "the slave's fate is mixed with the history of every land"—and "what the serpent was to Laocoon, slavery with its entwining folds and its slow torture has been to the whole world." He sketches in his earlier chapters the conditions of slavery in Jewish, Greek, and Roman States, and notes the few protests and condemnations recorded. Christianity, which ought to have made so sweeping a reform, seems to have influenced every other social relation ere it affected this, and still as the centuries went on, only here and there is there record of any protesting word or act. Among the mass of interesting data brought together in this book, his readers will thank Mr. Stevens for telling them of these earlier philanthropists, some little known, who saw clearly and spoke faithfully of this iniquitous traffic in men—always more degrading to the owners than to the owned. He tells us of Seneca, Plato, Epictetus, Constantine, King Arthur, Las Casas, and others,

## The Fireside Club

named and unnamed, and of the characteristic way in which the Society of Friends, instigated by George Fox and John Woolman, prohibited slave-trading among themselves and manumitted all their slaves. What they practised they were strong to preach, and thus they gave soul to the earliest anti-slavery societies in America and England. Isolated protests had seemed to leave the evil untouched, but their words now begun to bear fruit a hundredfold in the growth and action of these societies. The heaven spread and wrought. The stereotyped prejudices of public opinion were broken, America began to see herself as others saw her, and to abhor herself in the mirror of such bold utterances as those of Fanny Kemble, for instance, who went out from England on her marriage to a slave-holder, eager to judge the matter for herself, and if possible see its palliations. "The wrong strikes me more forcibly every hour I live here," was the verdict of her printed journal. It is impossible to follow all the directions of Mr. Stevens' exhaustive inquiry. The abolition of slavery in England and America accomplished, he takes us to India, Russia, and lastly to Africa. There, after Livingstone's great name he adds those of General Gordon, Romolo Gessi, and Cardinal Lavigerie to the roll of liberators, but points out how that very Free State on the Congo, created by Europe in response to the Cardinal's appeal, threatens to become the stronghold of a slavery as cruel as any on record. Political necessities and industrial needs, Mr. Stevens shows, have been the two chief enslaving causes in history, the latter waxing as the former wanes, and to those who are led by his book to further study of this subject it may be pointed out that the industrial slavery of little children is a social disease still deeply rooted in the constitutions of even such liberty-loving nations as Italy, America, and England, judging by Doctor Lombardo's account of the seven-year-old foundlings (five thousand in one province alone) who labour and die, many of them, in the sulphur mines of Italy; or Mrs. Van Vorst's description of the over-worked children whom she saw in the cotton mills of the American Southern States; or Mr. Sherard's recent articles on the child-slaves of Great Britain.

That Mr. Bell should have written a successful sequel to his popular study of *Wee Macgregor*,

is a sufficiently remarkable achievement to make one scrutinise his work in search of the secret of his skill. Dialect as a medium cannot account for it, since that vogue has long lost its novelty. Neither does he score as a caricaturist, for his local colour and his drawing are too naturally exact to catch the attention of passers-by. We are here introduced to Scotch people who do not wear kilts, nor make jokes about whisky or about ministers, and we find they are of like human nature with other men. We watch with increasing interest the character of a small boy in the making—the sturdy budding of his little virtues, manliness in the "bashing" of big Geordie MacCulloch when he found him "stealing pencils from the wee yins," honesty in confessing how the eggs were broken, and generosity, albeit with an effort, in the matter of Jessie Cameron and the penny. His naughtinesses are as naturally told, and indirectly make more clear the finest character in this delightful family group, Lizzie Robinson, the mother, whose common-sense and foresight and homely wisdom make every one of the little touches of the training of her son full of interest to the lover of human nature.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has taken the tide of present interest in Japan at the full. Of all the books about the place and people he has launched of late, *Japan in Pictures* ought not to be the least successful. It contains over sixty really beautiful pictures from photographs, of landscapes, temples, crops and gardens, rivers and streets, ending with a series showing how the Japanese live. Altogether a book worth study, for letterpress and illustrations alike.

Also received: LANDOR'S *Shorter Works*, 3s. 6d., and *Poems by William Wordsworth*, edited by Prof. Knight, 3s. 6d., both recent volumes of Newnes' Thin Paper Classics, and each prefixed by a portrait, of which the Landor is best. Professor Knight is so well qualified an editor of Wordsworth, that his choice in these selections is not to be lightly questioned, although we incline to George Eliot's opinion, that no set of selections can give the pleasure to be found in wandering for oneself through the mountainous expanses of *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* and coming on their beauties *in situ*.

### A CORRECTION

THE Photographs of Stocks in our July number (p. 790), attributed by mistake to Mrs. Mann, were taken by Henry Walker, Cheetham Place, Manchester, except that of Moncton Stocks, which was the work of Swain, Broadstairs.



# Our Chess Page

## Problem Tourney: NAMES OF PRIZE-WINNERS, ETC.

*I leave it to you:* PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, A.C.A., 9 Southwold Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W. *Pathfinder:* R. G. THOMSON, 3 Surreybank Road, Aberdeen. *Pensée:* P. OSBORN, 152 Elgin Avenue, W. *Can I?* GEO. M. NORMAN, 2 Bartholomews, Brighton.

**Highly Commended** (named in order of merit last month):

*Arioso*, *Paolo Majors I. & II.*, *Fanciullo*, *Medusa*, *Leopardi*, *Petit Jour*, and *Paolo:* P. OSBORN. *Mark Time*, *Taraban*, and *Jester:* G. J. SLATER. *Find the Dual:* PHILIP H. WILLIAMS. *Alpha:* W. R. TODD. *The Society Idol:* J. CHADWICK. *Indian Prince:* A. WATSON. *Pathfinder* (Two-mover): R. G. THOMSON. *Pyroxylin:* A. W. DANIEL. *Hodie mihi!* *Cras tibi!* MISS E. M. DAVEY.

The following problems were cooked—

Two-movers.—*Easy All*, *Stonehenge*, *The pawns*, and *Vice-versa*.

Three-mover.—*Stonehenge*.

The two following problems had impossible positions—*Hoc age* (white bishop), *Noblesse oblige* (black pawns).

## COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SECTION.

*Brinea:* ANTONIO CORRIAS, Via Sa-Ena 5, Sardegna, Ozieri, Italy. *Remember:* MAXIMILIAN FEIGL, Wien II, Taborstrasse 17, Austria. *Sic!:* REV. J. JESPERSEN, Svendborg, Denmark. *Le Général:* FERRARI ARTURO, Via Bocacanal di S. Giuseppe 1, Ferrara, Italy.

## Retractor Competition

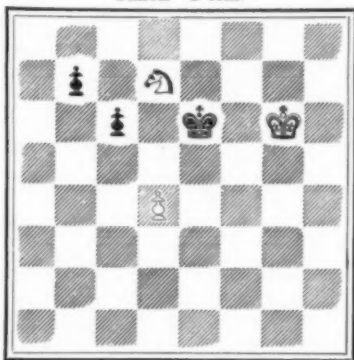
For conditions see August Number.

"*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—No. II.

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."  
*Othello*, II. iii.

BLACK—3 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. Black played last, but must retract his move.
  2. White to retract his last move.
  3. White to play.
  4. Black to play so as to allow—
  5. White to give mate with a pawn.
- Solutions must be sent in by October 1.

MRS. BAIRD'S Retractor No. 5 Solution.

White P was on K 2 and played to K 3, replace P. Black K was on B 5 and took Kt on Q 5, replace K and Kt, and play Black Kt—Kt 6. White P—K 4 dis. mate.

## Highly Commended:

*Pitraceu:* ANTONIO CORRIAS. *Dum spiro spero:* EMILE PRADIGNAT. *Sub sole:* MAXIMILIAN FEIGL. *Suum Cuique:* F. GAMAGE. *Riches en images* and *Si gam os:* KONRAD ERLIN. *Minor:* J. D. WILLIAMS. *Gooden:* EMILE PRADIGNAT. *Egai:* ANTONIO CORRIAS. *Nejle:* KONRAD ERLIN. *Secundum artem:* F. GAMAGE. *Rococo:* OTTMAR NEMO-WEISS.

## JUDGES' NOTES. HOME SECTION.

*I leave it to you.* A problem of no great difficulty with regard to the key move, but the Black and White men are well balanced, and the great economy of force is a most pleasing feature.

The B king has remarkable freedom, and the mates are pure, varied, and interesting.

*Pathfinder* has a clever key move, and contains interesting and bold sacrifices of the White queen. Most of the mates are pure. With regard to economy, it is scarcely so fine as *I leave it to you*.

*Pensée.* This has a pretty key, and the mates are good and pure—one being a pure mirror.

*Can I?* An excellent composition, economical, and having good mating positions. The key is more apparent than that in *Pensée*, the white knight being in a less useful position, before the key move is made.

*Arioso.* A very beautifully constructed problem containing triple sacrifice of W. Q. The arrangement, we consider, is hardly so neat as the prize-winners *I leave it to you* and *Pathfinder*.

Solutions received up to time of going to press from—

No. 4. COL. FORBES and R. G. THOMSON.

No. 5. H. BALSON, J. CHADWICK, R. G. THOMSON, JAS. WHITE, and REV. R. J. WRIGHT.

## Retractor Competition Result

Nos. 3, 4, and 5.

The prize (Mrs. Baird's *Seven Hundred Problems*) offered in April for the quickest solutions in the aggregate has been won by MR. J. CHADWICK, 133 St. Domingo Vale, Liverpool.

But for a bad mistake—to all appearance a clerical error—in the solution of No. 5, MR. HOSEY DAVIS would easily have been first.

## Direct Mate Problems, Key Moves:—

A. Kt—Q B 6.

B. Q—Kt 2.

Solutions received from—

Nos. 16 and 17, FRANK W. ATCHINSON, COL. FORBES, H. W. HOLLAND (India), E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON, JOHN D. TUCKER, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

No. 17, ARTHUR JAS. HEAD.

*Note.*—In No. 16 some solvers in answer to 1. Black P—Q 4 followed by 2. Q—Q Kt 6 ch, 2. P—B 4, have missed the mate with 3. P × P e. p.

Nos. A and B, BASIL SPOONER, R. G. THOMSON, JOHN D. TUCKER.

We have no space for ordinary problems, but the "page" will be extended next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*



GLEANNING AFTER HARVEST

*Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Allan Barraud*





*From the picture by Makovski*

# JAM-MAKING IN RUSSIA

(See p. 1041.)

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# His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

While Menloe (as James) is waiting at table at breakfast, Persephone sees in the local paper the account of Menloe's death. Menloe sees it too, and attributes it to James. That night Menloe, hearing a sound near his window, goes out and finds James digging a grave for an apparent corpse which hangs on a tree. Menloe, with a blow of his fist, sends James into the grave. But James turns up next morning, only with a black eye. During that day, Menloe overhears a conversation between James and another man which confirms a suspicion he already had that James was an escaped convict, O'Gorman.

Menloe discovers that James is really a dangerous lunatic, and once finds James bending over him with a razor in his hand. He also finds him making love to Persephone. Starting off to find Dr. Mullins that he may have James shut up as a lunatic, Menloe meets a covered car, into which the officials of the asylum, mistaking him for James, persuade him to enter, and he is lodged in the asylum. His assertion that he is Lord Menloe is all in vain, and even the doctor treats him as a madman. Menloe determines to try to escape.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—THE CHAPLAIN'S COVERED CAR

THE days went by without giving him any chance even of forming a plan.

In such an institution as an asylum everything goes regularly; to make the slightest deviation from routine is a difficult matter. Now that his work lay in the office, Menloe found general explanation of any kind almost impossible; he did not share the walks of the multitude. When he took exercise it was in the garden—almost always in the form of simple work, under the doctor's eye. The garden-walls themselves were exceedingly high and topped with formidable jags of glass; and Menloe was almost sure they did not make a boundary, but were enclosed again by the walls of the grounds. From the officials he feared to make any inquiry; and from the patients he could gather nothing pertinent.

Slowly, for everything was slow to Menloe's caged desire, there came into his mind the conviction that escape could be made only at one point. He must get out by the front gates. If time had not been urgent other ways would have opened; but

for heavy-footed Chance, how could he wait?

All day he thought of Persephone; again and again—though, as he knew, only an echo of reality—that "Oh, come!" broke on his ears. That she was in some great peril of body or soul he could not doubt. And that the peril came from James was almost as sure.

Menloe suffered miserably; once or twice he was almost driven to appeal to the doctor; but if he failed—as he felt certain that he should—his detention might be lengthened. So wild a story as was his would seem to one whose outlook was the doctor's, only a demonstration of insanity.

So he abandoned that way out as a no-thoroughfare.

It was an added misery to the poor fellow to know that his sufferings were shaking his nerves, ringing his eyes with livid hollows, wasting his weight, making his manner furtive and odd.

When he looked at himself in the glass he felt that his face was ominous; it had the smouldering sullenness of the maniac whose outbreak is at hand.

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Unless he could escape quickly, Menloe feared that his last chance might be taken away. If he were rejected from work in the office and from attendance at the Sunday service, his outlook upon the front gates—the gates of deliverance—would be cut off clean.

On Sunday, Menloe, with about twenty more, sat in the board-room, waiting for the chaplain. On the horsehair-seated chairs set against the wall were eleven women, sun-bonneted, cloaked in tartan: then came the men, grey-friezed.

On a movable reading-desk lay an old large inodorous Bible and an old large musty Book of Common Prayer. On a leather-covered table beside it were folded the chaplain's surplice—dirty and ancient; all-covering as charity—and his rusty black stole.

Menloe watched the faces before him, for they were interesting still. One of the women was talking to herself inaudibly, with prunes and prisms and smiles of uttermost gentility. A great girl, very pretty, with the prettiness of eight years old, laughed and giggled.

The old woman opposite to him had a piece of bread under her shawl; an offering (as Menloe suspected) for the chaplain. Bob yawned noisily; the female warder found the place for a large gentlewoman next to her—that Mrs. Quincey, indeed, the patient with a suicidal tendency, whose daughter had just come in. She was not there, since patients never came untried to the service.

The man who wanted a lid to his brain sat next to Menloe. "If I had a sort of a spring like a jack-in-the-box," he whispered, "maybe that would be handiest. I'd touch it according to my convenience, and the thoughts would jump up for me."

At that moment there came the sound of the opening gate; then the porter's voice was heard, wishing good-morning; then there was a hand on the door, and the chaplain entered.

It was a new man—a short-sighted, stooping, middle-aged man, whom the warders did not know. He came in, nodding, and whispered to the female warder—"I came for the Canon, who is in London. Will it take me long to drive to Malranny? I am taking the service there at half-past eleven."

"Oh, not twenty minutes, your reverence."

"Then I ordered the car rather too soon. Well, that doesn't matter."

The chaplain invested himself in the inodorous gatherings of the surplice; the moment his head came out the woman with the bread stepped up and made her offering. The chaplain, thanking her, laid it on the reading-desk till after the service; evidently he could control his carnal desires.

The service—thirty-three minutes was to be its fine-cut duration—began and continued. Mrs. Quincey repeated the responses with fervour; the man on Menloe's right put his hands into his pockets, turned his back on the congregation, and stared stolidly out of window. Bob, the warder, who couldn't manage the long words, sank from resonance into strange mutterings and lingerings, while he hearkened for a lead over some five-barred corks.

Menloe noted all these things, while his heart was scuttling like a rabbit, and while his brain was beating out the thought, "This may be the chance; this may be the chance."

Then came the sermon, with the text. "I am not mad, most noble Festus"—which seemed to disconcert the preacher when he gave it out.

He looked round deprecatingly; then rubbing his hands remarked, "Nothing personal, dear afflicted friends; nothing at all personal."

At last it was over; the patients, like slow oxen for the most part, began to move doorwards.

Menloe went up to the chaplain. "May I say a word to you?" he asked; seeing nothing before him, but merely scheming for the chance that might lurk in delay.

"Certainly," the chaplain said, and the warder, with tolerant disapprobation, moved yawning after the slow retiring friezes and tartans.

"Is it," said the clergyman, politely, considering that he thought Menloe a lunatic, "anything very important? Because"—he looked at his watch—"though my time is always . . . I'm rather in a hurry."

"I only wanted," Menloe answered, "to ask you to . . . to . . . to . . ." Menloe had never stammered before, but he did it like an old hand.

"Yes?" said the chaplain.

"To . . ." what in the world could he want to ask? . . . oh!—"give me a screw of tobacco."

"No—no—I cannot encourage screws."

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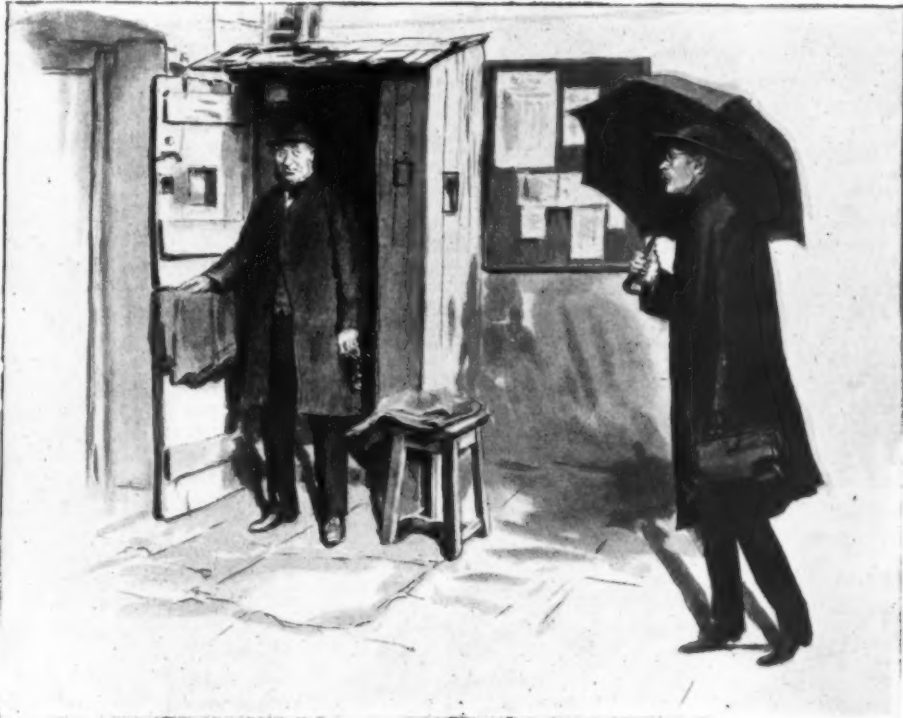
"Poor Mr. Chamberlain!" Menloe said as the chaplain crossed the little passage and entered the office. It was strange that the crisis should find Menloe so flippant, but it did. All his anxiety was gone. He felt a cheery recklessness such as had been his never before. Even then he had no clear plan of escape; he only knew that he was going to make something happen.

As the chaplain disappeared, Menloe

made his entry. The key of the office-door stood on the outside of the lock.

Menloe was taking down the overcoat when the chaplain's boots creaked within, and the door opened. Menloe hardly had time to replace the overcoat before the chaplain's head was peeping out.

"Did you happen?" he asked, "to count the number of female luna——patients——in our little congregation? There were nine last Sunday."



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walked into the little intervening passage. There, on a branching stand, the men patients hung their caps, and there, the last of them, beside the chaplain's black wide-awake and long dark overcoat, Menloe's cap was hanging still. On the floor stood the chaplain's bag, containing perhaps a fresher surplice; and, in the stand beside it, his nice umbrella.

Menloe looked at these properties, and, in an instant, his plan was in progress. Through the office-door, which stood slightly ajar, he could see the figure of the parson standing at the big writing-slope while he

"Eleven," said Menloe.

"Very gratifying," the head replied; "the good Canon is working up the congregation!"

The head withdrew, and again Menloe pulled down the overcoat. It came on with two plunges and a wriggle, hiding the whole of his asylum garb, for his trousers were in their right mind. Then he put on the wide-awake; and then, very softly, he turned the key of the office-door, removed it as softly, securing the parson against accident; and slid it into his pocket.

Next he put up the umbrella; it was not raining, but the unworldly nature of the

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clergy would cover a worse sin against the practical; and lastly he took the bag into his hand.

Stepping to the outer door of the passage, he looked out. To the left, among beds of geraniums and begonias, near to the broad steps of the asylum, surrounded by the slow-coaches of the men patients, stood Bob, his arms thrown up, his chin in the air, yawning his head off.

To the right, close to the tall white entrance-gates, with his back to Menloe, stood Delany the porter, conversing with the driver of a covered car. The big key was dangling in his hand.

"Who was the gentleman," Delany was inquiring, "who took the Canon's duty?"

"Not wan o' me knows," the driver answered; "sure, I never seen the man at all."

"Thank Heaven for that," said Menloe to himself, as he stepped into the narrow beaten pathway, through the rough-broken angular flints that strewn the oblong of the entrance-gate.

Menloe knew what to do; his term of service in the office had made him familiar with the etiquette of the gate.

Advancing very briskly, yet almost on tip-toe, with his umbrella held high, he came close up to the porter. At that moment a sound reached him from behind; a sound of kicking and shaking; the chaplain was angry with the office-door. In another second or two the noise could hardly fail to penetrate the porter's ears.

"Gate!" cried Menloe, in an angry and imperative tone, at the same time spinning his umbrella round in the man's face.

"I beg your Reverence's pardon," he said, with a start, clapped the key into the lock, and flung wide the clanging gate. The driver drew himself up with a jerk, and tightened the reins.

"Ten shillings," said Menloe, who had not a farthing, "if you do the station in five minutes."

In a couple of seconds the carriage had turned. "Go on, you baste!" yelled the man. The whip came down and the horse broke into a hand-gallop.

"They'll hear him now," Menloe thought. "Pray Heaven they think the key has dropped out, and one of the patients has got locked in."

The mouldy old horse could do wonders when screamed at in the right way. Never had Menloe dreamed what, at its highest

and its best, bumping could be, till he charged through the Sunday streets in that clattering car.

Was there a hue and cry? He could not be sure. Turn and stare the people did, but that proved nothing. Who would not turn and stare at a mad covered car with suicidal proclivities?

If the asylum people were screaming behind, either nobody knew or nobody cared. Perhaps the holiday people; the working-men in their best clothes, holding little children by the hand; the young shop-folk on bicycles—interpreted the cry as mere warning or menace; perhaps they thought that law was getting worsted, and sent a speeding prayer after the flying car.

At any rate, nobody tried to stop the flight. Only one policeman did Menloe see—away down a side-street, and out of all range.

Just before they reached the station enclosure, Menloe stayed the driver. It would be too conspicuous to whirl in as wildly as that. They came up in such decent haste as seemed natural to the place.

Whether or not there was a train Menloe had no idea; probably on Sunday all would be still. To his surprise he found symptoms of much activity: porters—Irish porters—wakeful and almost alert; both the ticket-offices ringed by a pushing crowd; the platforms full; one train ready to go; another coming in.

Menloe hadn't a penny in his pocket. He was sorry for the driver and for the horse, who had worked so hard for the half-sovereign. What could he give them?—Ah, that would do.

At the sacrifice of precious seconds—at the risk even of being overtaken; though that certainly was slight—Menloe pushed his way back to where the car was standing.

"Hold this for a moment," he said; "I'll get change;" and he committed to the driver the chaplain's bag. He hoped it might contain something; the bag should fetch five shillings.

On entering the station Menloe mixed with the crowd. His idea was that, having been seen on the platform, which would establish a probability that he had gone by train, he would walk over the lines to the long ranges of buildings—warehouses and bonded stores—that stretched away indefinitely, issuing finally on a sort of

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world's end—whereof the fauna were dead dogs, and the flora nettles and evil smells.

He was shouldering through the crowd, when he heard an excited ejaculation, and a hand gripped him hard. Menloe's heart kicked; he thought that he was in the toils again. But he was not going back without a fight for liberty. His arm was drawn back—as far as the crowd permitted—for a blow under the heart, when the voice spoke again.

"Dad, I hardly knew your Lordship: did they make a Bishop of you, or what?"

"By Jove, Cavanagh," said Menloe; "I'm glad to see you this day. I've been in an awful hole, Jim; you'll stand by a friend, won't you, Jim?"

"Begob, I will," Jim answered fervently; "by good luck there's a few of the boys with me, and they came purvided." Cavanagh looked at a sensible shillelagh that he carried. "I wouldn't be for intruding at all—your poor—your noble Lordship knows that right well; but if it was the polis, maybe, the boys would put more heart into it."

"Jim," said Menloe, squeezing his friend's arm, "it may be police, and it may be warders, or it may be both. Jim, I've been in an asylum."

Cavanagh hardly displayed a satisfactory degree of surprise. "D'ye tell me that?" he said; "well, well: well, well!"

Menloe burst into a crowd of laughter—one of his old kindly irresistible crows; Jim threw back his head and roared, and several stout fellows who had gathered round him roared companionably.

"Axing your poor—noble pardon," said Jim; and he whispered to his friends. The result was some spitting—on their hands and elsewhere—and the formation round Menloe of a protecting ring. They were poor men, all in their decent Sunday tweeds, bent on an excursion which they might find it hard to contrive again, with their tickets in their pockets, and their luncheon too.

Not a word was said to Menloe, explaining that they had sacrificed something, but he knew what they were doing without being told. He felt rather proud of Ireland just then.

"I think, your Lordship," Jim said, "we'd get home handiest in a couple o' side cyars. Mr. Toole will have them brought out yonder—"

"Your Lordship's humble servant," said the school-master, bowing profoundly.

"My calling is peaceful, and my avocation is law-abiding, but in a meritorious cause I can give and take what Heaven sends wid a shillelagh."

Menloe shook hands with him, and he went on his mission.

"This way, your Lordship," said Jim, jumping off the platform. Menloe and the rest followed.

They gained a wicket, between two stores of great co-operative societies, and emerged upon a quiet road.

"Jim," said Menloe; "is there any news? Has anything . . . where is . . . Miss Tite?"

Jim took no notice, further than to remark that it was a "pet-day al-together."

"For God's sake, Jim!" Menloe caught the man's arm, and pulled him round so that he could search his face. "Jim, tell me? Oh, Jim, she isn't . . . dead."

"No, then," said Cavanagh, "not dead."

"Then what?—ill? very ill?"

"No; not ill; but gone—vanished—melted away; and that wicked villain wid her."

### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE SEARCH FOR PERSEPHONE

IT was nearly one o'clock when Menloe came into view of his own gates.

Now that the immediate need of action was over, he felt weak and shaken. Those days in the asylum had tried him more than he had guessed. Probably when the next emergency arose it would call to him not in vain. At that moment, however, the collapse of reaction was almost complete. In particular the fear of being followed and re-taken haunted him. Continually his gaze had turned back, and in every cloud of dust he had seen the horses of the pursuers.

"Jim," he said to Cavanagh, "stay with me to-day."

"That will I, my Lord, with a heart and a half. 'Deed, then, I'd pity to see your Lordship without a man or two behind you, for what way they have the house left I wouldn't know; no"—he added, dropping his voice a little—"not what's in it at all."

Jim crossed himself, and, in the temporary weakness of Menloe's nerves, some touch of supernatural fear passed to him.

They were traversing a bend in the long avenue, and for an instant a shoulder of the castle sprang into view. It seemed

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to Menloe that even from that distance something spectral reached out to him and drew him on.

"Has anything been seen?" he asked.

"No then; not *seen*," said Jim. The implication clutched more grimly than any clear avowal.

Menloe shivered with a dread that had never come to him before: that he had not believed possible to him, the reasonable being, the scientific dabbler. He knew that the root of that fear was older than man, and that it had shaken in some primeval jungle the sad-eyed, furry fathers of the race. He felt the little turned-in point of one of his ears, and knew how thin is the veneer of our humanity.

They were at the porch now.

Menloe and Cavanagh got down. They tried the door, and found it locked. They knocked and rang, awaking only hollow echoes. And yet as Cavanagh was about to knock again, Menloe stayed his arm. Once it seemed to him there had come a sound . . . a something. . . . They hearkened long, however, and there was only silence.

"Will us try the back, my Lord?" said Jim.

"Yes," Menloe answered, "but the place must be empty. Tell me, Cavanagh, what became of Thady?"

"Sure, he is presently in the town. Very foolish he is, the poor ould man: you'd pity to see him of a morning crying and repinting and signing all the remaining pledges Mrs. Carnegie left after her, and in the evening my brave bucko will send out for a quart of malt, and that won't last him long; and I doubt the man does be over-drawing his constitution altogether."

The back-door also was locked or bolted.

"Well," said Jim, "there is plenty handy ways of getting in, but I nearly think 'tis useless. Let your—my Lord, if your Lordship would put up wid our low ways, take a bit of a collation at our house. The wife was in Limerick yesterday, and she bought some nice trout and a hare." A look of infantine innocence came into Cavanagh's eyes as he named those timely purchases. "Then we can interrogate the people, and if we can pick up any kind of a clue, we can follow it accordingly; and, if nothing circumstantial emerges, we can come back here, let ourselves in through one of the windies, and conduct our investigations whatever way your Lordship would wish."

At that moment Menloe had so little power of initiation that he gladly yielded himself into Cavanagh's hands. But the spectral hand of the place was upon him, and surely would lead him back.

They got into the car, and drove up to Cavanagh's abode: a slate house, the noblest in the town.

Having prepared his wife, Jim bade Menloe alight, and ushered him into a tiny parlour, very stuffy, adorned with sacred pictures—German-sacred pictures. The chairs were hung with dingy white antimacassars, and the chimney-glass was decorated with an edging cut out of green and yellow paper. A circular table in the middle of the room was set round with books that radiated like the beams of the sun. Against the wall, partly covered with an antimacassar, upon which were set two empty decanters, was a sideboard, evidently not much esteemed. The decanters were of Waterford glass—cut into deep diamonds and dimmed with a faint blue-greyness when held up to the light; and the sideboard was a wonderful Sheraton, with a slightly curved front, delicately inlaid in various tones, with the original lion handles.

All these things Menloe noted while Jim was absent, having gone to back up the nerves of his wife.

It seemed that Mrs. Cavanagh had arranged a little party for herself, since Menloe, looking out at the outer street-door, quietly observed two pretty girls shining with Sunday, and their two plain parents, step into the street, softly as though they were leaving church. They went, like the lions, to seek their meat from God.

In about an hour dinner was ready. Menloe would have preferred much to eat it down-stairs, in the comfortable, if not very cleanly, kitchen. But that Mrs. Cavanagh would in no wise suffer. Menloe was served in his state apartment, Jim sitting at a distance, and sharing only the whisky. It was Limerick whisky, nearly twenty years old, perhaps even then a little sweet, but delicate and fine. Positively Menloe forgot all about his pledge till he had drunk three glasses.

He felt very happy as he cursed his unfortunate memory. After Menloe had made Mrs. Cavanagh drink one little glass of toddy mixed by his own hands, and after Jim and he had smoked a pipe together, Jim went out to prosecute inquiries.

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"Maybe, my Lord," he said, "out of compliment to yourself the people might be a small thrifle evasive. Now they wouldn't be so delicate in shpaking to myself, more by token I have a boult on most of them. I'll just make it known that a lie will cut off their credit, and sorra a lie will I get in the whole of them."

Jim was away for two hours. When he returned he knew, perhaps, no more than when he left. He was assured, however, that what he knew was all that the town could tell.

This was the substance of his communication. The visitors had not left Menloe on the day intended. Four days ago there had come to the post-office a telephone-message from Ballylooby, the nearest telegraph-station, which (by a singular coincidence) had leaked out in the town.

The message had come from Queenstown, and it begged Mrs. Carnegie-Tite to go immediately to a friend, just arrived from Montreal, and lying sick at one of the hotels. That afternoon Mrs. Carnegie-Tite had departed in her motor. There was with her only the driver. The same evening Thady and the little maid had returned into the town, disbanded from service. James (who, perhaps his Lordship knew, had been taking great airs of late) had paid them off. They hinted very quare things, but neither was to be coaxed or excited into any connected account. They said it was pity to see the way his poor—his honourable Lordship, who was a little doll about the house, was ordered and coerced. And now (their chat was) his Lordship was clane evaporated out of it, and there was a grave in Lady Di's wood, and there were noises in the house . . . unnatural noises . . . noises 'twas as well not to go shpaking about at all. They were right glad to take their wages or part of them—for Thady had a consate he had had nothing paid for tin or eleven years—and they thanked the blessed Mother they were quitted out of it. Of James subsequently and of Persephone nothing was known; anyway nothing was told.

"Thank you, Jim; thank you," said Menloe. "I was a great trouble to you entirely."

"Is it trouble?" Jim answered. "No, but a pleasure, for indeed myself and the whole of us has a great wish for your poor—honourable Lordship."

"I know that, Jim; I know that right well. Tell me now, Jim; is that all?—is there nothing that you are keeping back?"

"Ah, nothing at all that's worth mentioning. There's a chat among the boys about a handkercher that one of the childer is after finding; but sure, anybody might drop a handkercher."

"Jim, you have it?—for any sake let me see it."

Cavanagh brought out of his pocket, in a tight ball, a little foolish spider's-web, with a solid circle, rather larger than half-a-crown.

"They does be selling 'em for handkerchers, the wife's after telling me," said Jim; "but if anybody took 'em at their word . . . my Lord, there's a mark in the corner."

Already, in spite of the alien savours of Jim's pocket, Persephone had come to Menloe in some perfume that she affected—a perfume delicately personal, exquisitely elusive.

"It's hers," he said; "yes, I would know it without the 'P.' That stands for Persephone. Where was it found?"

"In the field next to your Lordship's lawn."

"Close to the river."

"Why, yes then, as the childer does be giving it out, but sure, what sense has a child?"

"Did you examine the bank? Was there any sign?"

"I wouldn't say 'examined,' for what signification would there be in a handkercher—a little thrifle of a thing like that, melting away in a man's pocket?—but as a matter of form I just glanced around me."

"Well, and what was there?" Menloe got up, and, with his hands in his pockets, walked to the window. "Tell me all about it, Jim; these little things will happen, you know."

"Oh, nothing of much account, my Lord. The ground does be a bit marshy and muddy, you know, by them beds o' flags."

"Yes, yes; I had the broken bank mended and the grass didn't grow yet. What was there?"

"Just feet; two sizes of feet down to the water, and back only the one."

"Jim," said Menloe, turning from the window, and moving about the room in breaks and starts so incalculable that

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Cavanagh, trying to keep in touch with him, described strange figures in his chair; "there may be nothing in this. . . . I dare say it could be explained in many ways."

"Of coorse it could," said Jim; "why not? There'd be explanations of a dale quarer things than the likes o' that."

"Still," Menloe said, "there'd be no harm in having a look round. It's just the evening for the river: we might take our lines"—he turned to the window again—"and a bit of a gaff, you know."

"We might," said Jim, indicating only by a slight lift of the brows his understanding of the grim significance of the gaff; "there was showers yesterday, and the wind is southerly. I wouldn't wonder if the throuts was taking."

In a few minutes the two men were in a cot—the flat-bottomed boat of the district—Jim paddling, Menloe throwing a fly. In the irony of things, the fish were eager for the fly, and every few minutes Menloe had to land a little leaping gleam of silver. Even under these conditions Jim could not bear to lose a fish, and rejoiced over a half-pounder.

For several hours the men searched the river—searched it till the western sky took fire, and all the water shook with flame: searched it till every shadow was a fear, and every broken piece of delf seemed the white thing itself. The water mostly was shallow, and Jim knew all the pools. He probed every one, but found nothing.

The footmarks on the bank were kept till the last. Menloe, though he knew well enough that the town was busy with his doings, and that eyes were everywhere, hated the investigation. Fishing kept up appearances; examining footprints was an admission. Jim had described the marks accurately enough. There were a little foot and a larger one; there were a returning and an unreturning foot.

Having moored the boat, the two men walked towards Cavanagh's house. Just before they reached their destination, Jim gave good-night to Molloy, the broad, beaming policeman.

"Is he doing anything?" Menloe inquired, when he was out of earshot of the official.

"Cripes, then," said Jim, "himself is the only man in the neighbourhood that doesn't know anything was wrong. We mostly,"

he added simply, "keeps the polis out of it. But Molloy is as decent a poor man as you'd meet anywhere, and, when dark Raftery had Mrs. Molloy's petticoat stolen, the whole town rose on him and made him put it back on the line."

After supper Menloe became restless. "Jim," he asked, having taken a few erratic turns, "have you a revolver?"

"Deed, then, I have, my Lord."

"Then, look here; I've been thinking matters out as well as I can, and I've come to a determination. I'm going to sleep at Menloe alone."

"Musha! not alone, my Lord. Them noises was very quare indeed. I didn't hear them myself, but I heard them in the face of them that was telling me; don't be going there alone, my Lord."

"I've got to do it, Jim. When I said I had been thinking, I used the wrong word. The thing came into my mind, I don't know how. When we were up there in the morning, knocking and ringing, something came to me."

"The Cross betune us and harm! Did your Lordship see any appearance?"

"No, Jim, I saw nothing, and I can't be sure that I heard anything either. But all the same, something came to me."

"Take care it wasn't—" Cavanagh broke off, and a wide hollow, shadowy and dimly peopled, yawned in his speech. He waved his hands and let them fall. Then he rose, white and beaded with ghastly drops. "Don't go, my Lord. That house at night is no place for them that has souls to lose."

"A man must stand his chance with his soul like other things. What calls me, Jim, I cannot tell, but it is a call that I must answer. I'm going to sleep at Menloe."

"All right, my Lord. Then your Lordship would like a bit of company. I'll tell the wife I won't be home till morning."

Menloe caught the man's hand and gripped it hard.

"Jim," he said, "I won't forget this to you. I know what it cost you to face that prospect. But, my dear, good fellow, I must go alone. As a matter of common-sense it is the better thing, since two are more seen and more heard than one. I shall have a better chance of sneaking in unobserved if there's no one behind me. But, letting that go, whatever it is that calls, calls me alone."

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"Well, then, if that's the way it is to be, let you take my revolver, and a drop of nourishment in a pint bottle, and a lantern."

"Have you a dark-lantern?"

"No, then, my Lord, but the constable have one."

"Won't that be letting him into the secret, if you borrow his lantern?"

"I think I could lay my hand on it without that publicity. Sure the man is standing in the street presently, and the wife beside him. I might shlip in without

under the glimmering mass of the castle. A slight wind rustled among the woods, a dog was barking in the village. Else all was very still.

He stood and listened, and knew that all this had happened before. Time was suspended or had been dissolved; present, past, and future were one.

Menloe knew not how long he had kept his place, his feet treading in shadows, a great shadow looming above him; the grass dimly luminous with heavy dews, while



CASTING WEIRD LIGHTS FROM HIS DARK-LANTERN

saying anything. I done it wanst or twicet before."

In a couple of minutes Jim was back, and the lantern was with him.

"If your Lordship is bent on going, all will be quite in a few minyits. As a general rule, we don't interpret the Sunday-closing Act too literal, but I have the boys noticed they may go to bed this night; they wouldn't be sarved at all. I'll let yer out by the back door, and there's a bohieren leads yez out beyant the bridge, close to your own gates. I'll just escort your Lordship that distance anyway."

In half-an-hour or less Menloe stood

his heart was a highway for shapes and shadows. But, with a start, he felt his activities again. Something was calling him, something was drawing him. He turned, as though an actual hand were guiding his steps. Through a little wicket he passed, beyond two windows; then, crossing a narrow strip of lawn, he stepped under to the third window. The sash went up without noise, and he stood in a side-passage, opening on the hall. He listened; there was no sound. The sense of guidance had fallen from him. He groped his way to the small settle, and sat down, purposeless and lost.

## His Poor Lordship

### CHAPTER XXV—THE FINDING OF PERSEPHONE

NEVER had Menloe felt so forlorn. There was a sense of abandonment about the house that spread like a chill air. Though it was August, Menloe would have been glad of a fire. To smoke seemed to him, though he hardly knew why, forbidden by the circumstances. In the bottle provided by Jim Cavanagh there was a comforting drink, but even of that Menloe would not make a friend. Already he was sorry for the pledge which he had broken. Absurd as were the conditions under which it had been signed, it was Persephone's pledge, and those were no times for failure in loyalty to her.

Menloe had absolutely no plan. All that he knew was that something had told him to be there. His part was passive: he was to wait upon events. More than once by strong effort of the will he sought to recover that sense of guidance that had come to him, and that had snapped like a thread. In spite of all that he could do now, he remained utterly alone. Even efforts at self-delusion were quite unfruitful; his cold imagination refused to be kindled.

Taking up his dark-lantern, Menloe went into the kitchen. The powder of turf-ashes choked the grate; a few potatoes rolled under the feet. Enormous rats leaped from the dresser and reluctantly ran home.

Then two yellow eyes blazed from a window-sill, and there arose a long, desolate mew. Strangely isolated as they seemed, the eyes were not unaccompanied by a thin, arching, black body and a long, waving tail.

"Thomas, here's my best respects to you," said Menloe, as he laid a hand upon the creature's twisting back. In a moment there was a hum as of many bees, and, without any warning, the cat jumped on to his shoulder. Then Thomas sidled round, boring against Menloe's face with his funny, tickling head, and standing still, pulled at his coat with alternate feet in an ecstatic milking movement.

"I am afraid, my dear fellow," said Menloe, "you have spent a sad, inhospitable time. I don't believe the milkman ever came at all. Don't expect too much, Thomas; but we'll see what the bill of fare can do." He opened the larder door, casting weird lights from his dark-lantern hither and thither. "Milk is off, Thomas," he said, "and most other things. Oh (the name of Allah be exalted), here's a little

knob of butter. Come, this is not quite a stony-hearted desert island; the butter-bush is found, perhaps the cat's-meat-tree may not be far."

Menloe set the cat down, and soft ecstasies arose. But the island's resources were soon exhausted. After that piece of butter it yielded nothing edible, except a blacking-brush, an old hat, and an old boot. The cat was soon re-established on Menloe's shoulder, and was so warm and companionable that, setting the lantern on the dresser, he paced to and fro—out of the bright breadth into the grey darkness—intoning Omar Khayyam:—

" ' They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank  
deep:  
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild  
Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his  
Sleep. '

"By the way, Thomas, you are stamping o'er my shoulder, and, though I don't observe the lion or the lizard, the rat keeps these courts right enough; I doubt he gave you a bad time, Thomas.

" ' ——— Rats!  
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own  
ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats. '

"Look, Thomas, there's an ancient bald beast, as big as a six weeks' kitten. One moment; I am accounted a good shot with an old boot, and if I don't make that gentleman see stars, call me what you will."

He went back into the larder, found the boot, elevated—but never threw it. For at that moment, with the purring cat rubbing against his head, with the wicked old rat, part-squeezed through the wainscot, surveying him half-suspiciously, half-contemptuously—the thing that had drawn him was drawing him again.

Just stopping to take up the lantern, Menloe leaned his whole being towards the influence, and crept on. Out of the kitchen, into a draughty passage, into the hall, he went—guided, led; then he stopped, and

## His Poor Lordship

with hands stretched out like a blind man's hands, waited. The guidance had weakened—had ceased—but it would come again.

Long he waited, while his heart clapped and pulled, and the cat's purring grew to a strange vibrant hum. At length he knew that the influence had passed quite away; his tingling hands were cold and almost numb, the fire was dead.

Dejectedly Menloe turned into the study. That calling, it seemed to him now, was no more than the sound of the sea in a shell—a calling only of the sounding-board and the pulses. Limp and miserable, Menloe lit his pipe—a signal to gods and men, whom it in nowise interested, that he abandoned hope.

Menloe clapped the lantern on the table, and, in doing so, irradiated it for a second. Something he fancied was there that he had not seen before.

Yes, there were several things—a little pile of books, papers, photographs. Taking them up, Menloe glanced at the photographs. The first was a picture of himself as a child in a sailor suit. The next was a picture of himself as an Oxford freshman. The third and last was a photograph of himself taken a few years ago.

He opened one of the books—a manuscript book. It bore the inscription "Menloe, Fifth Baron," and that and all within it was in the hand of James. It was a strange book, covering many years, and it showed that from his boyhood the writer had been under a Menloe spell. Letter after letter was written as in the person of Menloe's father; letter after letter in Menloe's own person. Then came letters as from William, Fifth Baron—frequently letters which broke to relatives the sad news of "my cousin Lucius's untimely decease." Menloe felt worms crawling about him as he read the varying details of his many deaths. Then there came extracts from legends, myths—once there was the story of the Ghostly Sweeper, and two or three times, seemingly from different versions, the story of the Black Coach—the Black Coach of Menloe—prophetic of doom to the reigning baron or to his heir. Many other things there were which showed the obsession of the writer's mind; imitations of the writing of the late lord's; imitations of Menloe's own writing. But, thrust through the elastic of another note-book, there were two letters not in James's hand. One was a discharge

written by Menloe's mother in favour of Willie Clancy: "Willie Clancy has been in the kitchen helping his father for four months, and is a bright and biddable boy."

"Helping his father"—Willie Clancy helping his father! Why, Thady's name was Clancy, and James—yes, yes—

Dim memories from five-and-twenty years ago floated over Menloe of a funny, silent little boy, white-jacketed, who stared at him in fascination whenever he sought to wheedle a cake out of Thady. James was Thady's son, seldom spoken of, and always as dead in America. The murder was out now: the heart of James's mystery was plucked.

As Menloe, smoking, and nodding, and pacing, pondered that strange discovery, he noticed something in the cat's behaviour. Dislodged from his shoulder, it sat upon the table. A moment or two ago it was purring and blinking, half-curved up, with one paw lazily clawing at the cloth. Now it was sitting up, listening.

Menloe listened too: intently, staringly; he could hear nothing at all.

But the cat heard, there was no doubt of that, something that troubled it. It mewed a little, almost noiselessly, with a trembling lip.

It was rather a descent—after those telepathic thrills, those throbbing ladders of guidance—to seek oracles of a cat. But "needs must when the devil drives," and he *was* driving—hard.

Menloe set the cat on his arm, and watched every movement of its eyes, its ears, its very tail.

At length Menloe walked to the door. The irritation of the cat seemed more decided. A slight rigidity came into the hair and the ears flattened. But it was not easy even now to infer the direction from which the sound came to it. When Menloe set it down it began to slink away towards the kitchen. At length, having taken it up again, Menloe saw, or thought that he saw, an inclination of its head—a fitful, yet recurrent inclination towards the right. He ventured forward as far as the great stairs, and then the agitation of the animal increased again. Menloe went right up to the landing, and stood where the galleries branched. It was with difficulty now that he kept his hold upon the cat. Having stroked it into something like quiescence, he looked again for an augury. But he looked in vain: the aggravating little beast kept to

## His Poor Lordship

itself whatever it knew; its looks were even apathetic. Menloe set it down: again it slunk away, but it was from the left-hand corridor that it shrank. This was a corridor of great length, broad and imposing as far as the door which marked the new building; after that, whittling itself away into obscure passages and *culs de sac*.

Catching up the cat, Menloe stalked on, as silently as he could, to the door. Then he paused, feeling his side with his elbow; yes, his revolver was all right. Then he pulled at the brass handle of the excluding door. Little used, it creaked on its reluctant hinges. The cat struggled to escape. Menloe tried hard to shut it between his arm and his chest; the door swung to, the lantern fell, rattling down many steps, broke, and was extinguished. The cat had its way and disappeared.

Now, Menloe knew that end of the house so little, that, but for the warning of the crashing lantern, he would have plunged headlong down the stairs that shot away almost under his feet. Anybody else, no doubt, would have had some knowledge of it, unused, shut up, dilapidated as it was; but he was Menloe, and not anybody else. He stood and felt for a banister-rail, hearkening all the while. Just as his hand lit upon a sharply-falling line inserted in the left-hand wall, a sound came to his ear. Yes, and now that he heard it clearly, he knew that, faintly, in some Ultima Thule of the perception, he had been aware of it before. It was a heavy rattling sound, slow and somewhat regular. It might be, Menloe thought, the moving of some massive door.

Slowly down the stairs Menloe crept, thinking that he would give a good deal to have the lantern again; thinking that the cat would have been company; thinking that it wasn't a bad situation.

At length his feet were on level ground. He trod this way and that, feeling for the lost lantern. At length he found it, and, with a match from his waistcoat-pocket, relit it. On he went again, more than once striking his shoulder against the wall on either hand, for the passage was narrow, and twisted like a rat-hole.

Suddenly Menloe stopped, with a wild heart and the noise of the sea in his ears. A cry had come to him—an agonised, helpless cry, and the voice was Persephone's.

He sent out a cry in answer—a shout of reassurance—and ran forward. Once again,

clearer and nearer, the cry came, and again he answered it, shouting as he ran. Then the lantern shot, whirling, from his hand, and he plunged after it, down and down and down. For a little time Menloe lay stunned; only, he thought, for a very little time, for the cry was ringing still. It was quite close now, sharp, terrible, a cry that maddened him with outrage and all wrong. Ah! and he could do nothing: for his fingers went idly along walls that had no memory, no meaning, no direction, no end. At last he was out again, in some new place—a light flashed—he thrust—a heavy door went back.

Then, there was Persephone—with wild eye and streaming hair; there were the eyes of James, burning, mad, bestial, devilish; and the strangling arms of James, and the laughter of hell.

Menloe took a few steps forward; the face of James was clear now, in the light of a lantern that seemed to hang upon the wall; two eyes of yellow with a red fire in their depths, a flashing, fawning mouth. Menloe chose the mouth. Clubbing his revolver, he smote one hard back-handed stroke; there was a crashing rattle, a howl; Persephone reeled and fell into darkness; then once, twice, thrice, there was a light flash, a light crack, a light curl of smoke. Then the lantern fell, and something laughed and rushed by; and then all was quite still.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—PERSEPHONE'S STORY

THAT morning in Cavanagh's parlour Persephone told Menloe all there was to tell.

On the evening when Mrs. Tite was summoned to Queenstown she committed her daughter to the care of James.

Now, Persephone did not like that; but she had hardly serious ground for uneasiness—only a warning, half of the spirit, half a shrinking of the flesh. James had been perfectly respectful, that creeping of his arm around her waist notwithstanding.

That, Persephone admitted, had crept not without implicit invitation. She had discovered the complete situation at Menloe; she knew how she had been humbugged and hoodwinked, and she set to work to turn the tables.

"I meant to punish you," said Persephone, "for taking us in. That arm was part of your punishment. I knew you were looking on."



THERE WERE THE EYES OF JAMES, BURNING, MAD

## His Poor Lordship

"I don't mind the arm so much *now*," said Menloe—his own had superseded James's—"but it did hurt at the time."

"I'm glad of that," said Persephone. "Well, there was something about James that frightened me a little, but Momma was worried, and I couldn't add to her worries. So I let her start for Queenstown in the motor; and I got everything packed for Limerick, where the Bakers, old friends in Canada, were expecting us. James assured me that he had telephoned or wired for a car, and that it could not fail to come. It was long in coming, however, and I grew rather uneasy. Slipping out of my room, I made up my mind that I would walk into the village, returning with a man—some excuse about the boxes would account for him; or if it did not, it mattered very little.

"Half-way down the stairs I met James, and then I *was* frightened. His whole manner was changed; I fancied he had been drinking. I shuddered when his eye crept round and looked into mine. Then he laughed, and, coming close, tried to kiss me; and I pushed him away. He laughed again, and looked at me, and I knew he was mad.

"'Look here,' I said, 'I want to give Thady his tip,' and I walked into the kitchen. Thady was gone, and so was the little maid. I was alone in the house with him. It was between nine and ten; already I had seen bedroom lights in the village. There was hardly a chance of help coming.

"James stood within the doorway and laughed. I stepped up to the kitchen door—it was locked.

"'Let me go by,' I said to James. He put his arm round my waist, and again he tried to kiss me. I pushed him off as before; then, trying not to show any fear, I passed into the hall. I had almost reached the front door when James intervened. I turned away, and he locked the door, putting the key into his pocket.

"I said to myself, 'I must keep my presence of mind.'

"'Lord Menloe,' I said, 'shall we have a little stroll till the carriage comes? Yes, we will; I'll run up for my walking-stick.'

"I went up-stairs, but, instead of going to my own room, I turned to the left. I had never penetrated beyond the door, but there must be, I felt sure, some outlet on that side. At the worst, I thought, I could raise a window and slip away. Reaching

the door, I looked back. James was following me. Then, I own, my wits left me. Slamming the door, I ran—only just escaping a fall down those break-neck stairs. On I ran, through dim, narrow passages with unexpected turns and sudden drops, and at every turn I looked, and saw the man's eyes, and the man a dim shadow behind them.

"At last I found myself shut in by walls. I turned into that room—that damp cellar-like room—and pushed the heavy door to. Coming up to the door, James laughed and knocked.

"'Aren't you going to let me in?' he asked.

"'Not just now,' I said, as gently as I could, for there was no lock, and I knew that he could force the door.

"'Then tell me you love me,' he said.

"'I love you,' I answered, and he went away. After awhile I tried the door, and found it locked or wedged, at least I could not open it.

"An hour later I heard him dragging something along the passage. Opening the door a little, he pushed in a mattress, a pillow and a rug. Then he set down a plate with bread upon it, and a cup of water.

"'I'm going to starve you out,' he said, and went away.

"All that day I was alone, in what fear you may guess a little.

"At night he came again, bringing me something to eat. Also he thrust in a postcard, saying, 'Write to your mother, telling her you have arrived safely at Limerick.' When I refused, he was coming into the room, and, to be rid of his horrible eyes, I wrote what he told me.

"On the third night I had hard work to keep him out. Indeed, I never could have succeeded but for a discovery that I had made. He was listening for a coach—a black coach. The night before he had muttered something about it, and now by a strange instinct I cried, 'Hark! the black coach!'

"He shut the door instantly, and I heard him going away. He returned, however, and called, 'Do you love me?' I answered, 'Yes, when you don't try to open the door,' and he went away for good.

"That night I prayed for help, and oh, Menloe! I called to you."

"I heard you," he said, "at twelve o'clock or just before. Oh, my child, it

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was hard to hear you cry and not to come."

"To-night," Persephone went on, "I fell fast asleep. Hitherto I had watched till the dreadful visit was over. To-night, however, I was very drowsy; my eyes went to, and when they opened he was there—the frightful eyes, and the man behind."

"The Black Coach," he said, 'will come for me to-morrow, so you must love me to-night.'

"I tried to put him off, but—oh!—" Persephone laid her face on Menloe's arm and shuddered—shuddered. "Well," she said, "I cried to you, and you came, and it is all over."

"Persephone," said Menloe, after a little interval, "how well you speak. What has become of the queer dear grammar?"

"The queer dear grammar," she answered, "was a part of your punishment. Anyhow some of it was, and I'm pretty quick. I've picked up a few things since I came to Europe, but mind"—Persephone's brows furrowed with a resolute frown—"I always mean to call Mamma Momma."

### CHAPTER XXVII.—THE BLACK COACH

NEXT morning, having already communicated—rather against the advice of Cavanagh—with genial Constable Molloy, Menloe dispatched telegrams to the asylum authorities, and to the county inspector of police, informing them that William Clancy, an escaped lunatic, was at large in that neighbourhood, and dangerous.

It was not without some natural tremors that Menloe took those steps. The fear of the hunted beast—the fierce desire of the caged beast—came back to him as he thought of those strange days that had been. With Cavanagh and Molloy, and the knowledge of the whole neighbourhood at his back, he had no reasonable dread of a repeated drama of mistaken identity; but he could not shut out a dread that was not reasonable.

In a shorter time than he had expected that covered car which had been his beguiler, or else its twin brother, climbed Kilbooby hill. There alighted Bob and a sergeant of police.

"William," said Bob, laying his hand on Menloe's shoulder, "why would ye be running off that-a-way?"

Without a word spoken Cavanagh's stick came down on the warder's knuckles.

"Where's your manners?" said Jim. "Next time ye're speaking to a nobleman, maybe you'll remember them."

If Menloe rebuked his enthusiastic friend, it was rather a formal affair. Bob wasn't a bad fellow, but on a large retrospect it was pleasant to see him suck his knuckles; also it was pleasant to see him, readily adapting Cavanagh's suggestion, touch his hat, and to hear him mutter, "A lord! a real lord! Lord, forgive me."

When Menloe had rehearsed the events of the night before, a council of war was held.

Finally, no one in the village having anything to say in respect of James's doings, old Thady being dumber than any, though all were curiously silent, Menloe made a proposal.

"I rather think," he said, "that if James had been seen anywhere in the countryside, we would find it hard to gain any admission of his appearance. I have not much doubt myself that James is not good to talk about. You see"—Menloe laid a friendly hand on Cavanagh's shoulder—"he is a bit of a Sweeper, and a bit of a Ghost I wouldn't wonder, and altogether a bit of a mystery; besides, he is hunted, and an Irishman naturally runs with the hare. We'll get no information about him."

"We will not, then," said Cavanagh.

"My suggestion," Menloe resumed, "is that the man is hanging about Menloe, and will keep close there. I hit him pretty hard last night (I ought to feel sorry, perhaps, but I can't; his madness in my view was badness, indulged and driven into the blood), and I doubt if he could go very far. Keep the car, if you want it at all, well out of sight. We'll search the house first, and if we fail to find him there, then the grounds and the woods."

That suggestion was adopted, and Menloe, Cavanagh, Bob, and the two policemen went up to the house. They went quickly, avoiding close company, for James had a revolver, and probably cartridges. It was well not to offer him too easy a mark.

The front door stood open; Menloe entered. As he set his foot in the hall there was a laugh—the terrible laugh of which Persephone had spoken—and from

## His Poor Lordship

the settle rose James. His mouth was swollen and disfigured, but the fire was gone from his eyes.

He looked at Menloe, and said quietly, and with dignity, "Order my coach."

"What coach?" Menloe asked.

"The Black Coach," James answered.

"It is here, it is waiting a hundred yards down the avenue."

"Bring it round," said James.

He sat down again, and Menloe saw that he laid his hand on his side. His face was livid; he looked like a man whose heart was all wrong.

Bob went a few yards down the avenue

and whistled. In less than a minute the dismal car stood at the door.

"The coach is here," said Menloe.

Rising with difficulty, James passed through the hall, descended the steps, and stood before the coach.

"Home," he said; and, with sore difficulty, lifted himself in. Then Bob and the sergeant followed.

James lay back in the left-top corner, with his eyes half shut.

"He's near Home already," whispered Bob.

A little later Menloe laid his hand on James's heart. It was quite still.

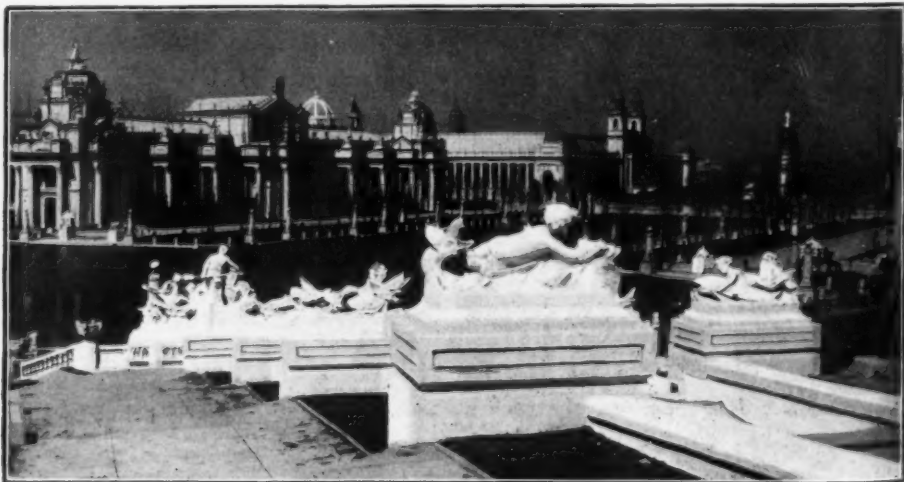
THE END

## The Exposition at St. Louis

FOR every great international Exposition it is invariably claimed that it is on a larger scale and more attractive and comprehensive than any of its predecessors. This is claimed for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and with a long and varied experience of international Expositions in the Old World and in the New, I am fully convinced that the claim for St. Louis is abundantly made good. The only Exposition with which it can be compared is that at Chicago, eleven years ago, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by

Columbus. I was at Chicago, and now after a month at St. Louis it seems to me beyond all question that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is on a grander scale than the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

Chicago had one advantage which is lacking here. There, Lake Michigan was the background against which the Exposition was set, and the blue waters of the lake gave it a refreshing charm and a natural grandeur which put that Exposition in a class by itself, and made the White City of 1893 memorable in the history of these international aggregations.



LOOKING FROM THE SIDE CASCADES TOWARDS THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

## The Exposition at St. Louis



GROUPS OF SCULPTURE BY BURGHEIM ON LAUNCH LANDING

St. Louis has no lake. It has the Mississippi River. But the Mississippi here is only remarkable for its width and volume. Its banks are as unattractive as those of a great river could possibly be; and the river hereabouts has none of the scenic grandeur—the mountains, the Alpine-like crags, the rivulets, the forests, and the clear blue water—which gives the Kennebec and the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Susquehanna their varied and abiding charm.

The Mississippi at St. Louis is muddy at all stages of the water, and its banks on the

east, as well as on the west shore, are given up to the most prosaic uses—to steamboat wharves, railroad tracks, grain elevators, lumber yards, mills and warehouses. The Exposition too is seven miles inland from the levee at St. Louis, hence the river has no share in the attractions of the Exposition.

At Chicago the Exposition was on a stretch of prairie as flat and as devoid of growing timber as a billiard-board. Here the Exposition is in a vast natural park, with virgin timber, much undulating land, and with a little tributary of the Mississippi



PALACE OF ELECTRICITY BY NIGHT

## The Exposition at St. Louis



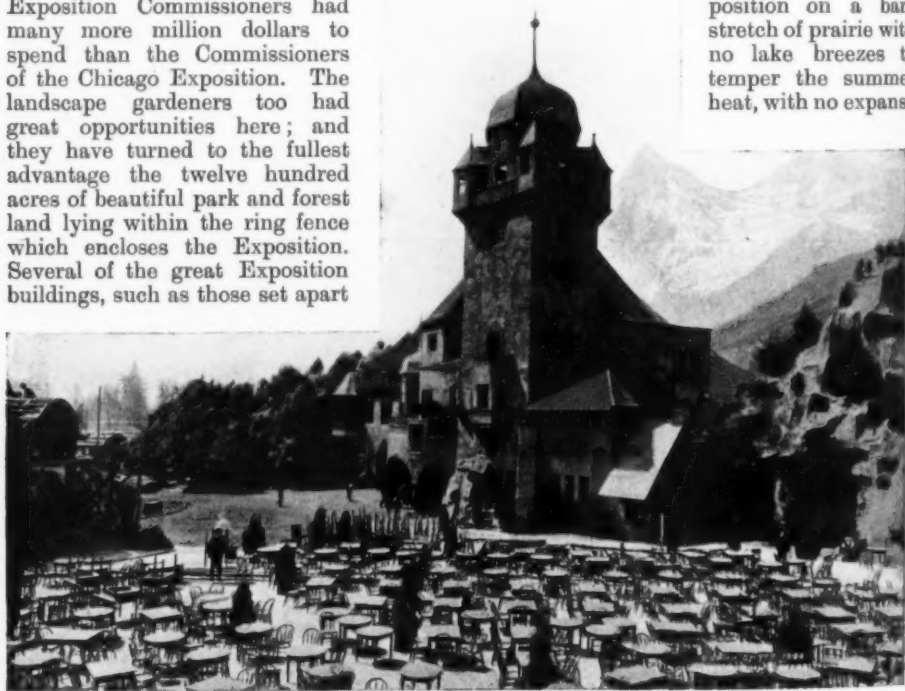
PALACE OF EDUCATION

wending its way through the park. The park makes a grand setting for the one hundred and eighty odd Exposition buildings, and to quite an appreciable extent makes up for the absence of the lake which was so much a feature in the *ensemble* at Chicago.

The Exposition buildings and the scheme of cascades, lagoons, terraces, plazas, and boulevards are on even a grander scale than at Chicago; for the Exposition Commissioners had many more million dollars to spend than the Commissioners of the Chicago Exposition. The landscape gardeners too had great opportunities here; and they have turned to the fullest advantage the twelve hundred acres of beautiful park and forest land lying within the ring fence which encloses the Exposition. Several of the great Exposition buildings, such as those set apart

for Art, for Agriculture, and for Horticulture, are adjacent to large areas of forest land broken only by the avenues which have been laid out by the landscape gardeners. These woodland surroundings add enormously to the beauty of the Exposition. They are also highly essential to the comfort of the visitors; for in July and August St. Louis is one of the hottest cities on the

North American continent, and an Exposition on a bare stretch of prairie with no lake breezes to temper the summer heat, with no expanse



CASTLE IN TYROLEAN ALPS AT WORLD'S FAIR

## The Exposition at St. Louis

of water to suggest coolness, and no shade-trees to afford relief from the sun, would have been well-nigh impossible.

From the time it was planned to celebrate Jefferson's famous treaty with Napoleon in 1803 for the cession to the then but newly-organised American Republic of the enormous stretch of country which was included in the Louisiana Purchase, it was determined by the citizens of St. Louis that the Exposition should outrival that at Chicago; and this intention has been realised. It

the State Government of Missouri, and of money spent by the United States Government and by foreign Governments on buildings and national displays, and by exhibitors in preparing, transporting and installing their exhibits.

From these various sources fifty million dollars have thus gone into the creation of the Exposition, and have helped to make it the greatest international Exposition yet held, in every way a fitting celebration of the epoch-making treaty it is designed to



CLIFF DWELLERS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

has taken ten millions sterling to do it. This outlay cannot possibly be recouped by the gate receipts and the percentages payable by the thousands of concession holders. One million sterling of the total sum is a gift outright by the Government at Washington, the nation's contribution to the Exposition as a factor in national education. Another million sterling represents a loan from the Washington Government, which will have to be repaid. The remaining eight millions sterling consist of money raised in St. Louis and money given by

commemorate. Fifteen million people have now their homes in the States and Territories carved out of the then mostly unexplored country which Napoleon sold to the United States in 1803. This new territory made possible the extension of the United States southwards and westward. Otherwise the United States might have been confined to the Atlantic seaboard, and would have had colonies of France and Spain as well as of Great Britain as its neighbours. Spain sold its Florida territory in 1819, and with these great acquisitions

## The Exposition at St. Louis

assured, there was no more territorial expansion until 1845, when in rapid succession Texas was annexed, Oregon was acknowledged by Great Britain to be United States territory, and Mexico was forced to give up New Mexico and Upper California, and to relinquish her claim on her insurgent province of Texas by the Treaty of 1848.

The Louisiana Purchase Territory is the greatest area of country which ever passed from the flag of one nation to that of another as the result of diplomacy which had not been preceded by war. It is the greatest triumph of peaceful diplomacy in history; and it would have been unlike the



PRINCE PU LUN, WHO VISITED THE WORLD'S  
FAIR IN MAY

American people had they allowed the hundredth anniversary of this far-reaching triumph to pass without national commemoration. St. Louis is the commercial, industrial, and social metropolis of the Louisiana Territory. It is the largest city within it. It is not older than New Orleans, but it has much greater commercial and industrial importance than the original capital of the old French Territory, and its population is enormously larger. Without question, therefore, it fell to St. Louis to organise the commemoration of President Jefferson's foresight and diplomacy.

The Exposition will not pay its way. That at Chicago did not do so. But should the United States Government not recoup itself in money for its loan there will be no national loss. The Government loan and gift together aggregate less than the cost of a small war such as unfortunately Great Britain is frequently engaged in. But small glory and little real satisfaction result from these petty wars; while ten or eleven million dollars appropriated by Government to such an Exposition as this help to give untold pleasure to the whole country, serve as a measure of national development in art and industry, and are of permanent usefulness as a great factor in education.

Such Expositions as these are more essential perhaps to the life of the United States than they are to that of England, because the American people are so widely scattered and are of diverse origin. An Exposition like that at Chicago and this at St. Louis brings people together who ordinarily are living thousands of miles apart, and are surrounded by the most diverse natural and climatic conditions. These great gatherings cannot fail to help on the homogeneity and cohesiveness of this great country, and to impress upon the commingling crowds that, whether they are from Massachusetts or Oregon, from Louisiana or the pine-tree State of Maine away north on the Atlantic coast with the Province of New Brunswick as its neighbour, whether they were born in this country or in Europe, they are all Americans, and that many influences and interests are common to them all.

I have known St. Louis and Missouri for many years. My first home in this country was in St. Louis, where I came fresh from England just twenty years ago. My work in those early years took me much afield and brought me into close touch with

## The Exposition at St. Louis

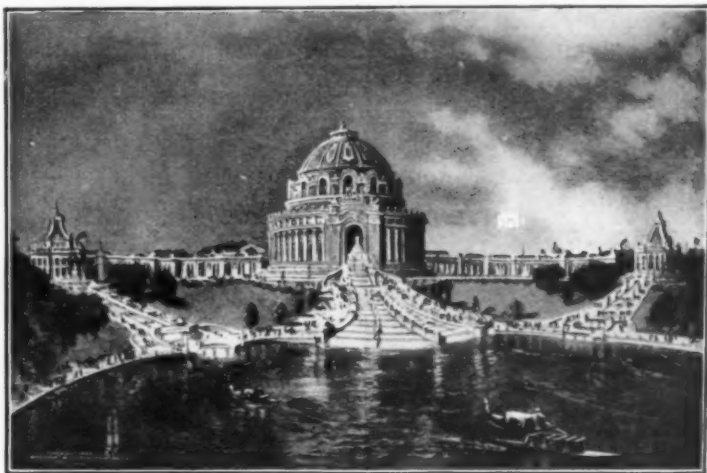
political life. When I first came the memories of the War of the Rebellion had not nearly died away. Missouri was a slave State, and in St. Louis, when the crisis came in 1861, there was a large and influential secession element. The State in fact was only saved from the Confederacy by the active and daring loyalty of such men as the late Gratz Brown—whom in my early days at St. Louis I often saw in the law courts—and Carl Schurz, who, foremost among German immigrants, has taken a prominent and useful part in the larger politics of his adopted country. The German population here, always large, was also loyal to the Union, and their loyalty and the courage and daring of Brown and Schurz just saved Missouri from throwing in its lot with what was to be the Lost Cause.

Twenty years ago in St. Louis the memory of the great struggle of 1861-65 was still vivid and still tinged with bitterness, and the same may be said of the whole of the south-western section of the country. I have attended a political convention in Texas at

which there were six hundred delegates, and in which the white men—it was a Republican Convention—did not exceed thirty or forty, nearly all of whom were Federal office-holders. I have been thrilled by the old Rebellion yell at a Missouri Democratic convention; and I was once at a battlefield graveyard down in the Ozark country, where there were flowers and garlands for the Union dead, and orations in their honour, but no testimony of love or respect for the dead of the Confederate forces who lay in an adjoining graveyard.

These bitter memories are now receding all over the country. The war is at last being forgotten. It has almost disappeared from Federal politics, and would soon drop out entirely were it not for the pension question. There are no reminders of the

war at the Exposition. People from the South are here in much larger numbers than they were at Chicago. They are mingling with people from the East, the North, and the North-west as they have never done before; and as I go in and out among the crowds in the beautiful Garden City—for the Exposition is the most perfect Garden City that could be devised—it is strongly borne in on me that this Exposition is going to do more than commemorate Jefferson's triumph. It is going to do much more than was contemplated by the citizens of St. Louis when they began the stupendous task of its creation. It is, I think, going to mark the complete passing



FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES

away of the bitter memories that have disturbed society and politics since the war of 1861-65, and the burial of the sectional feeling due to the fratricidal struggle of half-a-century ago, even more than it celebrates the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory.

There is another reason why no one need begrudge the money which may not find its way back to the Federal Treasury. Neither the State nor the Federal Government can do much in the way of ordinary education for the immigrant who has come too late to take advantage of the free public schools which are established all over the land. He is, however, reached educationally, in the pleasantest way, by means of a great Exposition. The Exposition is a landmark in the progress not only of the United

## The Exposition at St. Louis

States, but also of the world. Moreover, it commemorates the greatest triumph of peaceful diplomacy of which we have any records.

St. Louis in weather and climate has its drawbacks and also its compensations. Its summer is at times exceedingly hot. Its long autumn and its Indian summer are a delight. To live through an Indian summer

is an experience never to be forgotten by people accustomed to the damp and fog of November in London or in the north of England. The Exposition is to remain open until December 1st. English people who are contemplating visiting it will do well if they can so time their visit as to spend November in the Garden City.

E. PORRITT.

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree

BY W. J. GORDON

CONSIDERING that cocoa was the national drink of the Aztecs, it is curious that its manufacturers have not favoured the world with some trademark reminiscent of Mexico. With Montezuma and his fifty jars of chocolate a day for his own consumption, and two thousand for his household, we might at least have expected a brand bearing his name, or, perhaps, one called after Xmucane, the Aztec gentleman of earlier date, who invented nine drinks, the fourth of which consisted of cocoa and ground maize, otherwise cornflour, and thereby anticipated the makers of so many of our current preparations, cocoa in flavour and name, and something else in bulk.

Of *Theobroma* there are quite a dozen species, and of the one, *T. cacao*, which produces the cocoa, some ten varieties; and it is remarkable that this species, from

which Montezuma made his chocolate, is in none of its varieties indigenous to Mexico, but a native of the basins of the Amazon and Orinoco, though now grown in every American state from Mexico to Peru and Brazil.

On the Pacific the chief cocoa port is Guayaquil; on the other side, the largest quantities are shipped from Cabello, La Guayra, Carupano and Bahia. The tree is cultivated in most of the West India islands, notably in Trinidad, where it is said to be indigenous. In Jamaica no less than sixty-five plantations of it were destroyed, probably by a hurricane, in 1671, and owing to this disaster—and high customs dues—the culture was abandoned, to be begun again in recent years.

Cocoa was introduced by the Spaniards into Celebes in 1560, under the name of Bengal coffee, and thence and from their



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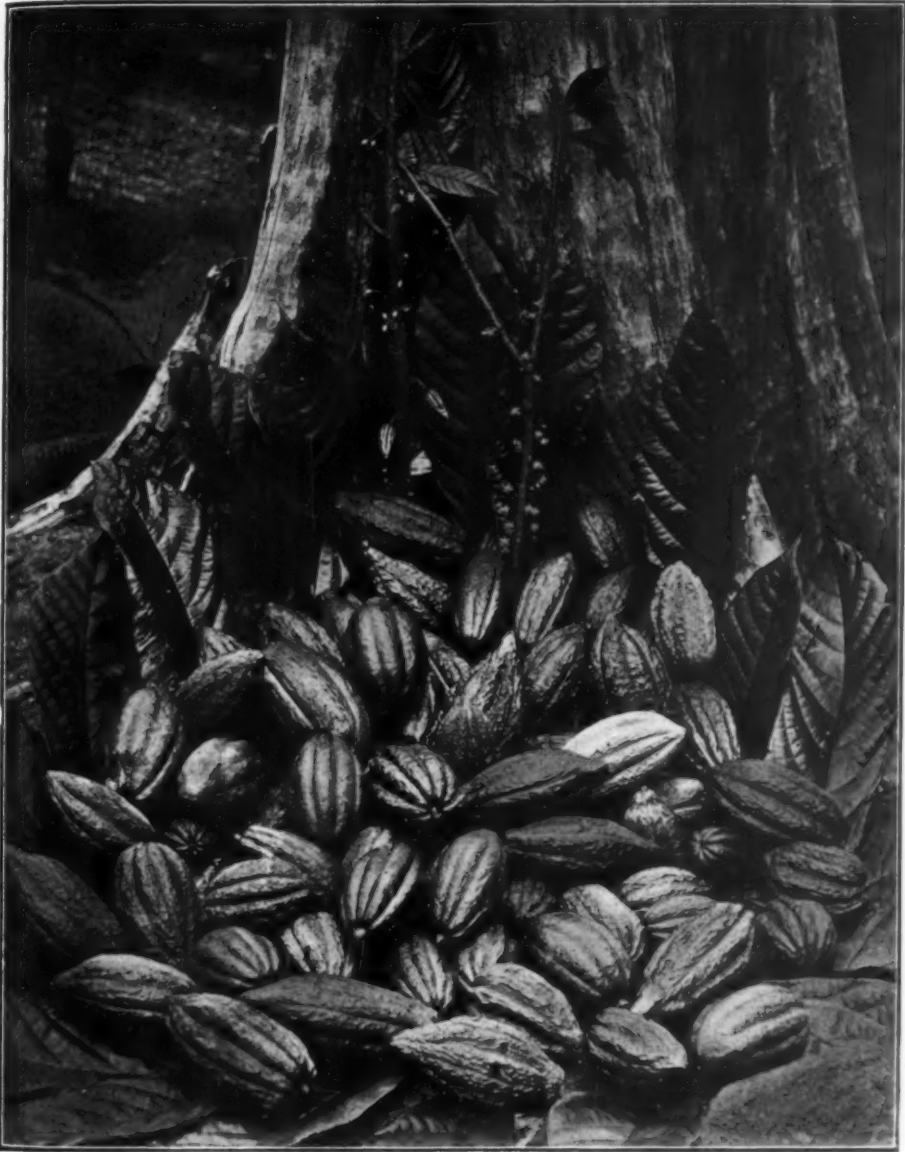
COCOA PODS GROWING



By permission of Messrs. Rowntree

SPLIT COCOA POD, SHOWING BEANS

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree



GROUP OF LEAVES, FLOWERS AND PODS

*By permission of Messrs. Fry*

other East Indian colonies, Java, Sumatra, and so on, as well as Surinam, the Dutch obtain most of their supplies. It was acclimatised in the Philippines by the Spaniards in 1674, the plants coming from Acapulco. The French took it from Cayenne to Cochin China over thirty years

ago, and to Bourbon nearly a century since; and from Bourbon they took it on to Madagascar. It is the main export of the island of San Thomé, on the other side of Africa, whither the Portuguese carried it from Brazil in 1822. Later it was established by the Spaniards in Fernando Po;

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree



By permission of Messrs. Roumtree

NATIVES SPLITTING COCOA PODS

some seventeen years ago it was introduced by the Germans into Cameroon; and it is now grown further south by the French in the Gaboon, and by the Belgians in the Congo.

In 1880 batches of young plants were sent from Kew to Fiji, Singapore and Ceylon. The Fiji venture failed at the first attempt, but succeeded at the second; the Singapore consignment succeeded at once, as did the Ceylon lot, which prospered so well that Ceylon cocoa is now as good as any in the trade.

The cocoa-tree is not a palm, but belongs to an order intermediate between the mallows and the limes. It is an evergreen with reddish-grey bark, straight of trunk, and much branched, from twenty to thirty feet high, with the foliage mainly at the ends of the branches, the leaves longish and alternate, with a pair of linear stipules on the stalk which soon drop off.

It blossoms in its third or fourth year. The pinkish or yellow flowers, which appear all the year round, are without fragrance; they are small and often clustered, and grow from the scars left by fallen leaves, there being but one bloom in each cluster that comes to fruit. The pod, or cabosse, is about half as broad as it is long, from five to ten inches in length, blunt at the base, ridged and roughly furrowed, and changing as it ripens to yellow, purple, or red; and there are two gatherings of the pods a year, the cabosses being picked as they ripen, and not all at once, the collection practically extending

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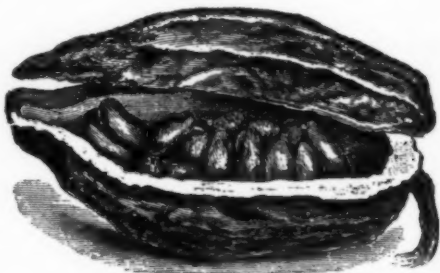
over each alternate three months.

The culture is peculiar. Cuttings are sometimes taken, but, as a rule, the plant is raised from seed, the seeds being cleared of their pulpy covering and soaked in water for eight or twelve hours before sowing. In two or three months the seedlings are a couple of feet high, and are transplanted into moist ground in some valley sheltered from the winds, and having an equable and regular rainfall.

Every young cocoa-tree has its guard of shade plants. These are of three kinds.

First, the small ones to protect it for a few months, generally cassavas, chillies, or castor oils; second, bananas and plantains to take charge of it when it has overtopped the others, and grow with it for two or three years; third, the permanent shade trees, further apart, which when the three years are over are the only occupants of the ground except the cocoa-trees, and with their broad tops roof in the plantation like the aisles of a natural temple, and in which parrots and monkeys do as much damage as they dare.

In Trinidad and Venezuela the customary shade tree is *Erythrina umbrosa*, the immortelle or madre de cacao, which, like other leguminous plants, yields nitrogen to the soil and thus helps the cocoa to thrive; but elsewhere, as also there, the sand-box, *Hura crepitans*, and other species of different orders are used for this protective purpose, the plantations being surrounded by bananas, bamboos and other shrubs, to



By permission of Messrs. Fry

COCOA POD CUT OPEN, SHOWING THE SEEDS

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree

afford further shelter. The method is old. When Cortes reached Mexico he found the cocoa-tree the most carefully cultivated plant in the country, and its cultivation extended down to its native valleys east of Panama, and always in shade, for as a denizen of deep forest it would not thrive in the open.

Peter Martyr named it *Amygdale pecuniaria*, in allusion to the seeds being used as money, and, in fact, the first specimens to come to Europe were those brought by Columbus in 1496, as examples of the local currency. The native name was cacauatl, hence "cacau" as John Chilton called it, the Spaniards phonetically spelling it cacao, whence the confusion with cocoa-nut—which ought to be coco-nut—as its name comes from macoco, the Portuguese for monkey, in reference to the resemblance to a monkey face of the three terminal scars. Chocolate, also, we appear to owe to a blunder. The native name of the mixture of cocoa with vanilla, honey, etc. was chocolatl; but Joseph Acosta, who wrote of it in 1604 as "toothsome to such as are not acquainted with it," was made by his printer to call it chocolaté, from which the English eliminated the accent, and the French eliminated the "e."

The tree was first described by Benzoni, who left America in 1555, and the seeds were first figured by Clusius in 1582. The Spaniards are said to have begun the drinking of chocolate in 1520, and for years they kept it to themselves. The next to drink it in Europe seem to have been the English. In 1657 "the excellent West Indian drink, called chocolate," was to be had in Queen's Head Alley, Bishopsgate, and in 1660 tea, coffee and chocolate are mentioned together in an Act of Parliament.

Cocoa is one of those numerous articles for which our colonies had a preferential customs rate. In 1784 colonial cocoa paid 6d. per pound, while foreign paid 1s. 6d.; in 1803 colonial paid 1s. 10d., foreign 5s. 10d.; in 1818 colonial paid 1s. 10d., foreign 3s.; in 1825 colonial paid 1s., foreign 2s. 6d.; in 1852 colonial paid 1d., foreign 2d., the preference not being abolished until 1853. Even in these days of free import, cocoa manufactured pays 1d. a pound, the husks or shells 2s. a hundredweight, and cocoa or chocolate prepared or manufactured in any way, 2d. per pound, the preparations thus taxed coming entirely from the foreigner. At one time, by an Act of Parliament passed

in 1780, every dealer in chocolate had to take out a licence costing 5s. 6d. a year; and up to 1820 the cocoa duty was collected by every pound being wrapped in paper supplied by the revenue officials.

It is remarkable that coffee, which is our only hot drink that undergoes no fermentation in its manufacture, should remain so stationary in demand, compared with tea and cocoa; tea being fermented after the rolling of the leaf, cocoa being fermented as soon as the seeds are extracted from the pod, the object of this fermentation being to remove some of the acidity, strengthen the flavour, and swell the seeds so as to loosen their husks and start the separation of the two cotyledons. Formerly some of the West Indian cocoas were dried on mats, but now the fermentation process in use on the mainland is almost universal.

As wheat and many other things are blended, so is cocoa, and just as in a flour mill you find grain from America and South-Eastern Europe, and other places, mixed together to yield particular qualities of flour, so to a cocoa factory come seeds from the tropics nearly all round the world, recognisable by differences in shape and size.

The first process is to roast the seeds in much the same way as coffee beans, and frequently this is done by high-pressure steam. Then they are passed through a mill in which they are cracked, so as to free the two crumpled cotyledons, known in commerce as nibs, and the shells are winnowed off. These shells, which form about twelve per cent. of the weight of the seed, and contain some of the qualities of the nib in a less degree, are cleared out of the large factories, to be used in the smaller ones, for what may be described as approaches to cocoa, some of the cocoa-powders—let us say "of the past"—being made of potato starch, moistened with a decoction of shells and sweetened with treacle, and some having so little cocoa in them that their wholesale price to the shops is less than that of the lowest quality of unroasted seeds.

The next step is the grinding of the nibs, and it is at this stage that the sugar and other ingredients are introduced in the production of chocolate for eating and fancy cocoas for drinking. But if pure cocoa is required, the nibs are simply ground and the powder treated in presses, to squeeze out the fat—a process which seems to have,

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree

been introduced by Van Houten in the beginning of the last century.

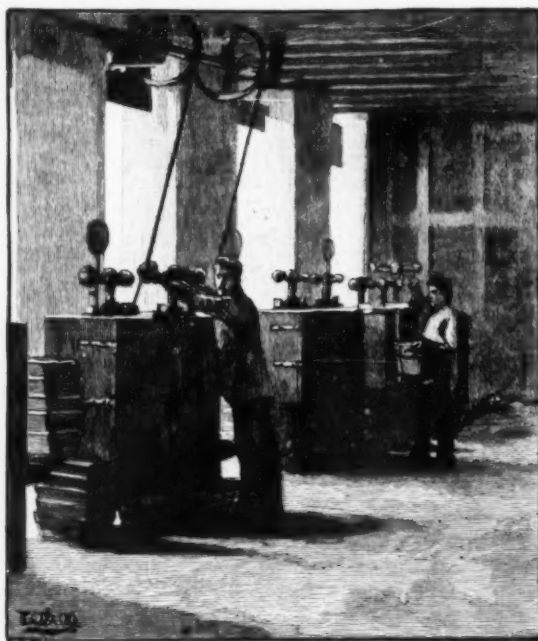
This fat is the cocoa butter, which forms more than half the weight of the cocoa nib. Mr. R. Cadbury, writing under the pseudonym of Historicus, in his book on Cocoa, says that his firm extracts two-thirds of the fat; and the other leading manufacturers do the same, more or less, the reason of the extraction being that cocoa, as a drink, was unsuitable to persons inclined to biliousness, until this practice of elimination of the grease was introduced to make it more digestible by them and more agreeable and palatable to all.

It is the brown bread story over again. Chemically, brown bread is richer in food constituents than white bread, but the constituents are not all in a form that can be assimilated, and so white bread is really superior in food value to brown. Chemically, the cocoa nib is much richer in food constituents than the tea leaf or the coffee berry; it contains many of the ingredients necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body, but these are in such forms, with so small a proportion assimilable, that its

real food value is by no means as high as the percentages would indicate. Some constitutions get more benefit from it than others, but to most it is little more than a useful stimulant, however thick it may be made. In fact, it is a drink, and a good one, there being no better drink for those who like it.

A little of the fat is converted into fatty acids in the roasting, just as some of the starch is converted into dextrin, but the bulk remains to be driven out under pressure. This cocoa-butter is used in the factories in the confectionery department; in France it is made into soap, candles and pomatum; and here it is well known in pharmacy, in the form of oblong yellowish tablets, like white Windsor soap, unctuous in touch, and brittle at ordinary temperatures. To the fat difficulty we owe the compound cocoas, of which that of Messrs. Epps, the homœopathic chemists, is the oldest and best known. In some of these the fat withdrawn is replaced by other alimentary substances; in some a larger percentage of the fat is left so as to require a larger proportion of other ingredients to neutralise the excess, their introduction opening the door to what many call the wholesale adulteration that characterises much of the trade. Many of these additions are harmless; some of them, such as milk, make it more of a food; some simply add to the weight or darken the colour; some, like kola, merely add an extra stimulant.

It seems as though man cannot get on without a stimulant of some sort, and when that stimulant is not one of the many alcohols, it has to be thein. There is thein, caffen, theobromin — whichever you may please to call it, for it is very much the same thing—in all the national drinks of the so-called temperance nations. The tea of China, the coffee of Arabia, the kola of Africa, the maté of Paraguay, the coca of Peru, and the cocoa of Mexico are all "caffemics"—thein is the stimulant in all of them. And thein, like the alcohols, has its dangers, for excess in either invariably leads to trouble, but of two evils we should choose the lesser, and the lesser in this case



*By permission of Messrs. Fry*

HYDRAULIC PRESS FOR EXTRACTING COCOA BUTTER  
FROM CONCENTRATED COCOA

## Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree

is undoubtedly with the alkaloids and not with the alcohols.

In the preparation of chocolate the fat is retained, the nibs being ground up into a paste, with perhaps sixty per cent. of white sugar as fine as flour, and flavoured, etc., as it is ground. In the old days certain species of *Vanilla* and *Sobralia* furnished the flavouring, but now vanilla chocolate derives its taste from conifers and not from orchids. In 1861 Hartig discovered coniferin in the sap of the common European larch, and other coniferous trees were afterwards found to yield it. In 1874 coniferin was made to produce vanillin; and as a single ounce of vanillin equals in flavouring power a pound of vanilla, the orchid pods

as witness Queen Victoria's Christmas gift to her South African army, an order seemingly gigantic which was dealt with so successfully in the ordinary course of business by Messrs. Rowntree and the other two houses among which it was divided. The trade thrives both at home and abroad. Some of the foreign factories like those of Menier or Suchard—not to speak of others, for we cannot mention all—are growing immensely, and export largely to this country, though some of our younger firms of native origin, like Caley of Norwich, seem to be growing quite as fast.

The prejudice against cocoa lasted for many years, and it is one of the few good things that have been nursed into success



By permission of

CHOCOLATE PACKING DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Caley

are no longer used where cheapness is desirable, and, in fact, could not be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the demand.

Some of the firms engaged in the cocoa trade are of quite respectable age. Fry and Sons, the oldest and largest—whose works were described in these pages in an article on Bristol some six years ago, and who seem to have succeeded Churchman, one of the earliest advertisers—date back to 1728, sixteen years after *The Spectator* was warning its readers that chocolate was dangerous, a mild way of supporting the bilious individual who six years before that had produced a scare by announcing that since it had been prepared with sugar, it had become a poison.

We know better now. There is no sweetmeat in more esteem than chocolate,

by official patronage. As recently as 1830 our total importation was 976,115 lbs., of which the Royal Navy consumed 582,400 lbs., a similarly large proportion having been taken on many previous occasions. Had it not been introduced into the navy, it would probably have lingered on as a luxury, but when the Government, year after year, renewed its naval orders and encouraged the colonies to grow it by preferential duties, the prejudice was gradually broken down. Its many merits very early recommended it to temperance reformers, and with the success of their efforts, and the ever-increasing variety of its forms and applications, its consumption extended, until now the cocoa we import every year amounts in value to a quarter that of tea.



(OCTOBER 14, 1066)

1  
**W**HERE crowned with ruined towers this  
 height  
 Looks out upon the distant sea,  
 The sward was trampled by the might  
 Of Europe's proudest chivalry;  
 And at the setting of the sun  
 A kingdom here was lost and won.

2  
 Titles, and lands, and lasting fame  
 Beyond their high ambitious thought,  
 Were theirs who with the victor came  
 And round his gilded banner fought,  
 Yet 'tis not Norman fame or power  
 That haunts my memory this hour.

3  
 But England's sons who, called away  
 From peaceful toil, from field and plough,  
 For King and Fatherland that day  
 Stood firm and patient on this brow,  
 Facing the war storm side by side  
 From morning star to eventide.

998

4  
 That Autumn eve from the far past  
 Returns again to fancy's eye;  
 On helm and sword its glow is cast,  
 As hostile ranks in panoply  
 With flashing steel and trumpet sound  
 Beset the dead King's standard round.

5  
 On its last field unfurled it stands  
 In the soft light of waning day;  
 Rank upon rank fresh Norman bands  
 Rush ever on to seize that prey;  
 Yet pressed by foeman front and rear,  
 Still floats the Saxon's banner there.

6  
 For though their King is stricken low,  
 No living arm fails England's cause;  
 Against the fierce, triumphant foe  
 Each breast would shield her rights and  
 laws  
 Till heaped about her flag they lie,  
 Till her last champion falls to die.

7

While yet I gaze, a  
moonless night  
Like a dark pall  
shrouds hill and  
coast,  
Save where yon torch's  
flaring light  
With red gleam shows  
the Norman host,  
And out beyond the  
victor's train  
Flickers upon the English  
slain.

8

There thick upon the  
trampled field  
Are strewn in heaps  
the true and brave,  
None turned to flee, or  
sought to yield;  
Peasant and earl have  
shared one grave.  
And near the centre of  
this ring<sup>1</sup>  
Lies 'neath these slain  
the patriot King.

9

No stone shall mark with  
sculptured line  
The spot where he for  
England fell,  
Here minstrel's song and  
stately shrine  
Shall but his foeman's  
glory tell,  
None may for him  
memorial raise,  
No bard his valiant deeds  
may praise.

10

Yet shall not Harold be  
forgot,  
For pallid lips will breathe his name  
Full off by ruined Hampshire cot  
And Yorkshire homestead wreathed in  
flame,  
And sore for him will brave men long  
In future years of scorn and wrong.

11

Not three weeks since from England's shore  
He sent the dreaded northern hosts  
Vanquished and tamed, to come no more  
With sword and fire to waste her coasts;  
And all men hoped his strong firm hand  
Would long from foeman guard their land.

<sup>1</sup> As the standard was attacked on every side the  
bodies of its defenders must have fallen in a circle  
round the spot where it stood.



FOR KING AND FATHERLAND

12

Gentle as brave, in council wise,  
Destined he seemed to mould her state,  
That out of weakness there might rise  
A Saxon England free and great,  
The promise of his morning bright  
Before its noon has sunk in night.

13

A race that slights the English name  
Shall in the English land hold sway,  
But in those coming days of shame  
Oft shall men think of this stern day,  
Through whose long hours with weapons  
rude  
'Gainst horse and Knight these rustics  
stood.

## Battle Hill

14

Proudly they met the foeman's pride,  
No Norman scorned the Saxons here;  
Oft did that fierce onrushing tide  
From their firm ranks recoil with fear.  
The stranger's rule they ne'er shall see;  
While these yet lived was England free.

15

But now the chief lies stricken low  
Who would have shielded this fair land  
And taught its sons to meet the foe,  
And join their force from strand to strand.  
Against the yoke though brave men strain,  
Divided they shall strive in vain.

16

For with dismay shall all men mark  
Upon each height a fortress rise  
With massive walls and turrets dark  
That towering upward to the skies,  
Standing in cruel strength shall frown  
O'er wasted vale and ruined town.

17

Ever more widely shall extend  
A line of towers in grim array,  
And ever further forth must wend  
Those who would flee the spoiler's sway,  
Till, to the furthest bound, remains  
No spot without the Norman chains.



"'GAINST HORSE AND KNIGHT THESE RUSTICS STOOD"

18

Freedom on England's soil must fly  
From the abodes of living men,  
And where her rustic champions lie  
Upon this hill or yonder fen,  
Oft bending o'er them as they sleep  
Through coming ages she shall weep.

19

And though at last in far-off time  
Saxon and Norman one shall be,  
And side by side in many a clime  
Shall bear their flag to victory,  
Never can truer sons appear  
Than those who died for England here.

20

The freedom of their native land  
Was dearer to their hearts than life;  
Still dauntless strove the patriot band  
When hope no more could cheer their strife.  
To men who thus its horrors face  
Defeat brings death, but not disgrace.

21

Two fates of war doth glory crown;  
In righteous cause to win, or die;  
To gain a victor's proud renown,  
Or in a hero's grave to lie;  
And shall these Saxons be forgot  
If theirs the harder, sterner lot?

JAMES HOUGHTON KENNEDY.

## For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,  
You're a good 'un heart and hand."



T was washing-day at Manor Farm, and Mrs. Bland was not in a good temper; in fact, since her visit to her daughter—Mrs. Warren—her state of mind had been more or less uncertain. Her day had not been altogether satisfactory, for the maltster was a man possessed of more than his share of family pride, and he was annoyed that his wife's mother should find herself compelled to increase her income by turning her home

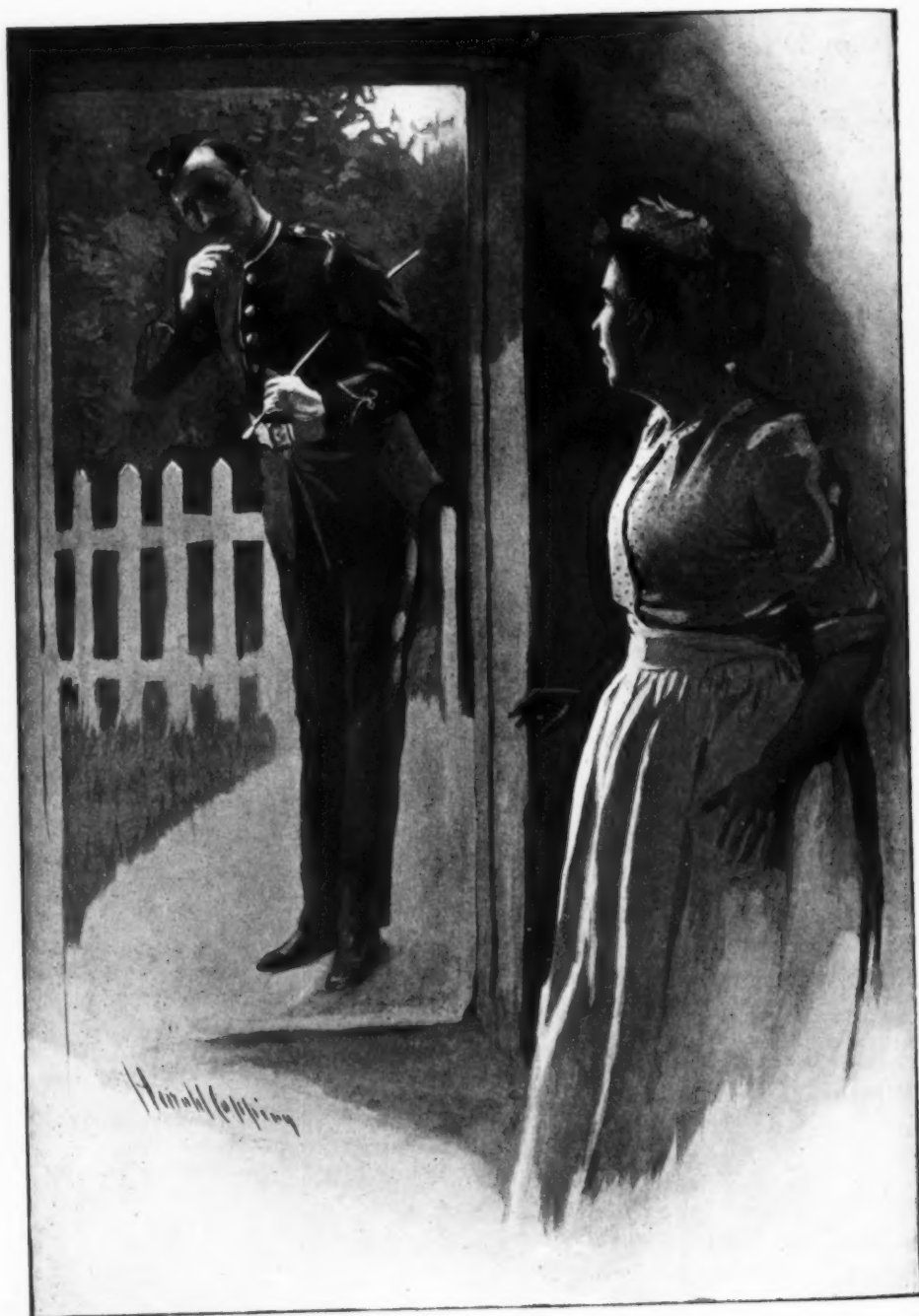
into a baby farm, as he expressed it. He did not scruple to make his annoyance felt, and his remarks as to people who had frittered away a decent competence, and then descended to incubating chickens and children, had irritated Mrs. Bland so deeply, that she came home to vent feelings that she dared not express in her daughter's house, at Frittingham.

She had also brought back with her a

small parcel of Peggy's stockings and petticoats that she had intended for Mrs. Warren's little girls, for she was too angry to leave it with them, in spite of the fact that Peggy had more clothes than she could possibly wear out before she outgrew them, and that Mrs. Beauchamp would be away so long, that she could not possibly be supposed to remember all the garments that should by rights have belonged to her daughter. But since she had been languidly indifferent, and the children rude and boisterous, Mrs. Bland had returned, thinking the world a howling wilderness, where no one had justice done to them even by their nearest and dearest.

So on this eventful morning, Peggy and Stephen had not been able to escape into the fields as they had intended, but were busily engaged piling up firewood in the outhouse in neat little bundles. There was a certain charm about it to Stephen, although, as it was in sight of the house, he could not indulge in day-dreams as to the number of little bundles in the heap, or even leave off to have a game of ball with Peggy, or creep away into the meadow where the yellow cowslips were blossoming as golden as lemons on the trees.

Jane was standing at the sink in the back kitchen, having left her clothes to soak, and being now engaged in peeling potatoes for the mid-day meal. Mrs. Bland was in the front garden, manœuvring reluctant chickens under a coop, and the



"EXCUSE ME, MISS," SAID GUNNER BECK

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trouble  
appear

## For King and Country

house was still with the drowsy silence of a summer's day that has only the undercurrent of sound upon the surface of things.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins," sang Jane's shrill treble, mellowed by the sunlight and the fresh air that poured through the open door. "'You're a credit to your country and to all your nytive'—Oh, my!"

The song was an outward indication of the direction in which Jane's thoughts were straying, and the sudden break in it was due to a wholly unexpected apparition that seemed to her to be the very spirit of the song itself.

The knife fell with a crash, and the potato that she was holding rolled under the table, while Jane herself was staring open-mouthed at a man in the uniform of a British gunner, who was standing sheepishly in the doorway in a patch of sunlight that glinted on his golden buttons, and set off the wonders of white gloves and belt.

"Excuse me, miss," said Gunner Beck with the most elaborate civility. "But am I right in supposin' I am addressin' of Miss Jane Pearcey?"

"Quite right," said Jane decidedly, sitting down on the edge of a large three-legged stool with some vehemence. "But I never thought as you'd come when me and the child wrote."

"I'd do more than that for the Major's children," said Beck doggedly. "Do you know what he did for me once when I was in trouble? Shielded me and talked to me like a father—I'd not been exact on the square, though I'm not a-goin' to tell you precisely what I'd been a-doin, Miss Pearcey—but another officer might have given me the chuck-out, and I'd have gone to the bad, instead of this."

He loftily pointed to the good-conduct stripe upon his arm, while Jane grimly regarded it.

"I never had much opinion of soldiers," she said with a sniff. "Dressed up ever so to go a play-acting like—all blue and red like Joseph's coat of many colours. But I changed my opinion the minute you came into the door."

"I'm pleased to hear it," said Beck, edging a little nearer to Jane with an agreeable smile.

"If your uniform permits you to stoop," said Jane, with a toss of her head, "I'll trouble you for that potato which your appearing so sudden made me drop."

Beck gallantly dived for it and came up again rather red in the face from the exertion. There was some trifling by-play during its restoration, and then, setting her cap straight, Jane returned to work, and the recital of the children's troubles that he had come so far to attempt to remedy. Beck sat on the edge of the table swinging his feet, and looking with an expression of admiration at Jane's comely figure, which presently changed into an attitude of rigid horror as Jane continued—

"This family was no place to send two innocent children to, like those two dear dears as is storing wood at this moment in the wood-shed. Mrs. Bland has no temper for children, up in an instant she is—and as mean as mean. Why, the children have to do odd jobs in the garden and the house, and they don't get the food they ought, and all the love comes from me."

"And no doubt that'll be the best person it could come from," said Beck gallantly. "But it does not seem to me that things is exactly right."

"Things is exactly wrong," said Jane warmly. "And when it comes to the pretty dears' clothes being taken for Mrs. Bland's grandchildren, things has come to a pretty pass."

Beck groaned. "My patience," he said. "Whatever was the Major thinkin' about to leave 'em here?"

"Can't think," said Jane emphatically. "Though when their father and mother brought the pretty dears everything looked all right here—there was kisses and loving, and nice food, and all that sort of soft sawder talk, till they were out of sight. I knew what it was all worth, but what could I do, except promise to look after them? And Mrs. Beauchamp was the sweetest lady I ever saw—so gentle-spoken and kind—I'd go over the world to serve her."

"Same here," said Beck warmly. "She and the Major are good all through, and if any one said I had to walk barefoot over red-hot iron to help 'em, I'd do it."

"Well I never," said Jane, moved to sympathy, "you must be strangely fond of them, but I can quite understand it—lookin' into her gentle eyes made me feel quite choking."

"You've got a warm heart," said Beck, moving an inch nearer. "I hope there's room in it for me."

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"Well, I never," said Jane bashfully, as her hand and the potato vanished for a moment into the big brown fist of the warm-hearted gunner. "But the question is, what can we do for the children before we think of anything else?"

"Why, yes," said Beck; "but that is all cut-and-dried in my mind. Somewhere in my pocket I've got a bit of a paper with the name of their aunt upon it." He fumbled in the pocket of his serge tunic and produced the crumpled back of an envelope, on which was scrawled—

"The Lady Elizabeth Marillier,  
Tattersham Cottage."

Why—" said Jane, with a long-drawn note of wonder as she read it slowly, "it's quite close here, is Tattersham, and though they call it a cottage, it's a fine big place, no more a cottage than this house is."

"I picked this bit of address up," said Beck sheepishly, "in the Major's room, if the truth be told. It wasn't strictly speaking honest maybe, but I wanted to know some one belonging to the poor little souls when they got left."

"You're that sharp, Mr. Beck," cried Jane admiringly, "I should be afraid of your cuttin' yourself. But my advice to you is, go to her ladyship and let her know what's a-goin' on."

"But she's in foreign parts. The Major was saying so, and what a pity it was."

"Never you believe a thing unless you see it with your own eyes," said Jane contemptuously. "I suppose if any one had said to you that the children was as happy as kings here and livin' on cake, you wouldn't have thought of coming to see. Half what you see and nothing what you hear is *my* motto, and that takes me through life well enough."

"Must make you a bit suspicious and lookin' out for troubles," said Beck with a sniff. "Not the sort of person to make the home bright."

"Well, of all the awkward—" began Jane, but broke off with a sudden shriek as she became aware of a shadow looming in the background that shut out the sun with a forbidding air of gloom.

"What on earth is a soldier doing in my back kitchen?" cried Mrs. Bland in high wrath. "Your impertinence in inviting a man of that class into my house warrants my giving you the notice which has been so often deserved before."

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She was very angry, but, to her astonishment, Jane found that her own wrath gave her a fluency that she had never possessed before.

"And indeed, ma'am," she said, "who are we to be treating a soldier of the King in such a fashion? There's more honour to be gained in putting on a blue or a red coat than ever was gained by stoppin' at home."

"Jane!" cried Mrs. Bland, but at that moment two little figures, grimy and dishevelled, but glad beyond measure, darted into the kitchen with shrieks of joy and caught Beck by the arms.

"Oh, Beck," cried Stephen. "Oh, you dear nice man to come. I knowed you would, and Jane knowed too, but we thought you might not have any money left."

"Bless their dear innocent hearts!" cried Beck, as he looked from one to the other, with his face glowing with pride and affection, "I believe they are really glad to see me."

"Oh, Beck!" cried Peggy, "is farver and muvver coming too?"

She had a wild thought that they were to be restored at once to Haverford and all its old charms, but Mrs. Bland plucked them away from the rough serge arm as though Beck's touch was contamination.

"These children are in my charge," she said furiously, "and I will not allow them to associate with a common soldier. Out of this house you go at once, and if you show your face here again, I shall send for the police."

Beck rose from his knees, to which he had dropped the better to embrace the children that he loved. His face was white and angry, but he had the wonderful restraint that years of rigid discipline bring to the soldier.

"Very good, madam," he said, "but you will be sorry for this day—oh, I think you will be very sorry for this day."

Then he pulled down his belt and straightened himself, looking in the little square mirror over the sink to be sure that his forage cap was at the correct angle.

"Good-day to you, madam; but I warn you that I haven't spent a week's pay for nothing, or to leave my officer's children where they are done to as they are here. Good-day, Miss Pearcey, and it's Sam Beck that hopes he may be able to do you a good turn for what you have done for

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these children. Good-bye, my dears, for the present, but you'll hear from Gunner Beck soon again."

His graceful inclination of the head towards Mrs. Bland was tempered by an extremely cunning wink that he managed to manœuvre in Jane's direction, and which expressed so much that it took her some time to take it all in.

Mrs. Bland was too angry for words, but she stood, white and silent, waving Beck towards the door with a hand that trembled, while the children—Stephen with his arm about Peggy in protecting fashion—watched the scene with wide, wondering eyes. Peggy at last broke into a little wail of grief on seeing Beck's disappearing figure.

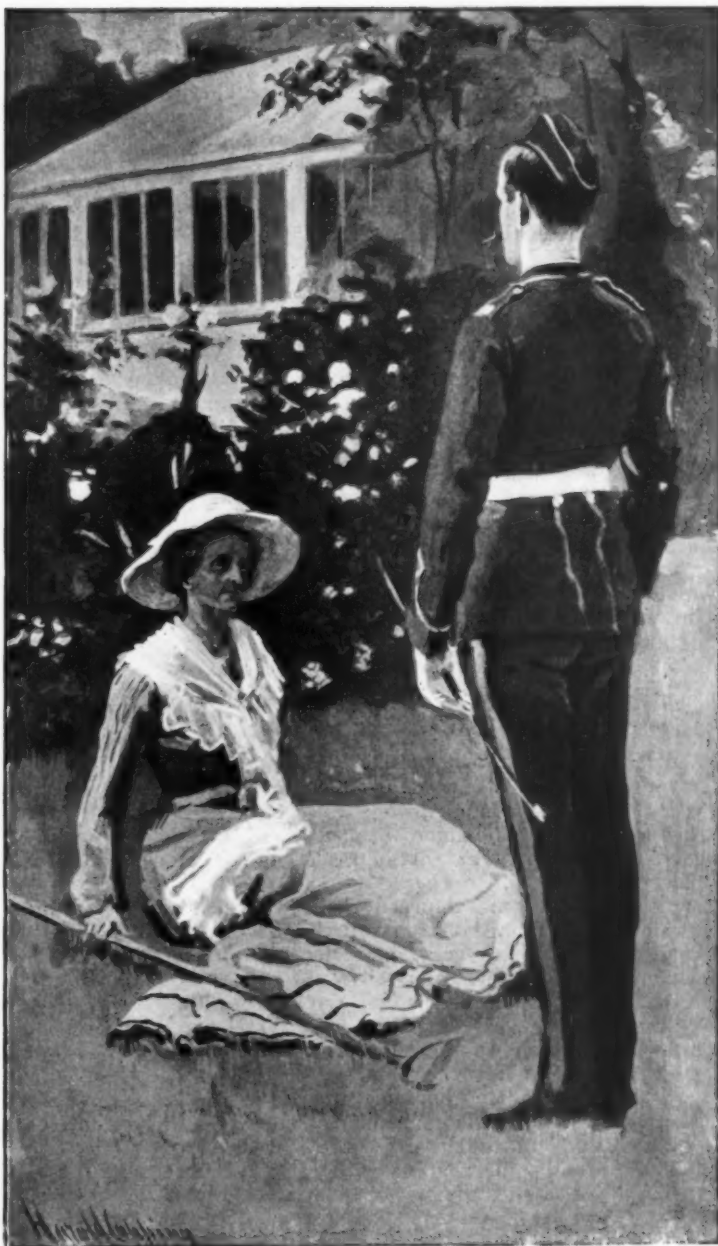
"Oh, Beck, dear," she cried, "don't go."

The soldier turned and caught sight of Mrs. Bland's arm suddenly lifted for a blow. He wheeled round and caught her by the wrist.

"If you touch that little child, madam, I shall make you repent it," he said in a low tense voice. "You may think nothing of them and their sweet ways, but the

angels of God as surely watch around them as the air blows around their little bodies, and so long as I am here, no one lays so much as a finger upon the two of them."

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SHE SAT DOWN SUDDENLY ON THE GRASS-PLOT AS IF SHE HAD BEEN SHOT

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Not a word did Mrs. Bland speak, but she fell back against the wall, cowed and unresisting, and Beck, seeing that there was no more danger in her, went through the door and shut it behind him.

It was no difficult matter to find his way to Tattersham, for the first man he saw volunteered the information that he was driving that way and would give him a lift. And he went so far, indeed, as to set him down at the very gate of the Cottage, which, if it had ever been so unpretentious a building, had grown into a small-sized mansion very speedily, with gables and an additional storey that had glorified it into a very charming dwelling indeed.

Beck went timidly up the drive and rapped at the back door, which was opened by a buxom cook, who stared at him with some surprise, melting at last into a glow of satisfaction.

"Good-afternoon to you," she said; "will you come in? I've a brother in the red-coats, and I love the sight of a uniform;" and Beck entered the kitchen with a feeling that he was properly appreciated.

"And may I make so bold as to ask whether my lady is at home?" he said.

"Well, the cleverness of the man!" said the cook admiringly, "for she came home last night as ever was."

"Then may I trouble you to take me to her, my dear?" said Beck cheerfully, "for I've come a long way to see her, seeing that I was Major Beauchamp's servant, and have got a sort of a kind of a message for her."

"Dear me, now!" returned the cook. "She will be pleased to see you, I'll be bound, for she sets great store by her nephew. Hanner, will you tell my lady there's some one to see her."

A smart parlour-maid tripped out of the pantry in answer to the summons, and Beck rose with alacrity.

"I'll go with you," he said, "for I've no time to lose," and Hanner smiled assent.

"My lady's in the garden," she said, "weeding among the rose bushes."

She tripped along in her pretty cap and apron, while Beck lumbered after her in his heavy regulation boots. He was admiring the trim figure of the parlour-maid, but at the same time thinking tenderly of the other woman he had just left, who, in the midst of a life of toil, yet had time to do her best to be a mother to Stephen and Peggy.

Lady Elizabeth Marillier was weeding viciously with a long hoe among the bushes. She was a thin, angular woman, whose sharp face was hidden by the huge hat that she wore, and who was famed as much for her sharp speeches as for her genuine kindness of heart.

"Goodness! what's this?" she said, turning sharply round with her hoe in the air, to find Beck standing at the "salute," with his arm stiffly extended like a sign-post.

"It's me, ma'am," he said diffidently. "Major Beauchamp's soldier-servant as has come all the way from Haverford to look after them dear children, and to tell you, ma'am—my lady, I mean—that the people as they are with are treating them cruel. There's no one in the world but you, my lady, unless you count me, as can help them just now, for they live close to your gates, in fact, only a matter of three miles off at the Manor Farm, Frittingham."

"Gracious goodness!" said Lady Elizabeth, and to Beck's concern she sat down as suddenly on the grass-plot as if she had been shot, and sitting there, requested him to continue his story at once, for that she had returned from Italy the night before on purpose to find out what had been done with the little Beauchamps, and if possible to help their parents at this crisis in their lives.

"But, my good man," she lamented, "I always do say that in the army things are done like thunderclaps. Now, I had had hardly time to think over the fact that my nephew had been ordered abroad before he has gone bag and baggage, and has left his family in the hands of strangers."

"Oh, indeed, my lady," said Beck very politely. "No doubt if you was at the War Office we should have things done very different."

"You would indeed," returned Lady Elizabeth fervently; "and now I must trouble you to get on with your story, for it is getting late."

And Beck, nothing loth, poured the whole story as he had heard it from Jane into her astonished ears.

### CHAPTER IX

"Who love would seek, let him love evermore."

IT did not take Mrs. Bland very long to realise that she had made a mistake in the treatment of the children, and it

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was perhaps fear of consequences, even if it was not a touch of remorse, that made her kinder during the next two days than she had been before. Her kindness was, however, tiresome to Stephen, since it consisted of a constant desire to keep them near her, so that they might not come across that most undesirable individual in uniform again.

Jane was still under notice to leave, and held herself very loftily towards her mistress, although Mrs. Bland certainly did her best to discourage her from quitting a situation where it would be extremely difficult to replace her. But as her arguments took the form of contemptuous comment on the disasters that were likely to overtake ungrateful girls, Jane heard them with unabated resolution. She had no wish to leave Peggy and Stephen, but she had too much trust in Gunner Beck to imagine that he would permit them to remain at the Farm any longer. She had instinctively trusted his honest face from the first moment of their meeting, and she felt certain that he would not fail the children in their need.

She watched Mrs. Bland's new attitude suspiciously, but when that lady announced her intention of going out for the afternoon and leaving Jane in charge, Jane felt that it was possible suspicion might be dying a natural death.

"I am sure I don't know where she is going, my lambs," said Jane cheerfully, when Mrs. Bland, attired in her best gown, had departed. "But if so be as there's any friend you want to see, my advice is, go at once, and maybe you'll meet Gunner Beck on the way, and if you do, there's no telling but what he mightn't come down here to see me."

"Shall we tell him to come, Jane?" said Stephen.

"I'm not giving you any message to take," said Jane, with sudden dignity, "but if he likes tartlets, I'm making pastry to-day;" which happy remark set Stephen wondering on the similarity of human nature.

"You see, Peggy," he said as they crossed the field, "she says that to us about Beck, and Lord St. Ives was so funny about Sweetheart, and Sweetheart sent such a funny message to him all about aloes. Grown-up people don't seem to be able to say what they mean; it is like mother wrapping up our medicine in jam, isn't it, Peggy?"

"Yes," said Peggy. "Let's see Sweetheart."

"And so we will," cried Stephen. "Why, he said we was to bring Sweetheart to see him. Come along, Peggy—oh, come quick; it will be so nice, 'cause they are the next nicest people in the world after farver and muvver."

Peggy's fat legs began to tumble over the ground in a sturdy trot, for the recollection of innumerable cakes of the most enticing description encouraged her in the prospect of the visit, and she was quite as anxious to hurry as even Stephen could desire her to be.

They stopped presently under the hedge to pick a cluster of big dog-daisies that were waving in the light breeze.

"For Sweetheart," said Stephen, nodding mysteriously. "They are like Sweetheart, and I want the blind lord to know that she is nicer than an aloe and sweeter than flowers."

Peggy stuck some in her bonnet and Stephen in the ribbon of his sailor hat, and when they arrived at the Bungalow, Miss Sweet came out to the door with the laughing remark that she thought a May-queen must be coming to call upon her. She quite entered into the idea of decorating herself with the warm handful of daisies in Peggy's clasp, and they looked so pretty in the band of her blue linen gown that Stephen was enchanted.

"And now we are all ready," he said, "to go visiting, like we did the first day."

Sweetheart was sitting on the steps of the Bungalow, with her arms round both the children, and Stephen's face very close to her own. She was dressed simply in blue, but her hat was a dainty mass of muslin and lace, framing her face charmingly, and the child thought that she had never looked prettier.

"But, darling, where are we to go visiting?" she said. "You two had better stay with me, and have tea with sugar cakes."

It was a tempting offer, but Stephen stood to his guns with all the devotion of a soldier's son.

"It would have been very nice," he said regretfully, "only I promised Lord St. Ives to bring you to see him."

There was a breathless pause, and in the stillness Stephen could hear the girl catch her breath in a tremulous sigh that was half a sob.

"What do you mean, dear?" she said

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faintly. "I do not think that you could have understood Lord St. Ives rightly."

"Oh, Sweetheart! Why, I said to him about the aloes, and he said he knew, and something about a hundred years, and you was to come," cried Stephen in a sorely injured voice. "I am not a little baby like Peggy; I can understand."

"Oh, my dear little lad—of course—of course," said Lucinda, with a new thrill in her voice that made it sound like the silver chime of a bell, "only when happiness comes suddenly sometimes, it is very hard to believe."

Stephen looked curiously at her, for she stood up suddenly with a quick graceful gesture and flung out her arms.

"Ah! good-bye the hundred years," she said. "Ah! welcome the flowering of the aloe!"

"I think that grown-up people do say queer things," said Stephen, with gentle resignation. "First Jane about the pastry, and then you about the aloes. Do grown-up people always talk in parables?"

"Not always," laughed the girl, as she caught him up in her arms and hugged him until the outraged dignity of seven years begged her to put him down again. "Only sometimes when people are happy, they say just what comes into their heads."

"Are you happy?" said Peggy, with wide-eyed wonder. "Why are you happy?"

"Why will you be happy when mother comes home, Peg?"

"'Cause we love her."

"Ah!" said Miss Sweet mysteriously, and a swift rosy blush swept from brow to chin, so that she had to turn away to hide her confusion. "Come along quick, children; we will race to the gate," she said.

She took them out a new way, that opened on to the cliff behind which the village clustered. The jutting ridge of rock, that grew suddenly out of the marshes, was the most surprising part of all that flat stretch of country, for it was a relic of old days, when the sea washed over the plain where Frittingham now stood, and lapped the foot of the cliff now green with bracken starring the yellow sand.

"Is this the way?" said Stephen.

"This is the way I used to come long ago—before Lewis was blind. Every inch of the road is dear to me, for it is full of memories. We planted that little sapling—he and I—and oh! there is the little oak

that we stuck in the ground as an acorn—why, it is quite a little tree!"

She was talking to herself, and Stephen, hanging on her arm, realised that she was back in old days, and walked very soberly, wondering again at the strangeness of the people who are grown up.

They came out upon the park at last through a side gate, ivy-grown and framed by an arch of clematis, and beyond the gate, some deer with quiet faces were feeding, who looked up as they passed through and flashed away into the undergrowth with a twinkle of horns and tossing heads. The children led Lucinda with an air of superior knowledge of the place and its inhabitants, to which she gave way, revelling in the intoxication of the scene, and the day, and the wonder that was wrapping her senses like a cloud.

"He never drives out of the park, Sweetheart," said one clear voice beside her; "he doesn't like people to see him."

"The man in black clothes wants him to have visitors—he was pleased when we came," chimed in the other, and Sweetheart listened and delighted in everything.

But when they came close up to the house her courage seemed to fail her, and she hung back, pretending to be busy examining a climbing scarlet rambler rose.

"Come along," cried Stephen impatiently.

"Oh, Stephen, I can't—I dare not come—I am—I am tired. Tell him that I am here in the rose-garden."

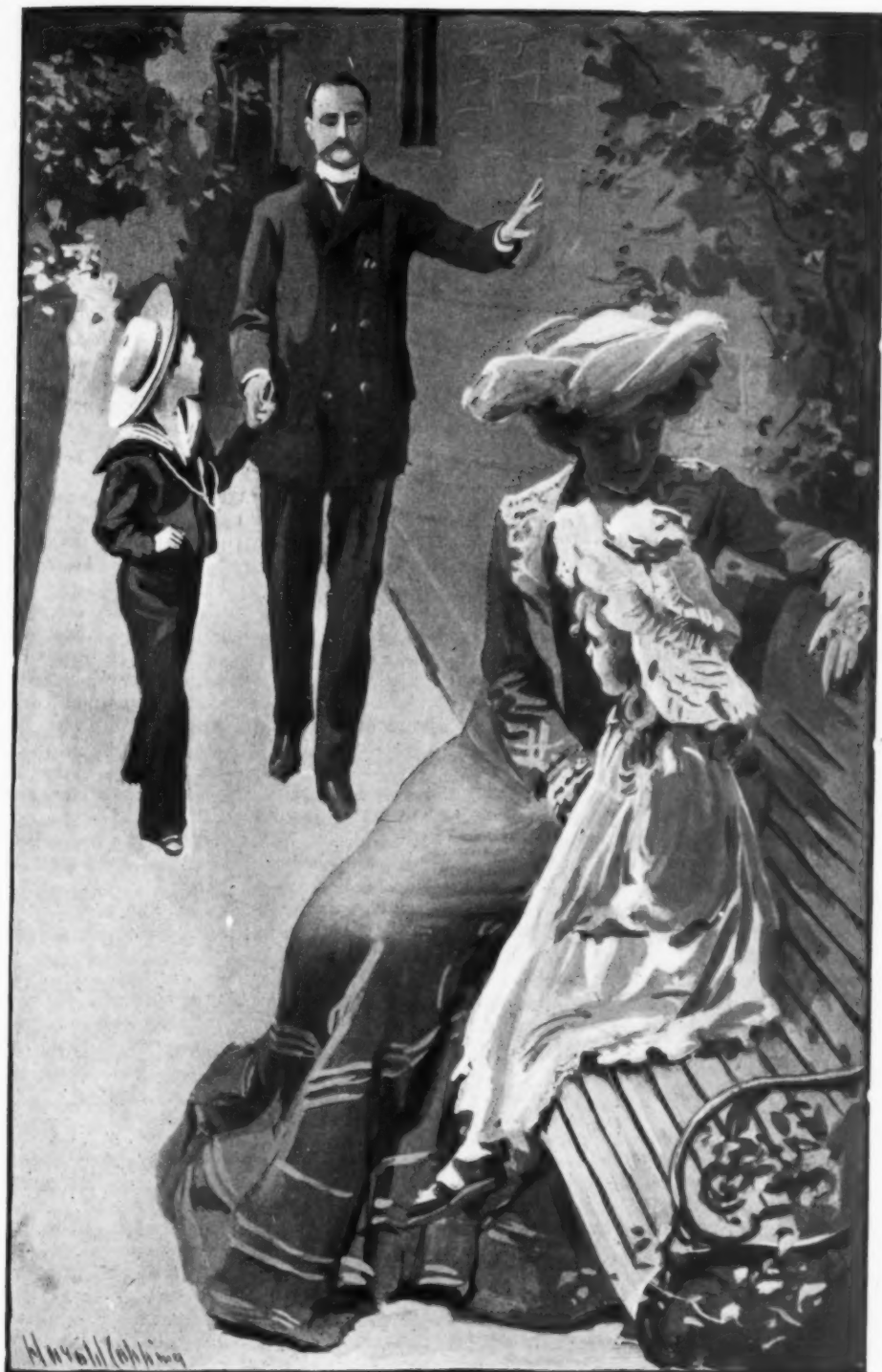
Stephen laughed. "Why, Sweetheart, he isn't a bit frightened—and he can't see—I don't think he could come."

"Tell him that I am here," said the girl quickly. "See what he says when he knows that I have come."

Her hand was on her heart, her breath going and coming in sobbing gasps, and Peggy was staring up at her, conscious of the dominant note of tragedy in the air that was so alarming, that she put out a small soft hand and laid hold of the blue linen skirt to be certain that her small world was not on the brink of destruction.

Stephen ran in through a side door that stood invitingly open, and made his way to Lord St. Ives' room. He felt that the ordinary way of ringing the bell would be far too lengthy a process, and he chose the shorter way so that he might be unseen by any one save the chief actor in the drama that was being played at the moment.

Lord St. Ives was sitting in his arm-chair,



HE PUT OUT HIS HAND TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL

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with his hands folded on his knees, and the old listless air of helplessness that he had almost shaken off during the last few days. His quick ears caught the little footfalls on the carpet, and he turned at once.

"Stephen!" he said. There was prisoned hope in his voice, hope that had struggled against release for fear that disappointment should turn the key once again on young thoughts—*young life*.

"Here I am, sir," said Stephen cheerily. "We've had a long walk, and at the end she won't come in."

"Who—won't come in?" said Lord St. Ives after an imperceptible pause.

"Why, Sweetheart. She's hiding her face in a rose-tree, and she is just as red as the rose. So like a girl she is, too, always disappointing when it comes to the end of things. She can't really be shy because she knows you. She must be like Peggy when she doesn't want to play, and says she has got the ear-ache."

"But I hope Sweetheart wants to play," said Lord St. Ives. "Are you really telling me the truth, Stephen? Is she really in the rose-garden, and does she want to see me?"

"It is the truth—honest truth," cried Stephen. "Why, she came with me when I asked her—she came to see you, and now she won't come in."

Stephen was genuinely interested in the meeting, and genuinely distressed at the catastrophe that seemed to be overtaking the two old friends. "Oh!" he said, "aren't you coming to her?"

"Ah! I am blind," Lord St. Ives cried out in sudden agony as he rose and stood there for an instant. He had risen so quickly to his feet at the first touch of hope, forgetting his infirmity, only remembering that *she* was waiting for him.

At his cry Stephen went forward, the tears rising to his eyes. "But I can help you—I can take you to her," he said.

"Give me your hand, Stephen. She shall see me as I am—she shall realise me as the helpless, miserable log that I shall be for all the remainder of my life."

"Sweetheart will scold you if you talk like that," said the child sturdily. "She likes people for their thoughts, and not for their looks."

"It can, at any rate, be no worse than it has been for years," said the man to himself—"always longing, always wondering—never daring to see her."

"Take care of the steps, sir," cried Stephen. "There, we are in the hall—now through the door—and—why, there is Sweetheart waiting for us!"

Lord St. Ives began to tremble very violently, and he put out his hand to support himself against the wall, for between his love and his misery he was like to faint.

"If I could only see her," he said, and the boy knew that he was talking to himself. "If I could see the lift of her pretty head, and the sweep of hair that grows so cunningly down by her little ears! If I could—"

But Sweetheart looked up from her roses and saw him standing there, so shamed, so helpless, and with a great cry she ran to him and cast her arms about him, crying out that he was her dear, her love, the only man she had ever cared for, and who had treated her so cruelly that he must turn round now and repent. There were tears running down her cheeks, and great tears painfully welling up from his sad eyes, and Stephen turning, caught Peggy's hand and pulled her away, for he knew instinctively that he was not needed there.

St. Ives put out a trembling hand and touched Lucinda's bright head as it lay on his breast.

"I dare not hope this is real—it must be a dream—and I shall wake to the loneliness, the pity of it all again."

"You shall never wake, Lewis; you shall sleep always if you like it best," she sobbed; "but it is true—all true."

"But I am a log—a cumberer of the earth," he said. "I can never see you—I am quite blind."

"And I am glad of it," cried Lucinda with a sob, "because you can never see me when I grow old and ugly, and I can always be your eyes, and make you see the world as my eyes see it."

"Come along, Peg," said Stephen tremulously. "I think—oh, I think he has kissed her;" and long before Lord St. Ives or Lucinda remembered the very existence of the two little people who had so wonderfully brought them together, they were speeding down the avenue and out through the big gates, homeward bound.

But the day which had begun so beautifully ended in so disastrous a fashion, that Stephen began to be afraid that the sorrow might entirely swamp the pleasure, for coming out of the park gates they ran straight into the arms of Mrs. Bland.

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"So," she said slowly, "this is where you go, you little wretches. How long have you been coming in and out of Lord St. Ives' house?"

They were silent, looking into her face with horror, and she shook the boy sharply by the arm.

"I don't know," he said. "I can't think when you shake me so."

"There—now you add lies to your other faults. You are wicked children, and I shall try whether a good beating and bread and water will not cure your bad ways," and she swept them home to the farm in tears and wailing. Surely never had a small rescuer of distressed lovers fallen so low before!

### CHAPTER X

"AND so these are my nephew's children?" said Lady Elizabeth Marillier, standing up very straight, tall and gaunt in Mrs. Bland's drawing-room. "Well—all I can say is, that a more neglected-looking pair of little mortals I never saw."

She had come prepared to find everything at its worst at the Manor Farm, and she had come at a successful moment to prove the truth of her suspicions. Never had Stephen or Peggy looked so absolutely dirty and untidy as they did with their hands and faces grimy with earth, their hair dishevelled, and their clothes torn and sadly in need of mending. They had been digging up potatoes for the house, as a punishment task after their adventure of the previous day, and even dainty Peggy looked out through a dimming cloud of grime that seemed to obscure the radiance of her golden hair and forget-me-not eyes.

"It is healthy for children to play in the garden," said Mrs. Bland grimly, "and I have yet to learn that earth is unwholesome."

"It is not fitting for my niece and nephew to work like day labourers, and that was what they were doing when I drove up. Why, woman, that baby might have cut herself with the spade, or injured herself in a hundred ways. And the little boy too—with eyes just like Harry Beauchamp's—why, they ought to be sheltered from every shade of anything that does not belong to childhood."

She took Stephen's hand in her own, for something in the boy's pathetic eyes appealed to her even more than did the robust charm of Peggy's baby face.

"Tell me, dear, are you happy here?"

"How dare you?" quivered Mrs. Bland, shaking with anger. "How dare you undermine my influence with those dear children, who have been as the very apple of my eye since they came to me?"

Lady Elizabeth gave a short laugh that was more aggravating than loud-spoken ridicule. "When I drove up here to-day, those dear babies were doing work that a garden boy should have been engaged for. I have heard from independent witnesses of their irregular food, their unsympathetic surroundings, their utter loneliness had it not been for the rough kindness of your servant-girl."

"And who has dared to tell these untruths?" cried Mrs. Bland, beginning to feel alarmed as the truth of the situation forced itself upon her.

"Lord St. Ives and Miss Sweet, and also—my nephew's soldier-servant," said Lady Elizabeth briefly.

"I know nothing of Lord St. Ives or Miss Sweet. There was certainly an impertinent soldier, who forced himself into my kitchen, and whom I nearly had to eject by main force."

"He came to me afterwards," continued Lady Elizabeth grimly, "and the result is that I have come to fetch my niece and nephew away with me. I shall be glad to have their boxes packed at once, also I will make an inventory of their clothes."

"You have no right to remove these children: they were left in my charge by their parents, and I refuse to let them go until their parents' return," cried Mrs. Bland, utterly unnerved.

Lady Elizabeth cast a look of withering contempt upon the angry woman. "Their mother returns in a few days' time," she said. "She turned back at Alexandria, as news reached her there that a relative had died and had left her a large fortune, and she was compelled to return to arrange her affairs: anyhow, she would have removed the children from your care at once."

Lady Elizabeth spoke with great decision, and moved towards the door. "I am waiting for the children's clothes," she concluded with great distinctness.

Mrs. Bland sat herself down upon a chair. "I will have nothing to do with packing them," she said. "This is all done under protest."

Lady Elizabeth looked at her. "You will be very sorry some day for your

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behaviour to two little children," she said with a strange tremor in her voice. "You had a chance of making two little lives very bright, and being a mother to children whom circumstances had rendered orphans. You missed your chance—many people miss their chance in life—but none more badly or cruelly than you. I have pity for many sinners, but none for the woman who has no heart for the little children. Every true woman has a mother's heart, to which all that is tender and helpless appeals, for the sake of the Child Who was born in Bethlehem."

There was something about the dignity of her words that silenced the angry woman, and she cowered back sullenly in her chair, convinced of sin perhaps for the first time.

"I have done nothing wrong," she said: then closed her lips like a steel trap and sat back silent, while Lady Elizabeth swept the children from the room.

Jane was waiting for them outside, and by her triumphant expression, it was evident that little of what had passed within the drawing-room had been unheard by her.

"Shall I pack their clothes, and tidy the children, my lady?" she said. "I know where their bits of things are."

"Pray do," said Lady Elizabeth, with sudden interest. "Dear me! I believe you are the girl of whom that very excellent soldier told me, and I should like you to know that my housemaid is leaving this day week, and if you care to take the place, I shall be delighted to have so kind a woman in my house, and as the children will in all probability remain with me for some time, they will be glad to feel that they have not lost a friend."

"Oh, thank you, my lady!" cried Jane, with tears in her eyes, unable to say more, for the rise in the world would be so great that she could hardly contemplate it calmly.

"Aunt 'Lizabeth," cried Stephen, "you must be a good fairy. You give us all we want—first Jane, and then—"

"And then your mother," cried the great lady, whom the world called proud and cynical. "Oh, you two poor little souls! Mother is coming back to you next week."

"Muvver?" Stephen's voice was grave and full of quiet triumph. "I prayed it all the time, Aunt 'Lizabeth. I knew God would send her back to me quite soon—I prayed it directly."

And he was a little surprised when Lady Elizabeth stooped down and gathered him

in her arms, pressing him to her breast with an unwonted tenderness that his words had awoke in her heart.

The faith of a child is always a wonderful thing to middle age, and to Lady Elizabeth Marillier, Stephen's words came like an answer to a question asked long ago, and never perhaps satisfied until this moment.

"Darling," she said, "you must be my boy Stephen always, and try to love me very much."

Stephen turned his grave blue eyes upon her, and she saw in them the eyes of the brother—long dead.

"Why, I love you now," he said. "I loved you directly you came," and Lady Elizabeth was rewarded.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tattersham Cottage was an abode full of unexpected surprises. There were wonderful treasures in cupboards, and the day after their arrival, a pony appeared for Stephen to ride and to possess for his very own, while at the same time the most astonishing wax doll was discovered sitting by Peggy's bed, that had strange new attractions in the conversational line, and powers of opening her mouth that placed her far above any dolls that Peggy had ever met in her short life.

Lady Elizabeth was enjoying the visit of her nephew and niece exceedingly, and full of regret that she had not realised earlier what delightful companions two good children can make. She was deeply engaged also in despatching messengers between the Cottage and the Manor Farm, with demands for the remainder of Peggy's clothing, that exasperated Mrs. Bland beyond endurance, and resulted in the piecemeal restoration of the pretty things that she had so unjustifiably appropriated.

Mr. Bland did not realise the loss of the children until the lapse of two days, when he suddenly woke up to the fact that the house was unwontedly quiet and the table strangely empty.

"Where are Stephen and Peggy?" he said suddenly. "It seems to me that I miss them from the house. They are not ill, surely?"

"No," said Mrs. Bland briefly; "they are gone—their aunt fetched them away."

"Oh, indeed!" returned her husband gently. "I am glad, Eliza—I am very glad, for I do not think that you made them happy. I am obliged to say so, even

## For King and Country

at the cost of your anger, and I thought so every day that they were with us."

Mrs. Bland looked up, and instead of the outburst of irritation that Mr. Bland expected, he read in her face something that was almost a vague regret.

"No, I am afraid that they—were not happy. I think that incubators and kittens are an easier way of making an income."

"You are right, Eliza," he said wonderingly; but before he had collected his bewildered senses his wife had left the room, and her voice was heard scolding Jane violently for the last time in the kitchen.

"Why," said Mr. Bland slowly to himself, as he took off his spectacles and wiped them deliberately, "if I did not know it was impossible, I should have said positively that there were tears in Eliza's eyes; but I must be going blind, and that is the explanation of my extraordinary hallucination."

But whether it was the explanation or no, certain it was that Jane carried a wondering account of the change at the farm to Tattersham Cottage, when she arrived there to take up her duties as second housemaid.

"She's sorry, if she never was before, my lady," she said, during an interview that she had with Lady Elizabeth. "Why, I am beginning to believe that she's got what they call 'nerves,' for when Mrs. Warren and her children came to see her yesterday, they parted with high words, and Mrs. Warren vowed as she'd be long enough before she came back to where she had been that insulted, and it's my thinking that she and her children won't be much missed even by their grandmother when she comes to think it all over. It isn't often that birds of a feather disagree, my lady, but when they do, you may know there's a beginning of a change for the better."

And if Lady Elizabeth was doubtful of it in her mind she did not say so, or destroy the optimism of Jane Pearcey's nature.

Jane would have made a most attractive housemaid, but to her delight, Lady Elizabeth discovered that the children needed a maid to attend upon them, and therefore a substitute was procured, while she, attired in a white drill gown and a most demure bonnet, escorted them in their walks, and became a very efficient guardian of their happiness.

It was on one of their daily rambles that they ran across Beck, who had in some

miraculous fashion secured another three days' furlough, and accompanied them to the Cottage on the ostensible errand of inquiring after Stephen and Peggy's welfare, but as he remained to dinner in the kitchen, and seemed engrossed in some private and particular conversation with Jane Pearcey, Stephen felt disappointed in this lamentable falling off of personal interest.

"But he couldn't have many things to say to you, Jane," he said, when she was undressing him that night. "We had known him such a long time, and then he seemed to want only to say things to you. What did he tell you, Jane?"

Jane laughed and hid her face in the bath towel.

"Lor', Master Stephen," she said, "soldiers is queer people. Why, he had the face to ask me when he might put up the banns."

"What's banns, Jane?" said Stephen. "Are they good to eat?"

"Bless your loving heart, my lamb—no," said Jane with exquisite confusion. "It's being married—living in quarters, as he says, and having a real elegant home of our own."

"Why, Jane!—married!" cried Stephen. "Why, it's like Sweetheart and the blind lord. Peggy and me is going to be bridesmaids, and we shall want to be bridesmaids to you."

"Bless you," was all that Jane could say again. "You'll have to ask your dear mamma."

And Stephen, with his arms round his mother's neck, and his face against her soft cheek, had many questions of like nature to demand when the blissful day of her return arrived. She was a happy, rosy mother too, with a new joyous light in her eyes, born of release from all care and trouble regarding their money matters, and she laughed merrily as she kissed his round head.

"Yes, darling, you shall do what Jane wants, because we are all so grateful to her that we can never thank her enough for her care of you, and as you made the two marriages, my laddie, you will have to assist in some way at both weddings. And oh! Stephen, we are rich now. We shall never want for money any more. We can be happy, and make others happy, for the rest of our lives. We will furnish Jane's quarters for her, and father will help us choose the things, for he is coming home to an English station very soon."

## For King and Country

And overwhelmed with the joy of the whole situation, Stephen hid his face on his mother's shoulder and shed a few happy tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord St. Ives' wedding was a very quiet one, witnessed only by a few intimate friends, and by Tupton, who considered himself as absolutely indispensable to the whole ceremony.

At first Lord St. Ives' voice faltered a little, but as he made his vows it gained strength, and when he felt Sweetheart's warm, loving hand in his he took courage, and forgot every one but his lovely bride.

Maye Beauchamp from her place in the church felt her eyes fill with tears as they passed her on their way out to the carriage—St. Ives with his unseeing eyes, his whole face rapt into a lofty happiness to which in former days he never could have attained, and Sweetheart, guiding her husband with gentle, loving touch, all her love plain to read on her smiling, quivering lips, in her happy eyes that had no look save for the

man she had loved so long, and in whose happiness her own life was bound up.

As they passed out, with light, happy steps, Stephen and Peggy paused at the far seat where Jane Pearcey and Gunner Beck sat in solitary state.

"Muvver says we can wear these things at your wedding, Jane," said Stephen cheerfully, "but you will have to make haste, 'cause the dressmaker who made them says we do grow terribly fast."

"Bless you, Master Stephen," said Beck, with vigorous delight. "If I had had my way, and it had been in any way a respectful act for to have done, Jane here would have been Mrs. Beck this very day."

"Go along with you, Samuel Beck," said Jane with vast indifference.

"Stephen," said Peggy, in the solitude of the nursery that night, "what do you think of weddings?"

"Weddings," answered Stephen in a muffled voice; "I don't hardly know, Peggy, but I liked the sugar on the cake, and I liked, oh, I liked to see Sweetheart's face."

THE END

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

W—,

Saturday, Nov. 29, 1903.

THE enclosed half-finished letter was one I had commenced at the hotel in A— on a Sunday three weeks ago. T— and I had just settled to correspondence when E— came in, and of course that put us right off the "track." As we had to leave town early the following morning, I had no opportunity to finish it. Well, to continue. Two days after the great fire, in which much damage was done, several people losing their crops and houses, T— came over to me and said that the young Englishman he was living with was going into I—. So as there were several things we had to do, we decided to go in the wagon with him (a distance of forty-five miles), then when we got there to go by train to A—, a distance of ten miles, he, R—, to join us there when he had finished his business at I—, and all to return together. We started off at 5 A.M. by moonlight. We

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took some cold pork and bannock with us, but it was too cold to eat, and the grub froze until it was like marble. I will not go into details, only to say it was awful. We had no fur coats or Arctic garments to keep us warm. English overcoats are a mockery here in the winter. We arrived at I— about 5 P.M. (a very creditable undertaking with a heavy team), and found that the train to A— went in an hour's time. We were both about done up with the cold and hunger, so decided to go the next night.

We managed to feel comfortable the next day, and got to A— in the evening. It snowed and froze hard that night and the next day (Saturday). On Sunday R— turned up from I—, and E— came in while I was writing the incomplete letter I enclose.

On the Monday (Nov. 9) it was colder still, and every one said it was the freeze-up. We did not know what to do about clothes. We found we could not go for a week

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

without fur coats, or we should die for a certainty. So we just had to go to a store and get two. They are made of wombat skin; they reach the ankles, and have collars a foot deep, which, when turned up, hide face and head completely. Not a day has passed since but we have to thank our coats that we have survived it. We pulled out from town and got half way to W—— when we mistook the trail, and got fairly lost on the prairie. The cold was intense, and to make matters worse the snow came on and blew right in our faces. After going on for I cannot say how long (it seemed like a nightmare), we struck the new railway line and found we were much too far to the east; so we had to crawl along the line until we struck S——, and thus to J——'s and R——'s.

When I reached J——'s, I found that he and a neighbour were just going to bed. I tried to get myself some supper, but there was no dry wood to make up the fire, so I had to content myself with a pipe and go supperless to bed—on the ground. I did feel a bit upset after the day I had had, and only a few biscuits since breakfast; but there, these are only details, and T—— and I are getting used to them (or rather trying to). J——'s place, as I have told you, is stone, with just the ground for a floor. It was deadly cold, and seemed like lying in icy-cold water.

Next morning J—— went into town for a load of wood and coal. After he had gone, I found that I could not keep warm at all, so I set out and walked over to R——'s, two miles away, where, as I have already told you, T—— is staying. They persuaded me to remain there and go over to J——'s twice a day, and fix his horses. This I agreed to, and 'walked' over twice a day until he came back. We carted all the wood, stove, etc., to our lot at S——, and managed to get up the frame of the house one day. It was so cold we had to hammer in a few spikes, and then smack our hands for a few minutes before making another attempt. We went over another day, but could not work, as we could not use our fingers owing to the intense cold.

### *Next day.*

I left off my letter yesterday afternoon, which day both T—— and myself would have declared to be Saturday. We have been here alone for a few days, and congratulated ourselves that we were keeping

careful track of the days of the week. Thinking to-day was Sunday, we rose rather later than usual, and I rummaged up a few prunes for a treat. After breakfast we hitched a team to the sleighs, and started off to visit a neighbour a couple of miles off. When we got there he said it was *Monday*; we cannot make it out, for try and reckon the days as we will, we still make to-day Sunday. Anyway we are wrong, for we passed a man on our way back here this afternoon, and he said it was *Monday*. You, of course, cannot understand this, but if you were out here you would soon fall into the same error.

Now, to continue. After the trip to town and back of which I wrote yesterday, we settled down in R——'s shack, the owner, T—— and myself. It was very, very cold and draughty, not having been put into shape for the winter. It is 12 ft. x 12 ft. (rather small for three). There is a small wooden bed really meant for one, but R—— and T—— manage to pack into it. I make up a bed on the floor for myself. Here we were domiciled together. It was awfully cold. R—— had only a little coal-dust left; we eked this out with bits of packing-case, etc., but it was a fright. We never managed to get warmed once.

Nearly every day we had a blizzard, the wind just went through the shack and through us. It was not safe to go out. You see the snow is very fine and dry, and lies on the prairie like powder; the wind blows it up, and it is denser than any fog. One could lose themselves in sight of home very easily. There was nothing for us to do but wait until it cleared some, then go into town again for coal and supplies. Eventually we started with two teams, one in a wagon and one in sleighs. Of course it was cold, and the wagon was very slow-going over the snow.

The snow had obliterated the trails, and about half-way to A—— we got lost, and did not succeed in getting in until 8 P.M., frozen to the marrow and nearly starved. As we could not drive a wagon back over the snow, R—— got another set of sleighs. All day Friday we were loading coal, lumber, etc. We left A—— Saturday morning. It was a bright, clear day, but oh! so cold. We could see the frost falling and glittering in the sunlight like the crystal stuff on the Christmas cards. The sweat froze on the horses, until they were quite white; our eyebrows froze

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

also. We had rather heavy loads, and at six o'clock were some eight miles from home, so we put up for the night at a German's house, as the horses and ourselves were dead beat. We had some tea and sausage, then made a bed on the kitchen floor.

The next morning we started off, and almost immediately landed in a blizzard. It took several hours to cover that little eight miles, but at last we reached R——'s place late in the afternoon, thoroughly tired and cold. But we had *coal*; so we made a good fire and got warmed up a bit. Didn't I keep thinking of home that day (Sunday)! I can tell you these trying trips make a fellow feel that England is the best place out. As T—— says, "there is only one consolation. After the real hard times we are having, it would be against the laws of nature if we do not get something in return."

Dec. 6, 1903.

I guess you will wonder why I did not continue my letter before now, but I guess when I have worded it down to date you will cease to wonder.

I left off after we had returned from our last trip to A——. After we had been back two or three days R—— took one of his horses and rode to I—— to visit some friends in that district, leaving T—— and myself here to attend to things and make ourselves as comfortable and as much "at home" as we could. Making oneself "at home" under our conditions would strike one as being very funny, were they, alas! not so very hard.

R—— has not yet returned. I will tell you what sort of a time we have had the last few days. Tuesday was a very dull and bitterly cold day, too cold and dark to write. Early Wednesday morning (about two o'clock I think) a blizzard came up, the worst known here. It simply tore across the prairie, driving the fine snow in one dense black cloud; one could not stand up in the wind; it drove the fine powdery snow through every little crack in this shack, which, as I have told you, is not properly finished off. It is always very draughty, but it was simply unbearable; the wind went through us like knives; do what we would, we could not get warm.

Everything was smothered with the fine snow, which found its way in at all points. What little heat we could get from the stove thawed some of this, and made

everything soaking wet. We could not go outside at all, and the poor horses in the stable did not get attended to at all that day. During the day the wind blew the stove-pipes down, so we had to fix them up again—no easy job for any one who had not tackled it before. At night we fixed up the bed as best we could and turned in; of course the bedding was some very wet and some damp. We could not sleep, for the storm was terrible—not short, angry gusts, but one continuous roaring blast. The shack just creaked, shook, and fairly hummed like a ship. I was afraid all the time it would turn over, but I think it was the great drifts of snow all around it that saved it. Thursday morning dawned, but it was just the same. We could not go outside, only just to the door to scoop up a little snow to melt, as we had no water in the shack. That sounds nice and easy, but it is not so; this snow is like slate and takes a lot of thawing, and it needs a large quantity to make a little water.

The afternoon came, but no improvement, and we were just worried to death about the poor horses, starving and thirsty in the stable. The stable is only thirty yards from the shack, but that is too far. We decided that we must risk it and go to them, but we had to repent it bitterly. We put on our fur coats and wrapped up good, and started for our journey of thirty yards. The wind was from the N.-W., and so somewhat behind us. Well, we reached the stable and fed the horses, afterwards going to the well to see if it were possible to draw any water. The well was full to the top with snow, it is thirty feet deep, and is now useless until the snow is dug out. Seeing that we could do nothing, we faced the wind and tried to return to the stable; but the wind was more terrific than ever and the blinding snow thicker than ever. We took two or three paces in what we thought to be the right direction, and we were lost. Oh! the awful sensation of it. We had to turn our back to the wind, and just gasp and battle for breath. It was the most awful experience I have ever had; I feel sure we were uncomfortably near to death then. People at home can have no idea of what storms on the prairie are like, and how easy it is to get hopelessly lost. It means certain death to get lost in the winter, unless a person can find some shelter.

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HE LIT THE STABLE LAMP AND CAME OUT TO GUIDE ME

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

Well, we groped about, occasionally stooping to get breath, and at last struck a set of disc harrows, which we knew were only about three yards from the stable, which we next ran up against before we saw it. We got inside—it is only a very small one, built of sods, and is very cold and draughty, but it seemed like Paradise then. Now we had got there it would have been the most sensible thing to have stayed there. As long as we kept awake we should not freeze, but T——, who has been here some time, said he thought he could strike the shack if he could face the wind. I was to keep at the stable and shout, so that if he went astray he could return. I can tell you I did shout, but I did as much good as "the woman who swept the ocean back with a broom." You could not have heard a shout two yards away. Directly T—— had gone I was vexed that he had done so, and as the time went by and I saw no sign of him, I thought he was lost for a certainty. After what seemed hours of suspense, I saw a faint light through the darkness and made for it, thinking that perhaps in some miraculous way he had managed to ignite something to guide me to him. When I got right up I asked him whether he had found the shack, and he said, "Here it is." It was right behind him. When he left me he had gone a good deal in the wrong direction, but providentially struck a corner where the fire-guard was showing a little, and by crawling on his hands and knees he contrived to reach the shack, when he lit the stable lamp and came out to guide me.

That will be the last time we shall ever make a journey of thirty yards in a blizzard. We have no water now the well is blocked up, so we have to take the horses a mile away to water. For our own use we have to melt snow, and a nice long, cold sort of a chore it is. I think I must close down for to-night—Saturday night it is, and what a strange one! Sometimes I think it is all a nightmare.

Like everything else, this ink freezes in here, and consequently is making its mark.

*Sunday afternoon, 5.30.*

You must excuse this letter, it is not easy to write under existing conditions. I am sitting at the little table, as near as I can to the stable lantern, which we have had to use since we broke the glass of the

house lamp a couple of weeks ago; the wick is only about half-an-inch long now, and I have just pinned a piece of rag to it, so that it could mop up a little more oil and give us a better light. We got up at nine o'clock, cleaned the stable and fed the horses, had breakfast, then cleaned the shack, hitched up and went a mile and watered the horses, fetching a barrel of water back with us to water them again to-night. After we had our dinner we set to and dug the snow away from the stable, so that if we have more to-night we shall be able to dig a way in to-morrow. We were through at four, by which time it was dark. Now for a few items of "general interest," as the newspapers say. "Grub" we have not much, and are heartily tired of what we have; our sole diet consists of pork, bannock, tea and sugar. I do all the cooking (T—— is no good at it).

Perhaps you wonder why we have no bread? Well, the reason is that whenever I set the batter it freezes, owing to the draughts. The bannock is nice the first few times one has it; after a couple of days it is detestable. I can make them "good and light." Flour, baking-powder, salt and pork fat, cooked in a quick oven and eaten hot, they are not so bad; but cold! they make you feel as though you had chunks of brick inside you, and will stay with one for hours. We are likely to get heavy bannocks now, as there is only enough baking-powder for one more. We wish we had some oatmeal, so that we could have lots of porridge. We have been out of it for a couple of weeks. Porridge is not bad with butter and sugar, or even only with the latter. We drove six miles last week to try to get some butter, but did not succeed.

It is wrong to quarrel with one's grub, but we have a good many scraps with ours, you may be sure. We were out of tobacco several days, and that was the most bitter pill of all. A cowboy came through here yesterday, hunting a bunch of horses that broke away from his outfit during the big blizzard, and he kindly gave us half his plug—"Good luck to him." We are eking that out like gold-dust, as we do not know when we shall get some more; not until R—— returns anyway, and we have no idea when that will be—before Christmas I hope, for it would make things much more endurable for us if he were here.

Now about my belongings; I have told

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

you of myself and must tell you of them. When I came here I just brought what I needed in my bag, leaving my large trunk behind, which I had not had occasion to go to for some time. A few days ago, I thought I would go through my things and put them straight. When I opened my trunk, the sight should have made "angels weep." The horrible mice had just sampled nearly every article in it. Holes through every suit, underwear, slippers, gloves, mitts, mufflers. Oh! I did feel bad when I saw the things—prepared for my comfort with much loving forethought—damaged in a way that years of wear would never do. I felt somehow as though I had been wronged. I did not imagine that mice could get into the trunk, and much less that they would interfere with such articles.

*Hotel A—,  
Tuesday, Dec. 22.*

Doubtless you will wonder at this long gap, but since I broke off I have had such a fearful time that I could not write. It really was *too* cold. Several people have lost toes, and a boy at Yellow Grass has had to have one arm amputated, also the fingers of his other hand. The Christmas parcel has not arrived, so I shall have to go without Christmas cheer. I have received the magazines and cards all safely, and thank all for their loving thought. I cannot write more now, we are returning to W— in an hour's time. How I dislike these awful trips on the trail. I will try to write again soon, and tell some details of the last two or three weeks.

*W—,  
Jan. 2, 1904.*

To-day is a terror—I should judge, about 40 degrees below zero. I think it must be about four o'clock now, as it is just dark. I will try to pick up the thread where I left off in my last letter to M—, but I am in a bit of a tangle, as I completed and mailed it in such haste when in town.

I told how T— and myself were living with a young Englishman named R—, and that he went away, promising to come back in a week, but he did not return. Also of our many discomforts whilst here alone—owing to blizzards, the stopping up of the well, and the little shack not being completed, therefore unfit for human habitation in this cold climate. After ten days alone R—'s brother came here; he had

been away for some time. C— is about my age, he is not strong, and does not appear at all suited to this life. I am alone with him now, as T— went into town a couple of days ago, hoping to get his mail. We have finished R—'s shack, but it is but a poor home on these great bleak plains. It looks for all the world like a packing-case dropped in the middle of the prairie. For some time we were busy hauling water from a place two miles away.

Last Sunday was what we call a "soft" day, not more than 10 degrees below, so we had to make the most of the opportunity and dig out the well. We were rewarded by getting to the water; it is unfortunately alkaline, and plays the very mischief with us. All R—'s hay was burned in the big prairie fire I told you of. So when there is not a blizzard or it is not *too* cold, we go after loads of straw (a distance of five miles).

Now for a few items of "general interest."

Christmas Day we had a piece of our beef roasted, some stewed plums, nuts, and tea. Afterwards we smoked a packet of "Nestor" cigarettes. H— came to dinner. We were very quiet; there were universal regrets that our parcels of grub had not arrived. J— left this neighbourhood a few days ago; he is going to get "hitched" very soon, and is going to run a farm a few miles from A—. I received a letter from Calgary, from an English boy fresh out this spring, whom I had met in town. He and some friends were working on a threshing gang there, and one of them (a Scotchman) had lost all his toes through frost-bite.

*Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.*

I did not continue yesterday, as I said I should, when I quit writing on Saturday. It was too cold a day and was too creepy to sit at the table and write.

In the afternoon H— came over; he had got the "hump," as he is quite alone now. He said he was cold in his shack; he certainly was no better off in that respect, but anyway he had the benefit of C—'s and my own company—unsatisfactory though it must have been under the circumstances. We just pulled seats (boxes) round the stove and kept our feet off the floor, and tried to get warm, but not successfully. Early in the evening it blew up a blizzard, and H— could not go back. We all three turned into the bed and soon

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

got warm, although, as usual, I did not get much sleep.

In one letter you remarked that "Doubtless the settlers required lots of credit." You are quite right, the credit business is enormous. The interest is high, and the

collector threatened to obtain judgment, so in the end he had no alternative but to give a mortgage on his team of "Clydes," value \$400, they renewing the bill until April 1, and he to pay expenses and interest at 12 per cent. per annum.



WE JUST PULLED SEATS ROUND THE STOVE AND TRIED TO GET WARM

creditor usually requires a good "cinch," i. e. mortgage or security, for his money. I witnessed a typical instance to-day. A man I know bought a mower and rake from the D— Company, way back in the summer, and gave a note due Nov. 1. This he did not meet. To-day their collector called on him, and dunned him for the money, which he had not got. The

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*The Young Men's Christian Association  
of the Town of R—,  
Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904.*

I hope you received the letter which I think I finished on Jan. 10, and entrusted to a man who was going into town to post. Anyway I will try to give you a rough outline of my time since then, although you must excuse me going into details—

## Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

they are too unpleasant to reconsider carefully. T—, as I told you, left me on the last day of the old year to go into town, and I was awaiting a message to join him. About the 11th I heard that a man would be pulling out for town the following day, and would call at H—'s shack on the way. I went over to H—'s and stayed the night, intending to go with him in the morning; but, alas! the weather was too bad, one of the frequent blizzards came up, and the weather remained bad for weeks. I stayed on at H—'s, much as I hated to. I could see no chance of getting away. It is as good as a thousand miles from anywhere, out at W— in the winter. It was just awful. Insufficient and poor grub, not much fuel, a cold and draughty little shack, and having to live with only one uncongenial companion. I simply do not know how I have got through the winter so far; it has surprised several people who knew I was out there. To cut it short, last Thursday week C— came to town, and I accompanied him. I hunted up T—, and found that with his usual good luck he had been putting in a fine time with some people a few miles from town; he had also received his long-expected letter.

It took C— and me two days to do the trip to A—. It was awful; I have my nose and ears frozen and look a terrible fright. T— and I wanted to see W—, so we boarded the train at A— and came here Tuesday night.

W— only gets an odd job now and again, but he did well in the summer, so he is taking things comfortably here at R—. We are returning to A— by the train to-night, and thence back to W— again. I had a half hope that we might have got some kind of a job, so that we might have remained for a time; but things are dead at this season of the year, so there is no alternative but to return to the hateful prairie and wait until spring sets in.

I had your Christmas parcel brought out safely by a man from town about three weeks ago, and real glad I was to receive it. You cannot think what a change the contents made in my diet, after the meagre course of pork and bread which I had been getting. I also received a good bunch of mail, so you see it was a doubly eventful

occurrence. Well, I cannot give more news now. It is kind of hard to write, except when things are going on all right. I often think what a lot of dolorous stuff my epistles would seem, if read in the bulk.

*Sunday, Feb. 28, 1904.*

Doubtless you think that at this time I am back at W—, but T— and I have not been able to return there. We returned from R— to A— the same night I wrote last, expecting to find a letter awaiting us there from C—, but did not get one, so we had to remain at the hotel in town. I wrote C— at I— and asked him to wire us, so that we could rejoin him and go back together. Receiving no reply, we had to conclude that he had gone to some farm out of that town, and was putting in his winter there.

I can assure you we were very much worried. It was costing us a good bit to board in town. While we were at the hotel the weather was awful, and one storm is said to be the worst remembered here. Perhaps it was as well we were in town, for I can imagine what it would have been like at W—.

After we had been at the hotel a week, a fine day dawned, and we decided to go out into the country, and try to get the money that the man I worked for in the spring owes me. After the heavy snowstorms, we could scarcely make any headway; the trail was about two feet full of soft snow.

When we got about three miles out, we met J— (who is now married, and lives about one mile from the place we were going to) driving into town. He told us that the man was sick and that he had the worst of luck with his crops and stock, and had been unable to pay a man who had been working for him this winter. We could not continue to board in town, so I asked him if he could take us for a short time, which, after consulting with his wife, he agreed to do. Since I have been in town and here, I am much better; I guess it is the change to decent food. I think it is providential that I could not return, for I had had as much as I could stand when I quit. The spring will soon be with us, and I hope to have a good start; then everything will appear bearable.

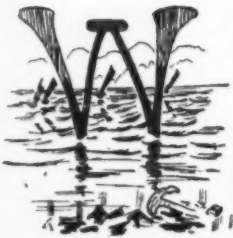
THE END



# Ballads, Old and New

BY MYLES B. FOSTER

## PART II.—NEW BALLADS



HAT are the new lamps, which we, Aladdin-like, have exchanged for the old?

In place of solid strength we find doddering feebleness; for pathos we have the same word, but beginning with a B; instead of genuine

sentiment, maudlin gush, and for tears hysterical slobberings!

Our popular entertainers, Corney Grain and George Grossmith, as well as our cynical dramatist, W. S. Gilbert, have done their best to expose the absurdity, if not the unwholesomeness of the ultra-æsthetic, sexless ditties, such as "Thou of my thou." Doubtless you recollect the gush—

"Thou art my morn, thou art my night,  
Thou art mine afternoon."

This was scarcely an exaggeration of the morbid condition of one of our modern schools. Twenty years ago, when the Rev. Marmaduke Browne read a splendid paper<sup>1</sup> on "Words to Music," he remarked the unaccountable carelessness, shown even by experienced composers, in their selection of words, and he quoted the following verses, as having been set by a popular musician and sung by a well-known singer:

"Nature cares not whence or how,  
Nature knows not why;  
'Tis enough that thou art thou,  
And that I am I!"

In the second verse these words are shaken up a bit, as follows:

"Nature cares not whence or why,  
Nature asks not how;  
'Tis enough that I am I,  
And that thou art thou!"

And I suppose that if you need a third verse to introduce "whence," it could be as follows:

"Nature cares not how or why,  
Nature knows not whence;  
'Tis enough that thou and I  
Are bereft of sense!"

This example of a quarter of a century ago is not of an uncommon type.

However, in modern days, things have not all been so bad as this suggests, and it is a pleasure to point to the ballads of Sullivan, Cowen, and Goring Thomas, to name only three of many, and to find superior music wedded to sensible words.

For all this, and it is but a "little ray of sunshine," matters are not greatly improved now-a-days, and the bulk of the songs issued, not only by publishers but by singers, to a complacent and indiscriminating audience are nothing better than rubbish, for which the fire-grate or the dust-hole would be a far more appropriate burial-place than the concert-hall.

It is probable that the majority of composers suffer from showers of leaflets, dignified by the title of lyrics, which differ from the blunt old broadsides in having an embossed address, sometimes even armorial bearings, at top, and in being, as a haberdasher would say, all marked in plain figures at the bottom: "Copyright, Three Guineas." A letter usually accompanies the ditties, warning you that if you do not make up your mind post-haste, some more fortunate, not to say business-like, composer will have robbed you of your prize.

I will endeavour to remember a specimen which was read to me some time since, having the title of the "Chorister Boy," but in no way connected with the really good song, "The Chorister," by Weatherley and Sullivan.

"There came a sound of music,  
As I watched in the old churchyard,  
And a voice, like some angel singing,  
Melted my soul, which was hard;  
Hard with all the misery,  
Hard for a word of love;  
When I heard that singer singing  
'Oh, for the wings of a dove.'"

From this first verse (with its suggestion of melted butter and a tough old sole) we

<sup>1</sup> Proceedings of the Musical Association, 1883-84, "On Words for Music," by Rev. M. E. Browne.  
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## Ballads, Old and New

are led to conclude that the boy was a soprano, but this belief is shaken in the last verse; the second verse continues:

"The moon shone forth from a dark, dark cloud,  
As I heard the last refrain;  
I crouched by the door of the old, old church,  
And said, 'Will you sing that again?  
I am one of the sad and weary,  
Who feel they have nothing on earth;  
Sing to me, do, of Heaven,  
I cannot find peace on earth.'"

Apparently, her attempt to encore Mendelssohn's lovely soprano melody was made through the old, old keyhole, but the third verse says:

"The lad looked at me, half frightened,  
And said, 'Shall I play some soft chord?  
'No! sing me something to comfort me!'  
He sang, 'O rest in the Lord.'"

Either the "sad and weary" one had frightened the boy into a contralto, with the suddenness which affected the hair of the Prisoner of Chillon, or else the organ-blower must have come to the rescue with the second song! Anyway, she concludes thus:

"I shall never forget those anthems,  
I shall never forget that boy;  
As long as my life shall last here  
I will think of that night with joy."

This is but a typical lyric. Composers frequently receive equally silly, nonsensical rubbish, and the worst of it is that these absurdities get set to music by somebody or other, and published! Do composers always know what they want? Do they really take, in all cases, the necessary pains to discover what *are* the poetic essentials for which to look, and upon which to *insist*, before coupling their music to words of any kind? Not always, I am afraid.

Musicians must be, to a certain extent, poets also, and must ask of the lyric-writer a fair acquaintance with musical requirements. A complete understanding between author and composer, involving some self-denial on either side, is of the first importance, and its success could not, perhaps, be better demonstrated than by reference to the collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is necessary that a meeting and combination of forces should take place before sending out to the world a song, a work of art in which the words must wed the music, and both words and music must

show proper consideration for the singer and for the limitations of the vocal apparatus.

I have heard our language complained of and unfavourably compared with those of other nations for song purposes, but even if there be any basis of truth for them, these complaints and comparisons are largely due to our unwise, unthinking use of both consonant and vowel sounds. I know at least one case in which the words were good enough, and the music on a par with the words, but in which the singer's enunciation, indirectly, ruined the ballad.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan assured me more than once that a picture in *Punch* completely paralysed the sale of his favourite song, "Meet me once again." The artist represented one of those high tenors, best described as skyscrapers, singing the refrain, "*Meet* me once again," whilst in the background the domestic cat is making frantic efforts to push open the drawing-room door, under the mistaken impression that her family butcher has called for orders! What we need in a modern ballad is:

1. Words which, through the medium of *real poetry*, express some one definite idea with its proper development.
2. Music of a simple straightforward type, but not vulgar or commonplace, correctly and worthily allied to the words.
3. Singable words and syllables.
4. Equally singable musical progressions to such words.

When one insists upon *real poetry*, it must also be borne in mind that there is much fine poetry which, for various reasons, should never be set to music.

When, for instance, the words contain their own music so fully, that it seems almost an impertinence, like painting the lily, to attempt to further illustrate them by musical notes. A case in point, though the attempt *has* been made, is Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Then, again, we should not attempt to ally with music any verses which contain a superabundance of ideas.

Kaleidoscopic words require cinematographic music, which (as Euclid would remark) is absurd! Take this instance: the profound wisdom of Browning makes his words unsingable, whilst his diversity of idea, line after line, makes his poem

## Ballads, Old and New

unsettable, and yet composers insist on setting the following:

"The year's at the Spring,  
The day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven,  
The hillside's dew-pearled,  
The lark's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn,  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world."

A library catalogue, such as we once heard of, commencing—

1. Mill on Liberty
2. Ditto on the Floss

would present similar difficulties to the would-be composer!

But Mr. Browne (in his lecture already referred to) states, with much truth, "that few, if any, of our greatest poets appear to have studied the subject of *writing specially for music*, but that where songs, whether by poets or novelists, are suitable for musical treatment, it is more by accident than the result of special study or intention."

Our younger musicians would encourage a proper study of their needs, and would raise the standard of modern songs, if they were more careful in their choice, and more chary of accepting the inappropriate and generally miserable lyrics submitted to them. But when you receive your first bundle of these effusions, partly owing to the pride of being noticed at all, and partly because a stamped envelope is enclosed, you are tempted to try and set some of the doggerel without reflection; but after a glance at the collection of ho, ho's, ha, ha's, sing hey's, and other gloomy repetitions, and upon finding such a specimen of the rhyming dictionary as

"Cast your care to winds of heaven,  
From a dozen, one's eleven,"

you begin to see that "nothing means anything" (as the Irishman put it), and you return the nonsense in the stamped envelope!

We cannot always expect originality of subject, but we are reasonably entitled to claim some originality of treatment, yet now-a-days, if a ballad is treated in a special manner and becomes a success, its publisher insists that people demand more and more in the same manner, and other publishers,

strangely enough, are impressed with a like conviction.

The result is a sequence or a family, dragged on until the weary public are sufficiently sickened to turn against the very provender which the enterprising music-seller assures them they require.

That comprehensive family-gathering which, beginning, if I recollect rightly, with "Daddie" or "Laddie," worked its way through the whole table of affinity from "Auntie" to "Great-grandmother," has recently been succeeded by a sequence of delusions, the first of which owed its origin to some one who mistook his ladylove for Honeysuckle, whilst labouring under the erroneous impression that *he* was a Bee! This was followed by a "Sunny Sunflower and the Sun," "Two little Chicks," the "Heavy-sleeper and the Flea," and other mad ideas, until recently to be purchased in the gutter for the low price of twopence!

In what are called comic operas at the present time (to my way of thinking, neither comic nor opera), the same thing occurs. A "Country Girl" is followed by every variety of Variety Girl, and a "Messenger Boy" by every other improbable type of lad.

A most shocking series is that which employs, for the refrain of each ballad, some passage from the Liturgy, generally in waltz-time!

Having exhausted Latin quotations such as "Ora Pro Nobis," "Miserere Domine," and the Greek "Kyrie Eleison," etc. etc., the English Prayer-book is the next to be attacked.

Cannot our admirable musical institutions and our influential amateurs assist in putting a stop to such nonsense, and combine to raise the character of the modern ballad?

So much depends upon the nature of the lyrics, especially in ballads.

Happy the man so gifted as to be permitted to write a nation's songs!

Happy the man who, by the right use of his gifts, can influence the taste, the temper, the patriotism, the very morals of his countrymen for good; who can, through the medium of a language which is understood and spoken throughout the greater part of the civilised world, direct their thoughts to all that is highest and best!



## A Scramble on the Wellen Kuppe

BY E. ELLIOT STOCK

A DAMP grey mist with heavy rain had settled down upon Zermatt, blotting out the valley, and helping the usually cheerful little village to look dismal and dirty, and its varied scents to increase in number and poignancy. For ten mortal days this curse had been laid upon us, till late June seemed like late September, and the opening of the climbing season like unto its close. The Matterhorn had gone into strict retirement—doing penance for its manifold sins of commission, no doubt; the hotel omnibuses rattled their wet and empty way to the station and back again with irritating regularity; even the jolly old *curé* looked woe-begone, and the few guides who took the trouble to show themselves stood in a disconsolate group, or slouched up the cobbled main street without aim, and with more than their usual amount of lurchiness.

I had come up the valley more than a week before in company with my well-worn climbing kit, and an optimism engendered by brilliant weather and the thought of the three weeks' scrambling ahead. But a brief survey of the scene from my "third-floor back" at 5 A.M. upon the following morning had quickly quenched my enthusiasm, and the subsequent descent to the *premier déjeuner* must have resembled very closely the slouch aforesaid.

As the dreary days succeeded one another the general depression increased, and even the morning grin of my guide and old comrade, Peter —, became set

beneath his dripping wide-awake as precious time rolled behind us and was lost. For even he, good sportsman that he was, could not produce a natural smile upon frs. 25 a day with no work to show for it, and, Providence be thanked, there are still several like him in Zermatt to-day, despite the demoralising effect of the tyro. But though his smile might be fixed his voice



THE WELLEN KÜPPE

had always a hopeful ring. "It will ged bedder, Herr! und dere is always de Wellen Kuppe."

The latter part of his remark had reference to a peak we had long kept in pickle for a moderately bad-weather climb, and it now stood emphatically before us as our last resource in this time of affliction. "Very well, Peter," I said, "the Trift hut to-night, and we will take our chance of a climb." So we went our separate ways to prepare for our moist and dubious expedition; he to find a third man—a very necessary addition in view of the peak's state, and I to don climbing boots and to fill camera and *rücsac*.

## A Scramble on the Wellen Kuppe



A TYPICAL ALPINE CLUB HUT

Four o'clock P.M. found Peter waiting in the hotel verandah, loaded like a pack-mule and serenely happy, with a young brother-in-law (who shared the family grin to a marked degree) in his train, and together we set out upon our moist grind up the Trift valley, cheered by a slight change of wind, and a clearing glimpse of the Mischabel's twin peaks away to the north-east.

The rain had now ceased, but a light mist still swirled around us, accentuating the gloom of the pines on our left and blotting out our narrow path at intervals. To our right the Triftbach thundered down the gorge twice its normal volume, and carrying with it snag and ice torn from its banks far above. As we mounted higher, leaving pine and undergrowth behind, the mist became less troublesome, and finally lifted, disclosing the valley-head and a long peaty slope like an upland Irish bog, with the Trift hut, amongst a wilderness of stones, atop. The hut-keeper's welcome was profuse and garrulous, for we were making a first ascent that year, and she, poor soul, had probably seen little else but snow and mist for many a week.

Soup was soon heating, and the contents of our *rücsacs* and her larder made quite an imposing show upon the little deal table. The supply of list slippers of all sizes, shapes and colours, without which no Alpine hut is complete, were placed in imposing rows before me, and I selected, under the encouraging eye of our hostess, a delicate thing in washed-out heliotrope,

which added greatly to the comfort of the body, if not to that of the eye.

Peter and his relative had soon finished their meal, and the little kitchen woke to the bray of a mouth organ and the rhythmic banging of four large heavily-nailed boots on the cobbled floor. This was a little too much for me, so leaving the remains of my repast, I escaped into the gloaming for a quiet pipe and the "location" of our prospective scramble.

The weather had decidedly improved, though a nipping wind blew from the north-east, presaging discomfort at a greater altitude. Away to the south the north-east ridge of the Matterhorn stood out in black silhouette against the paling sky, though the cone of the summit was still capped in cloud. A solitary star peeped over the ridge just below the shoulder, and, to my wonderment, marked almost the identical spot upon which, in the preceding year and during our descent, a falling stone had struck down our leading guide, and narrowly missed making us all acquainted with the stopping powers of the Fürgg glacier 3000 feet below.

The Wellen Kuppe itself was fairly clear. Its black tortuous ridges, snow plateaus, and the ice cornice of the summit, which gives it its picturesque title "The Wave Crest," loomed up dimly 13,000 feet to the west, within easy distance, and in a most inviting manner. But night was closing down upon us, nipping and gusty, so, knocking out my pipe, I retreated to the hut and a couple of musty blankets for the few hours pending our start.

One o'clock A.M. brought Peter with more soup, and my boots carefully greased; but the famous grin had utterly disappeared, and the dim candle-light showed a solemn yellow face very foreign to its owner's light-hearted nature.

"What's the matter, Peter?" I asked.

"Nothing, Herr! Nothing."

I said no more, for I have found by experience that a guide resents any notice of a petty ailment, seeming to take it as an aspersion upon his professional abilities.

*Rücsacs* were again packed with our various necessities: hard-boiled eggs, sardines, bread, wine, and small luxuries in the form of prunes and chocolate, with the

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## A Scramble on the Wellen Kuppe

long-suffering camera on the top. Young Adolph lit the lantern, and with a "Good luck" thrown us by the hut's *châtelaine*, we were off again.

We had now a very uneven path to negotiate, and in Stygian blackness. Our route lay up a snake-like moraine that winds between the Trift and Gabelhorn glaciers; a product of their united efforts, and an excellent playground for barked shins and cut hands. Adolph's lantern danced like a will-o'-the-wisp ahead, giving but little light, and being now and again violently extinguished by the gyrations of its owner. Unfortunately his varied opinions were delivered in rapid patois, so that a good opportunity of amplifying my own vocabulary was lost. Peter stumbled, grunting and groaning with evident pain, in our wake, but stuck gamely to his task, and refused all aid or suggestions of retreat. Matters began to look anything but hopeful for a successful ascent. A lowering sky, one guide gravelled, and the other quite an unknown quantity, is not a combination of circumstances tending to inspire undue confidence, but there was nothing for it but to keep slowly and steadily upward, and this we did for fully an hour, fetching up at last, bruised and blown, beneath the rocks of the peak's east *arrête*, to find Adolph and myself a bad first and second, and Peter nowhere to be seen. During our passage of the moraine a shrewd wind had blown athwart us, drowning all sound, and as we had worked up the entire length of this with but one halt to ease Peter of rope and *riücsac*, we had but the faintest idea as to his locality, and none at all as to his condition.

Our shouts and lantern-signalling brought no response from the blackness below, and down we had to stumble again in open order to find our man. Half-an-hour passed in the search, but at last we lit upon him, sitting doubled up with his back to a boulder, and seemingly in a bad way. I had only a small pocket-flask of brandy and port wine I invariably carry when climbing, and promptly dosed him with this. In a surprisingly short space of time he was on his feet again, and looking rather sheepish at his collapse, which speaks well for the maturity of the blend! We naturally attempted to dissuade him from advancing further, but were overruled by his declaration that he would make the ascent with or without us.

Another half-hour found us all beneath the *arrête* again, and though Peter was looking anything but fit, we roped up, and started out upon the first stage of the climb with Adolph leading. The dawn was now almost upon us, and had already changed the inky blackness to a faint grey. We were very thankful for even this indifferent light in view of the work before us. The weather of the preceding week had covered the rocks with a thick black glaze of ice that made Adolph's portion anything but child's play. Each foot and handhold had to be carefully cleared with the ice-axe before they could be trusted, and even then it required the closest watch upon one's movements. But our little party crept steadily upwards, with the ice-chips from our leader's busy axe falling in little showers around, and were able to call a short halt at last upon the edges of a large plateau that sloped away gently to the north-west, and met the rock ridge again some hundreds of feet higher. The snow-surface of this was fresh and hard, so that the climb for the next twenty minutes degenerated into an amiable little uphill promenade, three abreast, with the slack rope artistically festooned about us, and following our own lengthy shadows cast by



WE SQUATTED ALONG A SHELTERED  
LEDGE OF ROCK

## A Scramble on the Wellen Kuppe



ON THE EAST RIDGE OF THE WELLEN KÜPPE,  
JUST UNDER THE SUMMIT

the first rays of old Sol. The *arrête* soon loomed above us again, at a far more acute angle, and still ice-glazed; but daylight had now usurped the place of the pitchy darkness in which we had been climbing below, and we were thus able to plant our feet with surety, and to move at double the pace. So far all the hard work had devolved upon Adolph, and he had acquitted himself admirably, putting quite an amount of dash and style into his task. In fact, upon occasion there had been a mild tendency to theatrical display, pardonable in view of his recently-acquired certificate, and the fact that the maturer man was in difficulties and at the tail-end of the rope. It must have been now about 5.30 A.M., for we had already been treated to a sunrise such as the Alps alone know how to provide. The long Monte Rosa chain had first caught the infection, flashing up from deep purple to amber, and then to a rosy glow that warmed our frozen souls to set eyes upon. We had now been working for an hour without pause upon the steeper portion of the *arrête* that forms a flying buttress to the main peak, and so felt we well deserved a rest and the contents of

the *rücsacs*. Peter, too, had been flagging badly again; and traction-engine work at an acute angle and upon glazed rock is the reverse of a joke. The halt therefore appealed to all parties, and we squatted along a sheltered ledge of rock in company with sardines, sour wine, and the gorgeous panorama. Far away northward the summits of the Oberland peaks pierced the cloud-plane like tiny islets in a sea of silver, and over our left shoulder the mighty Weisshorn still shed a veil of mist from its eastern ridge where the sun's increasing power touched it.

The meal and rest seemed to put fresh heart into poor old Peter, and he expanded in proportion. To this point he had climbed muffled to the eyes, and a purple nose had been all that he had vouchsafed us; now, however, his wraps were loosed, showing a more healthy colour, and allowing for a mild loquacity. But a long rest was out of the question, for we had still a large amount of stiff work before us. There yet remained the top portion of the buttress, and the short but oblique rock face and cornice of the summit to negotiate. I have never been able to understand the fascination in waltzing to the top of a peak and back again in order to break a previous time-record; but in the present case a thought had to be given to our descent. The snow was hourly becoming softer, and that plateau below, so easy of ascent in the small hours, would be a very different traverse at 10 A.M.

A few minutes sufficed to pack the *rücsacs* and disentangle the rope, and ten minutes later found us standing at the head of the buttress, and looking along forty or fifty feet of a fine little saw-*arrête* of rock and ice that connected this ridge with the rocks of the summit. Adolph stepped out upon it, carefully knocking off the ice-cornice where needful, and straddling the apex when too narrow for fine balancing. I followed thirty feet behind, and was promptly treated to a gust of wind that deposited my hat, and very nearly myself, at the bottom of the steep snow *coulloir* on our right hand. Peter came last with very much more than his ordinary amount of care, and arrived amidst a volley of chaff levelled at his latest idea as to the method of *arrête* climbing.

The summit was now almost within our grasp, and only divided from us by two hundred feet of steep rock face, so that I

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## A Scramble on the Wellen Kuppe

felt I might well spare a few minutes in obtaining some inferior examples of our grand surroundings. Out came the camera, and Adolph was requested to pose as gracefully as he might upon the ledge on which he stood. The hat was given a rakish tilt, one foot slid gracefully forward, and the ice-axe prominently placed. It was a beautiful pose, and one that would have delighted the studio artist, though scarcely in keeping with rock and ice. My mild protest and Peter's reawakening grin were the collapse of my subject, and no blandishments could persuade him from the

uncomfortably near our recent route, and showing clearly that this small avalanche had occurred only upon the preceding evening, and possibly during our darksome peregrinations up and down the moraine. The remaining portion of our route, however, lay well round the left flank of the cornice, and we emerged at last upon an easy snow slope that took us comfortably to the summit, thus rounding off our eventful climb in a most lenient manner.

There remains but little more to record, except that during our descent the only real accident of the climb occurred, and that to



THE MATTERHORN, SHOWING NORTH-EAST RIDGE, AND X SCENE OF ACCIDENT

squatting position in which the photo shows him.

From the *arrête* we travelled at a great pace, scrambling up the now black rocks with much scraping of boot-nails and ice-axes. The cornice of the summit so hung above and just away to our left, seeming as though it would totter to its fall at the slightest sound. There was good evidence too of its inclination, for a third of the way along its crest a great piece, some tons in weight, had come away as though bitten cleanly out by a giant mouth, the ice cavity thus left showing green and virgin against the sun; whilst to right and left ran cracks and seams that presaged another fall in the near future. Large blocks of ice were scattered over the rock face below,

my already much-battered camera. We had been making a running glissade of the steeper portion of the plateau, with myself at the tail of the party, when, slackening speed a moment to recover lost balance, I was dragged from my tracks by the tension of the rope, and sent rolling over and over in a circle with Adolph as the hub. An ominous rattling from the interior of the *rücsac* gave me a timely warning, and after I had picked myself up, I securely closed the sac's mouth against the light, thus preserving a few of the plates.

By 11 A.M. we had dropped our old friend, the moraine, and mid-day found us once more at the Trift hut and its apology for civilisation, whilst two hours later we were tramping the cobbles of Zermatt.

## The "Holy-time" in Haven

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY

IT is a Sunday in midsummer at Baltasund in the Shetland Isles.

This far north locality has of late become one of the most important stations of the herring fishery.

For nine months of each year the quiet harbour is left to its resident population, whose dwellings are scattered a little way above the shores of a winding fiord which runs inland a mile.

The "Sund" flows between the entrance of this "Voe" and the Isle of Balta, which stretches right across the arms of the voe, and forms a splendid breakweather. The waters of the sund are very deep. The "entries," north and south, are narrow and begirt by dangerous crags and skerries; but the depth of the water makes navigation of the Sund not difficult to those familiar with the locality.

Along the shores of the voe and on the island of Balta numerous wooden shanties have been erected for the accommodation of the foreign fisher folk. (We call them "foreign," though they hail from Scotland.)

These dwellings remain uninhabited, ugly, sombre, for the greater part of the year. The blue waves of Baltasund are not

troubled with many ocean-wanderers till the end of April.

Then picturesque sails begin to flutter over the water, and by that sign we know that the "white fish" are attracting our Swedish neighbours to our shores.

As May comes in these visitors begin to depart. By and by straggling "reeks" proclaim the presence of a few human beings in the shanties; and when our sweet month of June has well set in, Baltasund shows many signs of reviving activity.

By midsummer there is a scene of wondrous life. In our normal condition we number about two hundred and fifty souls; at the great fishing season the people number from ten to twelve thousand.

Hundreds of vessels crowd the sund and voe, the shanties are packed with fisher girls. Steam whistles pierce the air with their discordant sounds. Hammers clang. Trollies rattle along. Men shout, girls laugh, children race in every direction with showers of telegrams. The seagulls desert their rocks to haunt the fishing stations in millions.

The stores are crowded by hurrying folk. Shops are opened among the shanties.

Post office officials are driven distracted by pressure of business. Clergy of various denominations tramp the roads. The doctor's bell goes night and day without ceasing. His horse, or boat, or bike are here, there, and everywhere, for slight accidents occur often; every illness has to be closely watched to prevent the spread of infectious disease.

Twelve thousand busy, eager, hungry and thirsty folk have been "dumped" on our shores, the sund and voe are crowded with men who require some of the necessaries of life which they cannot carry in their boats; and it is scarcely possible for the



BALTA SOUND

## The "Holy-time" in Haven

local tradesmen to be prepared with a sufficient quantity of "perishable" foodstuffs. Bread, milk, water are apt to fail under the ever-increasing demand for them, but the people take these things philosophically.

The vessels in harbour are of all nationalities. There are steamers from Scandinavia and the Continent, as well as from home ports. There is a Swedish fleet of fishing-boats and a Dutch; but, of course, the majority of the herring fishers are Scottish, and all the women who assist in the work belong to that country. Some are brought from Lowland seaports, some from High-

an eye upon our foreign visitors, and at a rare time catch some one smuggling a bit of tobacco. A Government revenue cutter cruises about to prevent us reverting to the habits of our Viking sires, who earned their evil reputation by evading the King's dues.

But serious crime, or evasion of the law, does not occur among the wholesome class of men and women who descend on us like birds of passage.

While the boats are out scattered over miles and miles of ocean's harvest fields, the women are employed in curing the herring, and other duties of the stations.



PORTION OF BALTA SOUND

land crofts, many belong to the Shetland Isles, and a number come from the Hebrides. The Gaelic tongue these latter speak is not familiar to us and not so understandable by us as the Swedish language, soft, musical, and kin to our island dialect.

To the credit of this mixed multitude of fisher folk, cast together in an isolated region, outside the area of ordinary restraints, they conduct themselves with marvellous propriety.

The three policemen stationed here during the fishing season get very little to do, when all is said. Occasionally a brawl takes place near the bar where strong drink is sold, and a man finds himself under lock and key for a few hours. Custom-house officers keep

In their brief hours of leisure they knit a great deal. They are active, cheery creatures, who find their messy, odoriferous avocation an extremely healthy one. They are also—as I think all seafaring communities are, more or less—imbued with a religious instinct, which leads them to enjoy the visits of Christian ladies and clergy, *when* these have tact and kindness as well as zeal.

On Saturday all the boats come in. No matter how favourable the weather, or how ready the herring to be caught, no boat remains at work during the "Helly." "Da Helly" is a Shetland phrase, and means literally "the Holy-time," which extends from Saturday afternoon till Monday

## The "Holy-time" in Haven



ROCKS OF BALTA (ISLE), DOCTOR AND ARTIST

morning. A toiling, hard-living people fully appreciate the rest to mind and body which comes with such holy times, and they eagerly avail themselves of every hour it gives them.

The Sabbath of the Swedes and Dutch begins—like our Helly—on Saturday, and their boats flock to Haven on that day. They run up their beautiful flags, and come ashore to stroll and make friends with the "natives." We like the Swedes immensely. They are courteous, obliging, orderly. The Dutch fishers in olden times were also much liked, and their curious, clean "busses" were common and welcome visitors to Baltasund. That race of Hollanders seems to be vanishing with their charming boats, and the men who have taken their place are like the vessels they bring, of another type

altogether, and are by no means so popular here.

Scottish folk used to be looked upon by us as aliens and enemies, but we are learning to appreciate the Thistle at last, and to know that a wholesome heart hides behind the prickles! So we receive the Scottish fishermen with a tolerance we do not extend to the Dutch, but with something less cordial than the "Hail, brother!" which we give to the Scandinavian sailors. The gabble of strange tongues along our shores on Saturday at midsummer is distracting. Rough German, barbarous Russian, familiar British, lively French, melodious Norse, high-pitched American, all are here. The men who speak are not all fishers by any means. There is a good sprinkling of foreign gentlemen from the fish markets of the world here to buy and sell. The

ubiquitous Jew is "to the fore" also. Not parading either his atheism or his rigid creed, but believing all the time that he is a better man, on the whole, than his Christian neighbours who have chopped up their religion into divers sects.

Here, there, and everywhere we find clergymen and their assistants occupied in getting up meetings for the benefit of the multitude. There are no public amuse-



BOATS IN HARBOUR

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## The "Holy-time" in Haven

ments, and no attempt has been made to establish any. I venture to think that the ministers would do well if they introduced a secular element into their "Helly" entertainments.

There being no places of resort where the people can go except the churches or meeting-places, they parade the roads in throngs, or group themselves about their stations. At any sheltered pool they can find, men indulge in a good splash, and by the burn-sides women are to be seen washing—no easy job when it is fish that has soiled the garments.

The fisher folk sleep long and late on Sunday, thankful for the Day of Rest, and for the security of their desired haven. As the day advances the people begin to appear. Women stroll about with an air of taking things easy, as if they had cast care off with their working-clothes. Men, in clean blue serge, loaf and smoke and saunter with sober faces. Outward respect is certainly shown by the majority of those fisher folk for the Holy-time.

The two kirks (Church of Scotland and United Free Church) are given for an hour or two on Sunday morning to the Swedish



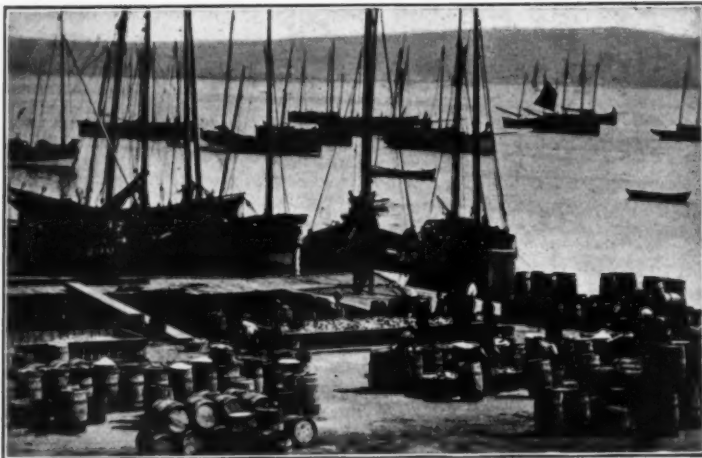
DUTCH FISHING-BOATS IN HAVEN

Some of the strolling folk are young couples doing a little frank and simple courting. Here are no lanes overhung by gracious boughs such as lovers delight in. No dusky night with a tender moon smiling down, dear to young hearts. So the couples find more practical pleasure in returning to their stations and joining their companions in any fun they can improvise. And into the soft hours of "The Dim" we hear dancing, singing, vociferous declamation, mirth, musical instruments, all telling how a portion of the stranger within our gates is trying to get a little pleasure out of a toilsome life.

Then quiet falls on the scene, and sleep has come to the weary.

and Dutch pastors, who conduct services in their own tongues and according to their own form for their countrymen. Later in the morning the regular services are held, and both kirks are well filled. Many of the Swedes can speak English; whether they can or no, they attend church. But on Sunday forenoon our congregations are chiefly composed of another class of visitors, brought to Baltasund by the business of the hour—fish-buyers, fish-curers and their families or friends, officials of various sorts, tourists and trippers. All are of that highly respectable, shrewd, and intellectual class which forms the backbone of Scotland and her Kirk. Fortunately our "National Zion" is well represented in our Isle by a young

## The "Holy-time" in Haven



A FISHING "STATION"

minister with the "gift of utterance"; and he preaches to an appreciative audience at midsummer.

Little chapels have been placed near the fishing stations, and in these the ministers hold frequent services. Out-of-door meetings are also held, and the people seem to prefer these.

Under shelter of a shanty, or on a grass-patch near the shore, we see a big Scot with the decided accent of Aberdeen or Glasgow, preaching earnestly to men with serious faces. They lean up against barrels or fences, and give close attention to what they hear, and they join heartily in the singing. Women mildly listen as they sit on fish-boxes or planks of wood, and they, too, join the singing heartily.

The Wesleyans put up a tent, and their meetings are most interesting. One year their Mission was entrusted to a girl—a Shetlander, refined, pretty, with a sweet, clear voice and wonderful eloquence. She sang well, and her prayers were heartfelt and touching. She drew crowds to the tent, and has reaped the harvest of her work. When she would ask a "brother" to take part in the service, some plain, God-fearing fisherman would stand up and speak for the Master, or lift the voice of prayer in simple words that came from the soul and raised souls from earth to heaven's gates.

The two foreign pastors are kept busy on Sunday, for, besides their services, they visit the men on the boats, and hold little meetings there. On the steamers one told

me they did not get much encouragement, and he thought the men there employed were a more careless, less moral class than the fishermen. On many of the Swedish boats are found small harmoniums, and most of the Swedes know how to play. So we did not wonder to hear that the fishermen were religiously inclined, giving ear to the Divine message when it is brought to them.

There are one or two small towns on the shores of the Forth where some years ago there was a deep awakening of spiritual life among the sea-faring folk. An improvement in the homes, the morals, the health of the people, was an immediate result. The effects of that revival are still to be seen in those towns, and we see it here also in the Scottish fishers who come from those parts. They are manly and upright, intellectual and reflective, frugal in their habits, straightforward and industrious—a race of whom Scotland may well be proud. It is these men who are prominent in attending the Sunday services, and in assisting to make "da Helly" a Holy-time indeed.

As we stand on the hill about half-a-mile from the sea, there is borne to us the inspiring song of praise started by some enthusiast, and caught up by those near him until the hymn rises in a volume of melodious sound proceeding from scores of strong masculine throats. Presently, from another spot we hear another hymn, clear and sweet, sung by women. Then on the road nearer us two young girls take up the tune and sing as they walk. We hope the sweet words on their lips are of the heart.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life be past!"

When the Day-god drops behind the western waters The Dim will bring refreshing sleep once more, and when next he shines on Baltasund he will see its harbour being deserted.



BY JOHN A. STEUART

A GIGANTIC fortune is awaiting some one, I remarked, laying aside my favourite daily paper. The whole company looked up expectantly. There is a magic in the word fortune (in the sense of unlimited riches) which charms and excites us all. Tell a man that his fortune is made, and ten to one he will beam on you. Woman, if Byron is to be believed, finds love a whole existence, though one notices that its felicities are mightily enhanced by the long purse. So I was not surprised that the entire company lent an interested ear to my remark about the waiting fortune. As is his habit in matters touching worldly prosperity, Solomon made haste to inquire what one had to do in order to secure the potential millions. The affair is perfectly simple, I answered. All one has to do is to invent a good reliable "macrophage-killer." That done, he need never do another stroke of work, nor deny himself any luxury on which his fancy may run.

"Oh," responded Solomon. "If one were to put the moon in one's pocket, wonderful things would doubtless happen. Pray what is a macrophage-killer?"

An invention to ward off old age, I returned, ignoring his flippancy. Once the macrophage-killer is in full working order, none of us need any more show signs of senile decay. And since the overwhelming majority of us desire, secretly or openly, to remain young in appearance at least, it is obvious to any thinking person that absolutely the hugest of fortune on record awaits the happy inventor of the forthcoming panacea.

"What!" cried the Curate, moved to satirical mirth. "Are all the infallible specifics of the beauty doctors worthless then? Can it really be true that wrinkles and grey hairs defy them, and that Time goes on taking his revenge as if they did not exist? The arts and concoctions paid for by gullible and confiding people at exorbitant rates, in the belief that they make fifty look like five-and-twenty, are they too to be classed among the exploded superstitious and discredited faiths? Ghastly confession!"

The new specific, I responded, will go much deeper than wrinkles and grey hairs, though these will of course be included in the scope of its operations.

"The time of miracles is not past then," said the Colonel with a twinkle, as though to imply, "I seem to have heard something very like that before."

It might be held with good show of reason that the time of miracles is but beginning, I rejoined. You will own it is no contemptible achievement in the miraculous to abolish and blot out every sign, symptom and feeling of old age, to reclothe the bald pate with curly brown locks, to relume the dim eye with unfading light, to give springiness to the tottering step, and the flexibility of youth to the gouty and the rheumatic. I am in a position to state that the fountain of eternal youth ceases henceforth to be a fable, and becomes a scientific fact. David, as we have frequent cause to remember, fixed the span of human life at three-score and ten, adding that a four-score span even when attainable is by no means desirable. Universal experience has, up to the present, accepted and confirmed the limitation. But, presto! all is to be changed. The next generation will know nothing of old men and women, of disease, decay, or decrepitude. Books now in existence dealing in any way with the effects or inconveniences of old age will have to be elaborately edited and annotated for our fortunate successors, in order that they may understand what we mean by the obsolete expression, "ills of the flesh"; and the medical profession, finding its occupation gone, will be forced to retire *en masse*. Think of a time without doctors' bills, without heartache or headache or jointache, without hospitals (except for accident cases), without drugs, without patent medicines, without quacks to plunder the hypochondriac, presumably without dentists, a world, in short, restored to perpetual youth. Let them say what they will, we are lucky in the time of our arrival. "Methinks I see a noble and

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

## The Critic on the Hearth

puissant nation as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Milton lived too soon to see this marvel which was reserved for us. Cast your eye eastward; pray do you decry the dawn of the new day, the advent of the millennium?

You have perhaps not forgotten our little symposium of some months ago, on the great question of the Phagocytes. Don't smile derisively: the Phagocytes are at once a terrible and a benignant fact. In plain language, they are "voracious cells." You know how science has recently been curdling our blood with tales of the havoc of cells when they turn rebellious. These Phagocytes, we are told, are of two classes, the beneficent and the malignant, or scientifically, "the microphage" and "the macrophage." There is, as you perceive, but the difference of a single letter between them; but in effect there is all the difference between life and death. One element makes incessantly for the preservation and efficiency of the machine; the other as incessantly for its decay and destruction. In other words, there is a perpetual war between the forces of good and evil within us. Don't imagine that I am craftily trying to insinuate a moral problem. On the contrary, I am dealing with literal facts, the facts which enable us to perform the offices of life with ease and success, or compel us to retire discomfited. You will acknowledge the gravity of the plea.

In these days we have learned to make the too familiar microbe responsible for all our bodily ills. No one, so far as I know, has ventured to assert that the soul itself is a microbe, or the hatching-place of microbes. That may be among the startling assertions of the future. Meanwhile proof is positive that our bodies are the chosen playground, or rather battlefield of the ubiquitous microbe. Among the evils which it brings upon us is old age, and the task of him who would grasp the unreckonable fortune aforesaid, is to produce the *elixir vitae* which will destroy that enemy of mankind. Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, is on its track, with every hope of overtaking and defeating it. Cannot some clever Englishman outrun him, fight the battle and secure the reward? Are the honour and profit of every discovery to lie with the French or Germans? Can England not kill microbes as well as build ships and sell bacon? Let it be known that her chance has come, not only of enriching herself,

but of proving a benefactress to the whole world.

"In one of his Epistles," remarked the Curate reflectively, "Horace comments with much pathos on the ravages of time. 'Years, as they pass,' he tells his young friend Florus, 'plunder us of one thing after another. They have snatched from me mirth, love, banquets, play. They are on the way to wrench poetry from my grasp. What would you have me do?' Ah! Horace, it appears, came too soon. The privileges of the Pasteur Institute which his practical Roman mind would have appreciated so fully he could not enjoy. Yesterday such as were bitten by mad dogs thronged to Paris; tomorrow all who are afflicted or threatened by old age will be flocking thither. Have we really lived to see a new Mecca, and a new physical religion?"

"Women will simply adore Professor What-his-name," put in Solomon, who is still in that state of youthful hope and innocence which thinks itself immortal. "For the future I suppose no woman need advance beyond two-and-twenty. That will certainly be a great boon to those concerned."

"Are men then indifferent to all appearance of youthfulness?" asked the young lady classic. "Have they no thought of looking well?"

"Let the truth be owned," said the Colonel. "The fact is, man is vain, and the vain man is vainer than the vainest woman. Many a man nearly swoons when he discovers his first grey hair, or detects the crow's feet creeping insidiously about his eyes. I have known men who were otherwise sensible fall suddenly ill at the mere hint that they were growing old. There is always some obliging friend ready to comment on your looks, and regret that you are not just in the first flush of youth and beauty."

Yes, the foible of seeking to appear young is not a monopoly of either sex. I am privileged to count among my friends an excellent lady who has thrice advanced to thirty-five, and each time retreated in a shuddering horror to thirty. Though she has been a full half-century battling with the troubles of an unquiet world, she was thirty-four on her last birthday and not an hour more. The year after next she will be thirty again. The present generation will never see her over forty—unless in desperation she takes a long holiday abroad and leaps the gap of twenty years or so.

"You are horridly unkind," said the young lady classic reproachfully.

Only horridly truthful, madam. I mention

## The Critic on the Hearth

the case of this estimable lady merely to illustrate the general aversion to the process of growing old. Both sexes shrink from the icy touch of age. I know men who have lingered for years on the borders of forty, preferring rest at that particular stage to progress. Solomon remarked he could not understand such idiocy of conceit.

"You may die young, of course," returned the Colonel. "But if you don't, then one day you will understand—unless you condescend to avail yourself of this wonderful invention which is to arrive from Paris. With that resource it seems you may defy time. One who knows something of age may, however, ask whether people are really quite sure that they desire perpetual youth? Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a little poem, which he called 'The Old Man Dreams,' the burden being, 'Oh! for one hour of youthful joy, Give back my twentieth spring.' His guardian angel heard and answered that a touch on his silvered hair would bring him his wish. At the same time he was asked—

'But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?'

Thereupon the old man began to consider. He desired to have his youth again, that was certain, but he also desired to retain the blessings of maturity and age—his wife, for example, his girl and his boys. The angel took a sapphire pen to note these requests, but dropped it hastily with the remark, 'Why, this will never do.' The man would be at once a boy, a husband and a father. So it always is. We would combine the incongruous and the impossible. Midas prayed for gold, and had his petition granted—with results which were not altogether satisfactory. Besides, is it certain that having tried life we should wish to prolong it indefinitely? I think it extremely questionable. Even the child grows weary of its play. The greatest of living poets has expressed a mood which is at least as old as Adam—

'From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be,  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'

These are not my sentiments; but they are sentiments which I perfectly understand."

What think you of the following as an experiment in the art of living? The tale was told by a member of our company, and is set down in his own words.

Carlyle profoundly observes that the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick. Some years ago I began to have mysterious sensations of a kind which indicated that the bodily machine was getting sadly out of gear. I may say, with Heine, that I am the politest man in the world, but the change in my feeling was not towards greater amiability of temper. I began to say hard things and delight in savage literature—Swift, Cobbett, The Dunciad, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and the like. Nothing pleased me in my fellow-men, which is but another way of saying that I did not enjoy life. I consulted many doctors and paid many fees, without change—save for the worse. Concluding that the medical profession knew nothing of its business, I bought medical books for myself, studied symptoms and took to prescriptions of my own devising. The effect was startling. It is said that medical students often fancy themselves ill of every disease they study. The rapidity with which I developed new and terrible diseases, suggested a cycle of epidemics. At last I resolved to give the doctors another trial.

"I am very ill, doctor," I said in a tragic voice, when I found myself once again in a consulting-room. "Very ill indeed. I expect to hear you can do nothing for me; but my case may interest you as a medical man. Don't imagine, however, that I mean to give my defunct body either to a hospital or a museum."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, with the brusqueness of an Abernethy.

"Sit down, doctor," I answered weakly. "It's a long story."

He looked at me sharply; but he sat down.

"Let's hear a few of your complaints," he said, as I thought, with an excruciating lack of sympathy.

"Well!" I replied, "one day it's heart-disease, the next it's softening of the brain." He nodded his head comprehendingly. "Then it's consumption; then Bright's disease; then nervous prostration; then incipient—Am I fatiguing you, doctor?"

"Go on," he said grimly. "This promises to be interesting."

"Then incipient jaundice, or typhoid; then collapse of the liver; then— But if we descend to minor diseases I shall keep you all day."

"Men like you are the making of the medical

## The Critic on the Hearth

profession," he commented unfeelingly. "Let me overhaul you."

He did.

"Eat tolerably, as a rule?" he asked, when he had thumped and listened.

"Yes, tolerably," I answered.

"Like pastry, hot muffins, hard-boiled eggs, veal, stuffed leg of pork, and similar light diet?"

I blushing admitted the soft impeachment.

"Lie in bed till the last minute, bolt your breakfast, and rush to catch your train?"

"Generally speaking, that is pretty much my morning performance, doctor."

"Fifteen minutes at lunch-time to demolish a steak or meat pie, smoke a bad cigarette or drink a cup of muddy coffee?"

I nodded.

"In the evening a dinner fit for a giant, with plenty of rich gravy, sauces and the like?"

I nodded again. The divination was alarming.

"Then you smoke awhile, drive to a place of amusement, and return at midnight to some kickshaw of a Welsh rarebit and a pipe or cigar. All that done, you tumble into bed and expect to get up fresh in the morning?"

I was silent, guiltily silent.

"You said you didn't expect me to cure you; I'm glad of that. By the way, been drugging yourself?"

I modestly admitted my achievements in that direction.

"I declare," he cried, "what a constitution! There are some people," he went on sharply, beginning to scratch viciously with a pen, "who make it their study to outrage Nature, and then are amazed when she protests. Now I give you this prescription on the distinct understanding that you follow my directions absolutely, and to the letter. If not I shall charge you a double fee for wasting my time."

At the end of a week I returned in a condition of semi-starvation, yet feeling that in spite of hunger, life was once more worth living.

"Well?" said the doctor, with a knowing look.

"Better," I answered. "But, doctor, you're starving me. I don't feel as if I had eaten a square meal since I saw you last."

"H'm," he responded. "Go on starving for two weeks more and then report again."

I obeyed, returning hungry indeed, but buoyant and genial as sunshine.

"Doctor," I cried rapturously, seizing his hand, "you are a great benefactor, a great magician. I am well, you have cured me."

"I have gone and done an exceedingly foolish thing," he returned.

I looked at him in amazement.

"Yes," he pursued, "I have deprived the profession of one of the most promising patients it has ever been my lot to come across. Very likely I have myself thrown away a nice steady income. Well! never mind, the best of us make mistakes. You feel well again?"

"I feel a new man. And, doctor, this is the puzzle—you gave me no drugs."

"I am aware of that," he responded.

"Wherein then lay the virtue of your prescription?"

He looked at me curiously. "Be satisfied," he replied. "Only let me say this, having made one mistake I may as well make another—wilfully and to my own detriment. Hear then a golden secret—if people were wise in eating and drinking, there would be little need for doctors. A year's rational living on the part of the community in general would mean the wholesale bankruptcy of the physicians."

"How imprudent to divulge a secret so vital to the welfare of the profession," I said.

"It would be," he owned, "frightfully imprudent—but for one fact, ominous or the reverse as you please to take it, namely, that there is not the least danger of the nation suddenly becoming wise. No, men and women will go on indulging themselves, vexing, thwarting, defying Nature, and doctors will profit in consequence. A paradise of sages would not suit everybody. Well! you must excuse me, my waiting-room is full."

"A very pretty story," commented Solomon with an air of condescension. "May I inquire what the precise moral is meant to be?"

Is not a moral like a joke in this, I returned, that it is spoiled by explanation? Suppose, however, we put the matter thus—the *elixir vite*, the secret of a happy longevity, does not depend on chemical discoveries at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, but already lies open to every child of Adam. Shall we indulge ourselves with an aphorism? The undue activity of the teeth makes as surely for decrepitude and death as war, famine, or pestilence.

"A dinner of herbs," quoth Solomon, throwing his head back. "That's a pretty gospel for an athletic age."

"Vital gospels are not exactly to be called pretty," returns the Curate. "It may even be that the vital is the unpleasant. Nevertheless, that way lies salvation."



### The recent Italian Census

THE latest Italian census has given some curious statistics concerning religion. The great preponderance of Roman Catholicism of course occasioned no surprise, seeing that Italy is a Catholic country *par excellence*. As compared to 10,608,000 Catholics under fifteen years old, and 20,901,000 over fifteen years old, there are barely 16,723 and 48,872 respectively of Evangelical Protestants, 469 and 2003 Greek Schismatics, 13 and 267 Mohammedans, 1 and 55 Buddhists, 1 Brahmin and 1 Copt. As against this, there are 514,000 under fifteen years old and 280,000 over, who declined to fill up this rubric, while against this must be placed 7017 under fifteen and 29,075 over, who expressly declared that they had no religion. Of these atheists under fifteen, 4002 were males and 3015 females. Of those over fifteen, 23,215 were men and 5860 women. It is strange to observe how the Jews are localised. The greater number reside in the north; in Sicily there are barely 115, in Sardinia 60, in Calabria 38, in the Basilicata 8. All these are over fifteen years old.

The same census has revealed how large is the number of small proprietors in Italy. The greater part by far of the land is in their hands. It has been well pointed out that a Government that properly understood its duties towards this section of the community could find there a fulcrum of resistance against any attempt to destroy the established social order.—H. Z.

### Belgium at the St. Louis Exposition

HOLLAND and Belgium long suffered from their position as small nations in the midst of greater powers. One has but to look at the map to realize how constantly these two countries were the arena in which the wars of the nations were carried on. Belgium was long

known as the cock-pit of Europe, and the names of Neerwinden, Ramillies, Fontenoy and Waterloo remind us of four great struggles fought out there in which our English sovereigns had a part. Since the last of these battles Belgium's part in world politics has changed vastly for the better, and in her national display at the Great Exposition at St. Louis—the Exposition held to commemorate the triumph of peaceful diplomacy by which the great Louisiana Territory was transferred by Napoleon I. to the United States—Belgium emphasises her new and happier place among the civilised nations. Each of the nations exhibiting at St. Louis has a Government Building, a building which in some way or another typifies the national contribution to civilisation and progress. The Belgian Government Building bears upon its face the record of the country's present usefulness. Instead of being the battlefield of nations, these small neutral countries are now chosen as the scene of World's Parliaments and conferences. Holland of course, in her possession of the Hague, comes first to mind, in connection with the substitution of arbitration for war, of peaceful instead of bloody settlement of the world's disputes. But Belgium is not far behindhand in its long record of usefulness in this respect. Inscriptions on the front of the Belgian building remind us that the first International Congress of Economists was held at Brussels in 1847; the first general congress of Hygiene in 1854; the first international congress on Meteorology was held at Antwerp in 1854; the first international conference on Charities in 1856; the first international congress on Literary and Artistic Ownership in 1858; the first international congress of Geographical and Commercial Sciences in 1871; the Institute of International Law was organised at Ghent in 1873; the first international conference on the

## Over-Sea Notes

Laws and Regulations of War was held at Brussels in 1874; the first international congress of Railways in 1885; the first international conference on Inland Navigation in 1885; that the International Africa Association was organised at Brussels in 1885; the first international congress on Maritime and Commercial Law at Antwerp in 1885; that the first international office for the negro slave trade was established at Brussels in 1889; the first international congress for the revision of the regulations concerning the sale of spirits to African natives was held in Brussels in 1889-90; the first international congress on Atmosphere was held at Antwerp in 1894; the first international conference of auditors at Brussels in 1895; the first international Bibliographical Conference in 1895; and the first international Sugar Bounties Convention in 1903.—A. G. P.

### The Australian anti-Chinese Protest

THERE have been very few subjects before the Commonwealth Parliament upon which opinion has been so unanimous as the question of Chinese labour in the Transvaal. Premier Deakin and Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, made the first move, with a joint protest which they cabled to the authorities. And, as soon as the new Commonwealth Parliament met, both Houses passed a strongly-worded protest in the same connection. In the Senate the resolution was agreed to without a division; and in the House of Representatives there were only five votes in the negative. Even these five votes were not cast in favour of Chinese labour, but were against the principle of interfering in the government of another colony. It is worth pointing out, too, that the discussion on the question was no mere academic affair. A good proportion of the members of the Parliament were men who thoroughly understand the position, and are well acquainted with South African conditions. Some of the speakers were miners with experience, who know all about mining, low-grade ores, and all the rest of it; and we have in our northern territory a district where Chinese miners are used, with very little success up to the present. The Australian laws prohibit the use of Chinese labour in mines; in fact the Westralian law will not allow them on a gold-field for five years after its discovery. Even Mr. Seddon, a thoroughgoing Imperialist, has declared publicly, that had he known of the Chinese proposal, not a New Zealand soldier would have gone to the war. The anti-British

press, too, is making the most of the affair, and, altogether, the fine Imperial feeling shown at the time of the war has received a bad setback.—F. S. S.

### The New Hebrides Trouble

IT is probable that, if ever Australia is going to get into trouble with a foreign power, it will be in connexion with the New Hebrides islands, which lie about 1200 miles east of Queensland. These islands, which are of considerable size and value, are now nominally under a British-French protectorate, but their interests are almost entirely British, or rather Australian. The Australian Presbyterian Church has covered the islands with their missionaries, and have for some half-a-century done splendid work there. The best-known missionary in the world—Dr. Paton—spent his life on the islands. Then, until the white Australian laws were passed, the islands supplied most of the Kanakas for the Queensland sugar plantations. These Kanakas learned more or less of the English language while they were in Australia, so that English is the "second language" spoken by most of the natives. Finally, a big Australian steamship company is endeavouring to promote settlement—of Australian farmers—on the islands. Lately the Presbyterian missionaries have been complaining of the action of the French authorities with regard to the land tenure, which is in a highly unsatisfactory state. There is no doubt that the Commonwealth would like to get hold of the islands, though it is difficult to see how it is going to be done. What adds to the awkwardness of the position is the presence of another French stronghold—New Caledonia—which is situated several hundred miles closer to Australia. In fact this latter island is so close that the convicts with which it is mainly peopled often escape in open boats to the Australian mainland. A curious feature of the New Hebrides position is that, though the islands are beautiful and fertile, they are extremely unhealthy, whites being very susceptible to a wasting tropical fever; while the natives are also steadily dying off, mainly from consumption. Indeed, the missionaries aver that the recruiting of Kanakas for Queensland would, with disease, have depopulated the islands in a comparatively short time.—F. S. S.

### Australian Eisteddfods

DURING the last few years there has been a steady and commendable growth, both in the

numbers and importance, of literary and musical competitions, something on the lines of the famous Welsh Eisteddfods. The lead was set by the South Street Debating Society of Ballarat, which commenced in a small way with an annual local set of competitions. These proved so popular that their scope was extended, until now this function is known from end to end of the continent. At its last competitions nearly £2000 was distributed in prizes; the competitors came from the whole of the six states and New Zealand; and the competitions themselves lasted over a month. The judge for the music was brought all the way from England, and special trains ran to Ballarat from all the big centres. One of the leading competitions is for brass bands, and bands came to take part in the contest from Tasmania, New South Wales, South Australia, and Westralia. One of the most successful bands came from Boulder City (Coolgardie gold-fields), while another came from Newcastle, the great coal-mining town on the northern coast of New South Wales. The singing, playing, and reciting at this competition are of a high order of merit, and a "South Street final" is the hall-mark now of excellence. The other big cities—Bendigo, Geelong, and Melbourne—also have important competitions, while every town of any importance has followed suit. In practically every case the halls in which the competitions are held are crowded—South Street keeps two halls going—and the financial results are always satisfactory. The great success of these competitions should do something towards removing the general impression that the young Australian spends all of his spare time in attending horse-races and cricket matches. Probably he spends the afternoon at a cricket match, and recites "My Name is Norval," or "Ye Crags and Peaks," in the evening, which is at any rate a fair division.—F. S. S.

### Jam-Making in Russia

THE picture "Jam-Making in Russia" (page 970) is a very typical scene from the family life of that country, reproduced from the original painting by Mäkovski. This artist is noted for his pleasant presentments of the every-day rural occupations of his compatriots. He has also frequently turned to the rich and interesting field of Russian folk-lore and legend, as well as to early Russian history, for his subjects.

The homely old couple introduced to us in the picture belong to the small landed proprietor class, a grade above the peasantry. The tripod upon which the old lady is stirring her jam is a familiar object in the country during the fruit season. The transition from winter to summer is much more sudden in Russia than with us. Whilst the hot weather lasts, the temperature is usually even, and the heat intense. In the north the nights are very short—"white nights" the natives call them; Pushkin has a beautiful distich in one of his poems, in which he remarks that on these nights—

"Dawn hastens to relieve the evening glow,  
Granting the night but half-an-hour."

With this ardent, though brief summertime, the kindly fruits of the earth ripen with extraordinary rapidity, and for a month or two every one's hands are full. The towns are practically deserted, and no one who can possibly avoid it spends an hour of the precious sunshine and sweet air within walls. Amusements and work alike take place out of doors. *Al fresco* jam-making is a regular custom, the fruit being often picked and thrown straight into the cooking utensil, which stands in the fruit garden, beside the housewife and her daughters. Those who have happened to visit a Russian country house in the summer will remember the incident well; and will perhaps also recall Tchaikovsky's lyrical scenes from Pushkin's great novel in verse, *Evguèni Onèguin*. In the first scene Madame Larin, the mother of the heroine Tatiana, is comfortably seated in her garden, busy with the cooking of her preserves.—A. E. K.

### Coal-Mining and the Public

THE presidents of the great American coal companies are being forced gradually from their assumption that coal-mining can come under the private concerns in which other citizens have no interest; and they are also being compelled to give to the public information respecting the way business is carried on. The *Boston Evening Transcript* says:—"The coal-producer who believes that a combination can be maintained indefinitely for the purpose of raising prices on the public, regardless of what is fair reward for capital, and regardless of the American people, is very likely to find out his mistake in a very short time."—A. C. W.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## The Migration of Birds

IN order to obtain information on some outstanding points connected with the migration of birds, Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, who has devoted much attention to the subject, spent nearly five weeks on the Kentish Knock Lightship last autumn, and has since given an account of his observations in *The Ibis*. The ship is moored thirty-two miles east of the Essex coast, out of sight of land, and is at or near the centre of the migratory stream which was under investigation. Day after day in late September and during October vast numbers of skylarks, starlings, chaffinches, tree-sparrows, rooks, and jackdaws were seen rushing across the North Sea toward the British coast. Corresponding return flights toward the continental coasts are witnessed in the spring. The first extensive movement observed by Mr. Clarke followed a decided fall of temperature on the Continent.

"On October 11," he remarks, "occurred the greatest diurnal movement of birds I have ever witnessed. It set in at 8 A.M. with a conspicuous passage of starlings, skylarks, and tree-sparrows. By midday it had assumed the nature of a 'rush,' which was maintained without a break until 4 P.M. It was a remarkable movement in many ways. Skylarks, starlings, chaffinches, and tree-sparrows not only passed westwards in continuous flocks, but many of these companies consisted of hundreds of individuals. So numerous were the starlings composing some of these bands that when first observed in the distance they resembled dark clouds, and formed a conspicuous contrast to the leaden, white-crested billows. . . . There were squalls at intervals which lashed the rain against one's face with such violence as to cause the skin to tingle for a

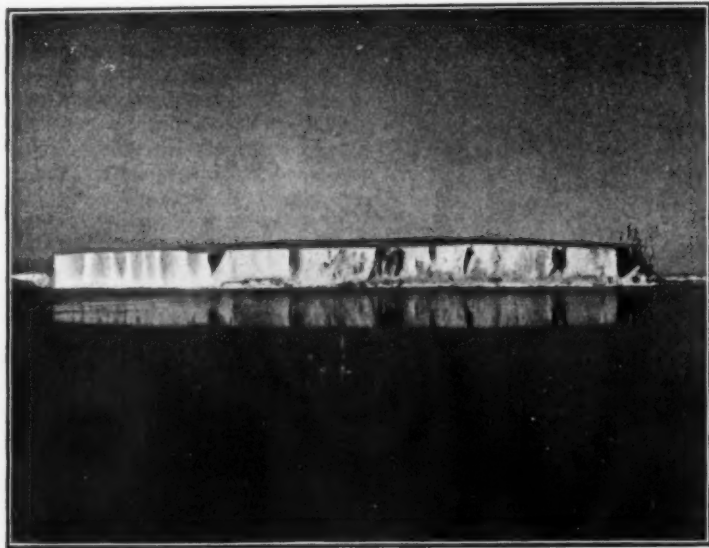
considerable time. How the migrants braved such a passage was truly surprising. How they escaped becoming waterlogged in such a deluge of wind-driven rain was a mystery. Yet on they sped, hour after hour, never deviating a moment from their course, and hugging the very surface of the waves as if to avoid as much as possible the effects of the high beam wind."

Mr. Clarke's observations show that these vast hosts of autumn migrants—continental emigrants—come from western central Europe. The birds descend the Maas, Rhine, and Schelde from inland districts, and quit the Dutch coast at the mouths of these rivers *en route* for winter quarters. As the migrants of every species observed flew close to the surface of the water in all conditions of weather, it was impossible for them to see more than a couple of hundred yards ahead, yet they never departed from a true east-to-west course. This fact affords conclusive evidence that birds have a sense of direction quite independent of sight. As ninety per cent. of the migrants to our shores cross the Channel in the night, day migration being confined to a few species only, it is evident that birds are endowed with a faculty of direction, the nature of which has yet to be understood.

## Antarctic Icebergs

DOUBTLESS a number of views of ice-fields and icebergs in the South Polar Regions will soon be shown at the Royal Geographical Society, when the work of the British Antarctic Expedition is described by Commander Scott. Meanwhile, some pictures of Antarctic ice taken during the German South Polar Expedition are given by

Dr. Drygalski in his report to the Berlin Geographical Society, and two of these are here reproduced. One of these pictures shows the cliffs of ice on the seaward edge of the ice-field in which the expedition wintered. In the other picture is represented one of those huge flat-topped icebergs—often miles in length—which form a striking peculiarity of the Antarctic Ocean. Yet these floating islands of ice are but fragments of great glaciers which creep downward from the Antarctic continent into the sea. The perpendicular cliffs rise about 150 or 200 feet above the

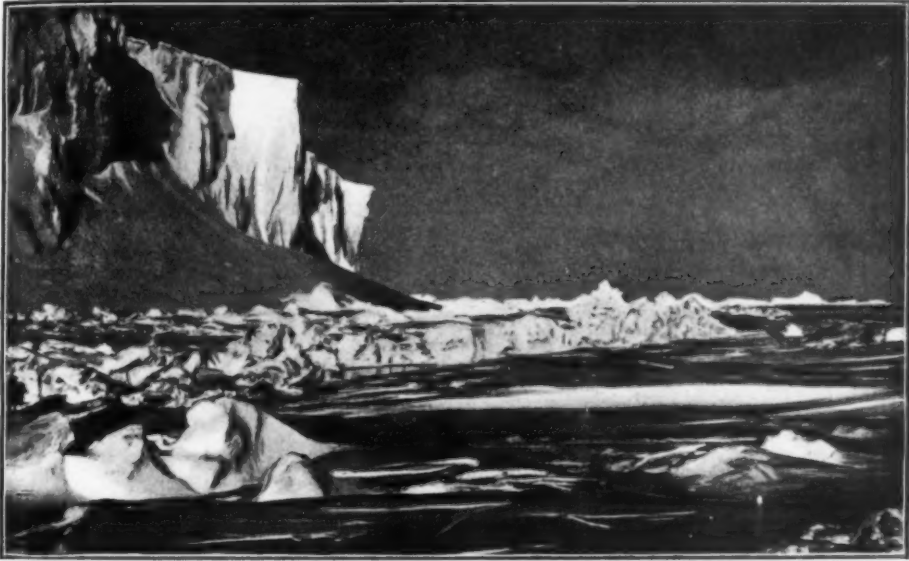


A TYPICAL ANTARCTIC ICEBERG

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EDGE OF AN ANTARCTIC ICE-FIELD

water, but there is eight or nine times that depth below the level of the sea, so that their total thickness is from 1200 to 1500 feet. The inland ice covering the Antarctic continent presents a picture of our former Ice Age, when the greater part of Britain was covered with glaciers and ice-sheets. The solitary peak of the "Gaussberg," which was the only land actually examined by the members of the German expedition, gave evidence that the Antarctic ice-sheet was formerly more extensive than it is at present, so that the glacial epoch of the South Polar Regions may be slowly declining, and in the course of time the great continental mass may be uncovered.

### Inheritance of Body and Mind

THOUGH there are apparent exceptions, it is admitted that children generally inherit the bodily or physical characteristics of their parents. Professor Karl Pearson has made a detailed investigation as to the inheritance of mental and moral characters, and the lecture in which he described his results has been published by the Anthropological Institute. His main conclusion is that both mind and body are inherited within broad lines in the same manner and with the same intensity. "We inherit our parents' tempers, our parents' conscientiousness, shyness, and ability, even as we inherit their stature, forearm, and span." This may appear obvious to many people, but if the conclusion is trustworthy its consequences are far-reaching; for it suggests

that while intelligence can be aided and trained, no training or education can create it. In other words, whatever educational method is employed, there are people who can never take advantage of it, neither they nor their children, nor any of their race. "Geniality and probity and ability, though they may be fostered by home environment and good schools, are nevertheless bred and not created. The education is of small value unless it be applied to an intelligent race of men." It is a little difficult to reconcile ourselves to this dismal doctrine, however well established it may seem by the evidence Professor Pearson has laboriously collected and examined. Fortunately, social position does not necessarily provide a standard of intellect. Though during the last forty years some classes of the community have been enervated by wealth or by love of pleasure, they can scarcely be regarded as the intellectual classes; for the very fact that they accept a life of ease shows a weakness of moral fibre. On the other hand, many intellectual leaders have come from parents who have been comparative failures in life. The fact is that no satisfactory means exists of measuring intellectual power; for success depends as much upon opportunity as ability. Hence, though Professor Pearson's conclusions claim attention, we still have the hope that the waif or a child of the lower classes may possess a germ of intellect which can be developed in a suitable environment.

# Varieties

## Lord Wolseley and his Mother

"It is not easy to describe one so loved, and round whose memory there clings, as a halo, the holiest and loftiest of my childish thoughts and aspirations. As a boy I always thought hers the fairest and sweetest face in the world, and she still looms before my memory a beautiful, gracious, tall and stately woman, full of love and tenderness for all about her. . . . In my daily walks with her, when a boy, I drank in from her teaching much that I have never forgotten. Her religion—devoid of everything approaching to priestcraft—was the simplest Bible form of worship. She was indeed one of the pure in heart, of whom we are told 'they shall see God.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

## Self-restraint of the British Soldier

IN his despatch announcing the successful close of the war in Ashantee in 1874, and the capture of Koomassee and the flight of the cruel King Koffee, Lord Wolseley said, "The troops refrained, with the most admirable self-control, from spoliation or plunder; they left the capital of the kingdom, famed for its gold, without carrying away as plunder one article of value."

The troops which entered Koomassee were the Black Watch, the Rifle Brigade, the Artillery, Russell's and Wood's Regiment, and the Naval Brigade.—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

## The Private Soldier

SPEAKING of a march through Oudh in the hottest part of the hot season, Lord Wolseley says—

"It was very trying to every one who took part in it, but to the British Foot Soldier it was an awful experience. How my heart bled for him as I saw him trudge along, mile after mile, through dense clouds of dust over a parched and burnt-up country. What an uncomplaining fellow he is! In all my campaigning recollections he stands out as that which I am proudest of, and as the character in the great play of my soldier-career that I admire most. Those allotted more prominent parts in the drama of military life are better known to the outside world, and are consequently more talked of. But in my heart I feel that all the King's subjects owe most to our Infantry Rank and File, who for the last two centuries have marched through the Low Countries, France, Spain, Portugal, or who shared in the trench work before Sebastopol, and in the privations to which the winter of 1854-5 exposed them, or who have marched from the north to the south of India to fight our battles for us."—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

## The Honour of an English Officer

LORD WOLSELEY was in America (Southern States) during the Civil War of 1862-1863. He says—"Having seen everything of military interest at Richmond that my time would admit of, I was anxious to get to General Lee's army as soon as possible. . . . The Minister of War was most kind, and helped me in every way. When he signed my passport to enable me to visit the army, he gave me a private note to General Lee, in which he wrote to this effect—'I have not asked Colonel Wolseley to take the usual oath that he would disclose nothing of what he sees here to our enemies, because I know I can rely upon the honour of an English officer.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

## Astronomical Notes for October

THE SUN rises on the 1st day of this month in the latitude of Greenwich at 6h. 2m. and sets at 5h. 37m.; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 18m. and sets at 5h. 15m.; and on the 21st rises at 6h. 35m. and sets at 4h. 53m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 1h. 52m. on the afternoon of the 2nd; New at 5h. 25m. on the morning of the 9th; First Quarter at 5h. 54m. on that of the 16th; Full at 10h. 56m. on that of the 24th; and Last Quarter again at 11h. 13m. on the night of the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th; and in apogee, or furthest from us, about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 9th. No eclipses are due this month, and the only special phenomenon is an occultation of the fourth-magnitude star, Gamma Tauri, on the morning of the 27th, when the Greenwich times of disappearance and reappearance will be 4h. 48m. and 5h. 25m. respectively. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 1st, and visible in the morning during the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Leo, and moving in a south-easterly direction; he will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 31st. Venus is increasing in brilliancy, setting about 6 o'clock in the evening; at the beginning of the month she is in the constellation Virgo, but enters Libra on the 11th, and Scorpio on the 25th, passing very near the bright red star Antares (a little to the north of it) on the 31st. Mars rises soon after 2 o'clock in the morning, in the constellation Leo, through which he is moving in a south-easterly direction. Jupiter is in opposition to the Sun on the 18th, and brilliant all night, in the eastern part of the constellation Pisces; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 23rd. Saturn is nearly stationary in Capricornus; he will be due south at 8 o'clock in the evening on the 8th, and at 7 o'clock on the 23rd.—W. T. LYNX.



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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

**Lorna Doone.**—Your story is nicely written, and the characters are human and stand out; but their aims are so commonplace that it is impossible to care whether they succeed or fail. A man wanting to marry a girl because she was a good housekeeper and had expectations of a little inheritance, and a girl marrying a man because she thinks there is more in him than has been brought out, and that she will be able to stir him to more eager emulation in his calling! No doubt the world is full of such, and the plot is well enough in its way; but one does not want to be entertained (!) with tales of that sort, any more than with gossip about the small ambitions and small happenings in any house in a side street. You see, there is nothing admirable in either of your characters, nor that element of pathos that would glorify the commonplace, and so though your material has good qualities it lacks that which differentiates literary art from a mere dull domestic chronicle. If people neither interest nor touch us they have no business to exist on a printed page. A dull story reminds one of what a man said of his sister-in-law, "She is absolutely insufferable—but it is her only fault."

**Longotland.**—All European wives do not take the husband's name at marriage. In some parts of Switzerland the husband adds the wife's name to his; thus Mr. Brown marrying Miss Grey would become Mr. Brown-Grey. The wife would be Mrs. Brown-Grey. In Spain and Portugal, I believe, the wife retains her maiden name. But it is for the simplification of life that each household shall have but one designation, and usage permits the husband to be the name-bearer. It is said that the usage of the wife taking the husband's name was brought into Britain by the Romans. I believe it was by a lawsuit, that of *Bon versus Smith*, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the custom became legally established in England. "Why should a woman take her husband's name?" a lady orator once asked indignantly. "Why should she take every other blessed thing the poor fellow has got?" a pathetic voice in the crowd made answer.

**Lauretta.**—Revolving rubber heels, patented some years ago, prolong the durability of boots indefinitely. Most women tend to tread down their boots at the outside, and crooked heels must be made straight if one is to present a reputable appearance; but, however it is, the boot upper never has the same surface after it has passed through the mender's hands. I ascribe this to the cobbler's wax with which the leathern apron and the workmen's palms are usually smeared. The rubber heels keep the boots straight till they are entirely worn out and done, and what an aid that is to comfort and self-respect! Most boot-shops will supply revolving rubber heels and screw them on for 1s. per pair.

**Phyllis.**—If you do not need to earn money, as you state, why try to earn it? Doubtless a reward establishes a standard of value, and earning money to give away may seem rather meritorious, but amateur workers congest the market for the worker that must live by what she earns, and this is a very serious evil. Workers working for fun and extra pocket-money can accept a rate of remuneration on which the penniless worker would fall into anamia, perhaps death, and there is no merry jest in that, for her who has no alternative but to take the payment fixed by competition. Do you know, in all my life I have known only a few people, and never a young one, who thoughtfully said, "I have enough, I will not hold out my hands for more, since so many of my kind go cold and hungry." And yet that is merely elementary brotherliness, it is a lesser thing, though apparently more difficult, than helping the needy, it is just refraining from dipping a hand in the poor man's wallet. There are people who think the power to take confers the right to take. When we have gained our own footing, to help others to a firm place can become the gladdest of duties, one for which we ask no thanks and expect no reward, other than that conferred by the knowledge that we have used our privilege. There are multitudes of organisations that need helpers who can afford to work for nothing—organisations charitable in themselves. Inquire at the Women's Institute, Victoria Street, London, or at the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, High Holborn, or at any of the Settlements, as those of Hoxton, Islington, or Canning Town, for such helpful, un-

paid work as a lady might do, and you will obtain interesting employment without a doubt. But from happy, philanthropic effort the thought of self must pass quite away; joy only comes when we work for the work's sake, content even to be ousted if another would fill the place better. One has made a good deal of headway before one attains that impersonal position, but it can be attained.

**Madge.**—There is a steady demand for ladies trained to act as children's nurses, as teachers of physical drill, and as teachers of voice production. For these I believe the demand still exceeds the supply. But the successful applicant must have been thoroughly trained. The lady nurse takes the place and assumes the duties that in an earlier generation would have been performed by the lady mother. A friend of mine thinks that the work is evil that absolves the mother from her responsibilities; but the mother who wants to shirk these would probably fail to perform them efficiently, so doubtless the trained lady nurse supplies a felt want, and is a boon to many a neglected little child. The Norland Institute is the best-known training home for lady nurses.

**Candida.**—Money can be made by the methods you mention, but life is too long for people to do evil just that they may make pecuniary profit. Nobody can foretell the future; all *clairvoyantes* ought to go to prison with gynes upon their wrists, and be flogged as rogues. As to beauty doctoring, fresh air, exercise, sufficient wholesome food, and a mind at peace will keep a woman looking young as long as she is young, and keep her attractive when youth has receded far, and what more does any woman want? No beauty-doctored face is half as pleasing to look upon as the same would be were all the traces of time honestly showing. Age has its compensations, but not for those who spend their days sighing for a past springtime. As life is so long and so serious, a guinea a minute would not pay us adequately for helping to hinder and demoralise our kind.

**Margie.**—Sleeplessness is the most serious of all the penalties that attach to mental work. If people could regularly sleep seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, their working capacity would be virtually unlimited. For sleeplessness, the natural remedy is change of employment, a good deal of open air, and relief from regularly recurrent sounds during the night. I recently spent a week in a town where four clocks at half-past eight struck the quarters as well as the hours, and the four followed each other in succession, so that each four sounded on the air for about three minutes. A tepid bath at night is helpful; if a cupful of rock-salt is added to the water it will prove advantageous. Do not have recourse to bromides or anything of that nature without professional advice.

**Curious.**—It is a professor in the Pasteur Institute who advances the theory that a serum which would nourish the white corpuscles in the blood would render human life age-long. He does not profess to have discovered the serum, as yet. The suggestion is full of interest, doubly so in view of the fact that the labourer whose employment once seemed one of the most certain things in human history is now becoming superannuated so early. After forty it is stated that it is difficult to gain an entrance into almost any kind of employment, save that of the specialist. For the sake of general human happiness Professor Metchnikoff's specific could not come into existence a moment too soon.

**F. F.**—There are certainly some curious coincidences of dreams with life, but I do not know what may be deduced from the circumstance; it is impossible to formulate any theory therefrom. Of two very remarkable dreams in my own experience, it has taken the greater part of a lifetime to fulfil one; at the fulfilment of the other I can only make guesses. I am not sure that it has been even partially fulfilled as yet. But do you not think life is more interesting by reason of the many things which no footnote of ours can measure? Without its mysteries life would be less hopeful too.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street London, E.C.

## Our Chess Page

### RETRACTOR COMPETITION.

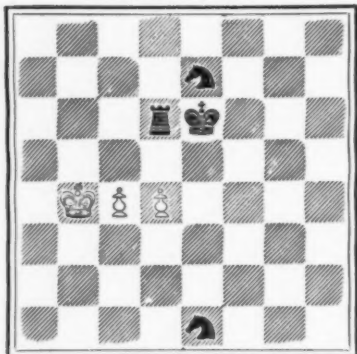
For conditions see August Number.

"*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—No. III.

"Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day."  
3 Henry VI., Act IV. sc. vii.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. Black played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to play.
3. White to play giving ch.
4. Black to play so as to allow—
5. White to give mate.

#### Retractor No. 1.—Solution:

White B was on R5 and × R on Q1, replace B and R.

Black K was on B4, replace K.

Black R—Q5 (ch.).

White Kt—K4 mate.

No duals.

#### Solutions (Key moves only)—

C. *Indian Prince*: Incorrectly printed (see below).

D. *Marc Antony*: Kt—KB5.

E. *Bright Spark*: R—QB2.

F. *Brinca*: Kt—QB5.

G. *Remember*: Q—Bsq.

**Note.**—We owe an apology to the composer of *Indian Prince* (A. WATSON) for a mistake in the diagram. The pawn on white's KB6 should be black. No wonder that solvers were nonplussed! Competitors for the Medals are requested to send solutions of the problem as revised.

#### Solutions received from (to July 15th)—

E. ATFIELD (15, 16, 17, A and B); H. BALSON, EUGENE HENRY, and PERCY OSBORN (A to E); W. MEARS (14—17); COLONEL FORBES and ROGER J. WRIGHT (A and B); DUNCAN PIRNIE and E. THOMPSTONE (A and composer's solution to B); JOHN ROBERTS (composer's solution to B). BASIL SPOONER, R. G. THOMSON, and J. D. TUCKER, mentioned last month as solvers of Problem B (*Sic!*), gave the composer's intention only. COLONEL FORBES ought to be credited with Problem No. 12, for his exhaustive analysis was perfectly accurate. His only mistake was to write

1048

KB4 instead of R—KB4. The examiners at first read the key as K—B4, but further scrutiny revealed the true nature of the error.

**Note.**—Unfortunately Problem B, *Sic!* (see p. 703) is cooked by P—K7. This *contretemps* causes an alteration in our Foreign Tourney Award, as the problem was adjudged to be equal with *Brinca* and *Remember*. The amount of the first and second prizes (Forty-five Shillings) will therefore be divided between ANTONIO CORRIAS and MAXIMILIAN FEIGL.

To E. A.—So far we have not been able to find your solution to No. 8, but further search shall be made.

To Several.—The fact that we have to go to press several weeks before the publication of the magazine accounts for delay in acknowledging solutions.—Chess Ed.

RETRACTORS SOLUTIONS received since our last "Page" went to press from—

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No. 5: COLONEL FORBES, DUNCAN PIRNIE, and JOHN A. ROBERTS.

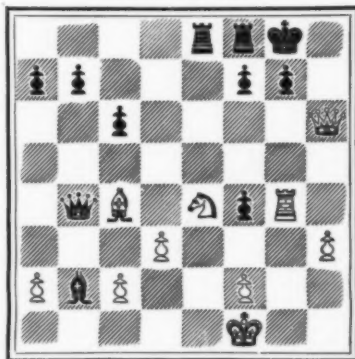
### ENDING FROM ACTUAL PLAY

#### Prizes, Ten Shillings

Here is a very fine end game to finish up the year with. White won in nine moves. How? It is not new, and any of our readers who have seen it before are requested not to compete!

Two prizes of **Five Shillings** each are offered for the first solutions received from Town and Country respectively. Solutions must be headed by the name and address of the sender, and the date and time of posting must be clearly stated.

BLACK—11 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

### CORRESPONDENCE MATCH

If any of our readers would like to take part in a contest of this kind, they are requested to send in their names with some idea of the strength of their play.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* from the Contents page.

*S*



# The Fireside Club

## SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

### SOLUTIONS

#### Seventh

Dignity, *Rom. and Jul.*, Prologue. Antigonus, *Winter's Tale*, Act III. Virgilia, *Coriolanus*, Act II. (or, accepted alternative, Viola, *Twelfth Night*, Act II.). York, 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Whole—Davy. 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V.

#### Eighth

Montagu, Othello, Portia, Speed, Aguecheek. Whole = Mopsa.

#### Ninth

Gonzago, *Hamlet*, Act III. Antony, *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Orlando, *As You Like It*, Act IV. Laurence, *Rom. and Jul.*, Act II. Edgar, *King Lear*, Act IV. Rosalind, *As You Like It*, Act IV. Whole—Gaoler, *Cymbeline*, Act V.

In the above series of nine Acrostics, prizes to the amount of **Five Guineas'** worth of books (to be chosen by the successful Competitors from the Religious Tract Society's List of Publications) are awarded as follows:—

I. To L. SHORT, Kilrush, Arnison Road, East Molesey, for 68 marks (the maximum). Two Guineas' worth of books.

II. To G. TARRANT, Bull's Lodge, Waterloo Villa, Cosham, Hants, for 67 marks. One Guinea's worth of books.

III. To E. E. BAKER, St. Margaret's, West Hill, Hastings, for 66 marks. Fifteen Shillings' worth of books.

IV. To Rev. C. W. HOLDICH, Werrington Vicarage, Peterborough, and to "Dioclesian," equal with 65 marks. Ten Shillings' worth of books, each.

V. To "Witton," 64 marks. Seven Shillings' worth of books.

## POSIES FROM POETRY

### II

For earliest correct answer a Prize of the value of Five Shillings is awarded to Miss Ross, Estcourt, Beaulieu, N.B.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: SAMUEL BUTLER's *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, Grant Richards, 6s. Mr. T. STURGE-MOORE's *The Gazelles*, and *The Centaur's Booty*, Duckworth, 1s. each.

Literary charm, logical force, and whimsical humour may be safely predicated of any writings from the pen of the late Samuel Butler, and in this volume of collected *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, all three elements are largely present. How Charles Lamb would have relished these discursive musings suggested by the sight of live turtles in a Cheapside window:—

"Surely they must be mistaken in arming themselves so very heavily. Any creature on getting what the turtle aimed at would overreach itself and be landed not in safety but annihilation . . . such want to have things both ways, desiring the livingness of life without its perils, and the safety of death without its deadness . . . slugs have ridden their

contempt for defensive armour as much to death as the turtles their pursuit of it. They have hardly more than skin enough to hold themselves together: they court death every time they cross the road. Yet death comes not to them more than to the turtle, whose defences are so great that there is little left inside to be defended."

In these slender little brown-paper-clad books of verse Mr. Sturge-Moore proves that his is the poet's making mind to create as well as the less rare making hand to set forth. In *The Gazelles* we have a picture of Persian summer and sweetness.

Turn to the *Centaur's Booty*, and you find the same poet has created a group Greek in its severe beauty and athletic vigour, as it is Greek in its subject.

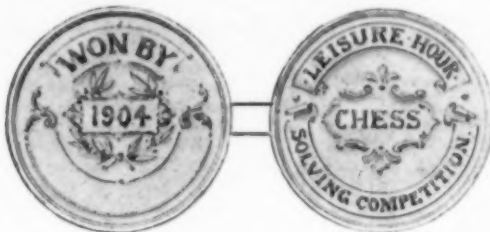
In this sculptured fragment the last of the fabled race of Centaurs Pholus, and Medon, driven to the Thracian hills by their conquerors, have carried off a child, and plan how they will rear him to avenge their race. The range and the limitations of the Centaurs' thoughts, enjoying pleasures, enduring hardship and grief since they must be endured, more than animal, since they reason and philosophise about this life, yet less than man since they conceive no other; all these are finely imagined. Several charming descriptive passages are scattered through the poem. The following is perhaps the most easy to detach from its context, by way of a sample—

"The centaur colt is beautiful and strange  
Beside its mother, gazing from a cave;  
Wondering that earth so fair is;  
Asking the name of trees,  
Of sun and moon and hill;  
Hearing to-day, as for the first time still,  
The answer that she made him yesterday:  
—To see him stand admiring widths of space  
And its soft-filling bath of light and air,  
Smiling at evening's silence or the noon's,  
Then, thinking that he hears a distant bird,  
Half reeling with delight,  
Impassioned for that voice of simple joy  
Whose easy triumph over sweetest words  
Makes him afraid his mother hears it not,  
(Although he sees she hears)  
Because she is less shaken than himself,  
Less new to pleasure,  
Less ignorant of pain."

Also received: D. CHRISTIE MURRAY's *Verona's Father*, a story sustained with practised skill from the outset to the close of a series of close-packed incidents: Chatto and Windus, 6s. No. XI. of MR. DRANE's series of *Bijou Biographies* is a review of the Bishop of London's career and work up to the present year, 6d. FARRAR's *Books Condemned to be burnt*, Stock, 1s. 6d. *Let's play the Game, or the Anglo-Saxon Sportsman-like Spirit*, applied to daily life, by EUSTACE MILES, 1s.; and *Talking Machines and Records*, a technical handbook by S. R. BORTONE, 1s. 6d.; both from Guilbert Pitman. *Silent Strings*, by SARAH DOUDNEY, a pretty story about girls for girls, the scene laid in Oxford; one of the Walter Scott Publishing Co.'s White Robe Library. *The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel*, 2s. 6d., HORACE COX, is a concentrated extract of ten years' experience and advice in regard to home and foreign travel. Every item of desirable information as to routes, prices, accommodation, is cleverly indexed and packed into this pocket volume.

# Our Chess Page

Close of the Solving Competition for the Gold and Silver Medals



The above was designed by Messrs. Wales and MacCulloch of Ludgate Hill, London

## Medals Competition

WITH the problems published below the competition for the Gold and Silver Medals, offered last November, closes. We hope to announce the result in the December part of *The Leisure Hour*.

## New Solving Competition

We still have a number of fine problems in hand, which will form the nucleus of a New Solving Competition to be inaugurated next month.

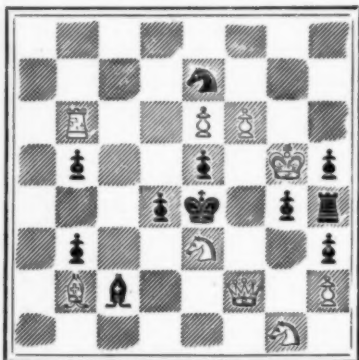
## An Explanation

Owing to the necessity for going early to press with this page, we are unable to announce the result of the Summer Solving Competition, or to acknowledge solutions received after July 15th.

The British Chess Co. of Stroud have recently issued a "Universal Correspondence Chessboard," at the moderate price of One Shilling (a reduction on three or more). It is after the style of the well-known pocket chessboard, and while on a smaller scale, it is admirably adapted for the registration of correspondence or other unfinished games. The Catalogue issued by the Company is fascinating reading for those chessists who have a little money in their pockets.

H

*The Society Idol*  
BLACK—11 MEN

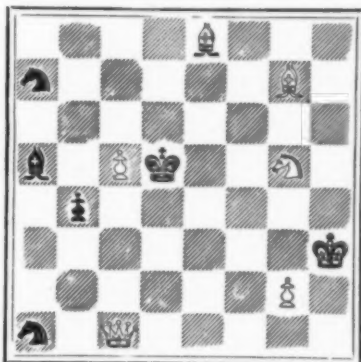


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

I

*Taraban*  
BLACK—5 MEN

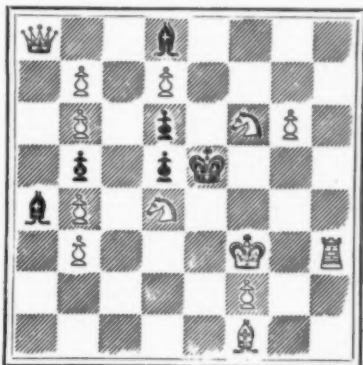


WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

J

*Leopards*  
BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE 13 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions must be sent in before October 14th for the Medals Competition, in order that the result may be announced before the end of the year.

## Our Chess Page

### RETRACTOR COMPETITION.

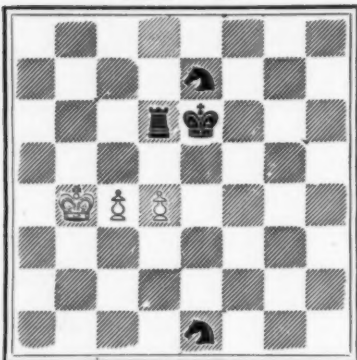
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"Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day."  
3 Henry VI., Act IV. sc. vii.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. Black played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to play.
3. White to play giving ch.
4. Black to play so as to allow—
5. White to give mate.

#### Retractor No. I.—Solution:

White B was on R5 and × R on Q1, replace B and R.

Black K was on B4, replace K.

Black R—Q5 (ch.).

White Kt—K4 mate.

No duals.

#### Solutions (Key moves only)—

C. *Indian Prince*: Incorrectly printed (see below).

D. *Marc Antony*: Kt—KB5.

E. *Bright Spark*: R—QB2.

F. *Brinca*: Kt—QB5.

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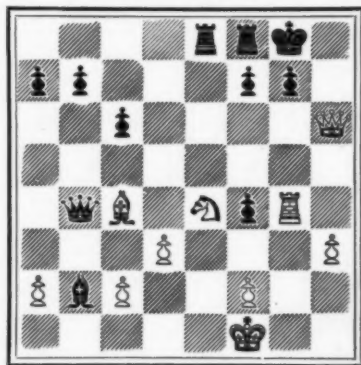
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BLACK—11 MEN



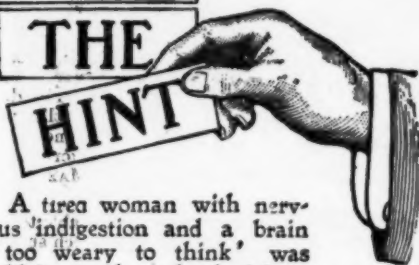
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To reap down those fields which in  
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NERVOUS DEPRESSION,  
BILIOUSNESS.**

Nearly all our minor ailments and many dangerous diseases have their origin in some disorder of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, affecting the vital processes of digestion and nutrition. In health, the daily expenditure of vital force is replenished by the digestion of food, but when digestion fails, as in dyspepsia and indigestion, the sources of bodily repair are cut off, and every organ of the body is starved and poisoned. To be strong and healthy maintain a good digestion by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup daily after meals. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. It clears the head, braces the nerves, tones the liver, assists digestion, and helps you to gain strength from food—the only way it can be gained.

## THE WORLD'S REMEDY

"For many years I suffered from indigestion and biliousness, and though I consulted various doctors and took the medicine they gave me, I found no permanent relief. I felt weak and despondent, with no heart for anything. Flatulence was a constant affliction to me, generally accompanied by violent sick headache, and sometimes I was so dizzy that I could hardly stand without support. I became quite thin and pale, and felt myself growing weaker every day.

"At length I gave Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, and can honestly say that it did me more good than all the doctor's medicine I had ever taken. One by one my other troubles disappeared, and soon I was in better health than I had known for years.

"I still take the Syrup occasionally, and would not be without it on any account."—Alice Green, 59 Albion Grove, Barnsbury, London, N. April 6th, 1904.

**CLEANSSES THE LIVER,  
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,  
SHARPENS THE APPETITE,  
BRACES THE NERVES,  
INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM,  
ASSISTS DIGESTION,  
ENRICHES THE BLOOD.**

## FOR **INDIGESTION.**

*Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per Bottle.*

# CADBURY'S COCOA

**ABSOLUTELY PURE — therefore BEST.**

Dr Andrew Wilson says: Cocoa is in itself an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be consumed in a perfectly pure state. The Lancet says: Cadbury's is the standard of highest purity.

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**Original Screw Cap Bottles have the Company's name stamped on the glass.**

2 oz. size .. .. 3d.  
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**SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MAKERS.**

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For Hot or Cold Water.  
**DOES NOT STICK TO THE IRON.**

**GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.**

*Delicious, Nutritive, & Digestible.*

# BENGER'S

**FOOD**

**for INFANTS,**

**INVALIDS, and the AGED.**

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Benger's Food is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

*Pear's Soap makes the hands white and fair — the complexion bright and clear — and the skin soft and smooth as velvet.*



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